THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

JUNE, 1917

SONGS OF THE TRAWLERS

BY ALFRED NOYES

WIRELESS

Now to those who search the deep,
  Gleam of Hope and Kindly Light,
Once, before you turn to sleep,
  Breathe a message through the night.
Never doubt that they'll receive it.
Send it, once, and you'll believe it.

Wrecks that burn against the stars,
  Decks where death is wallowing green,
Snare the breath among their spars,
  Hear the flickering threads between,
Quick, through all the storms that blind them,
Quick with worlds that rush to find them.

Think you these aerial wires
  Whisper more than spirits may?
Think you that our strong desires
  Touch no distance when we pray?
Think you that no wings are flying
'Twixt the living and the dying?

Inland, here, upon your knees,
  You shall breathe from urgent lips,
Round the ships that guard your seas,
  Fleet on fleet of angel ships;
Yea, the guarded may so bless them
That no terrors can distress them.

VOL. XLV. No. 4.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You shall guide the darkling prow,
  Kneeling thus—and far inland—
You shall touch the storm-beat brow
  Gently as a spirit-hand.
Even a blindfold prayer may speed them,
And a little child may lead them.

I

THE patrol fleet guarding British waters against the U-boat may be divided into two classes for the purposes of this article. They were chartered in an order befitting a democratic age. First, a number of private yachts were taken over and transfigured. Their white and gold were washed over with service grey, and their luxurious trappings adapted to the grim work before them. His Majesty's yachts are now distinguished chiefly by their graceful lines and their leaning toward classical names. It is a Homeric tale, and the names are not negligible. But *Atalanta* no longer runs before the wind with a breast of snow; and it is many a day since *Bacchante* lifted the golden light of her wine-cups over the dancing Channel waters. To rougher nights the *Bacchante* is dedicated now; to rougher nights and coarser drinks—even to rum, I think, on certain lawful occasions. *Sabrina,* too, is listening for a terrible song where she sits under the south coast of Ireland; and as for *Iris,* the old foam-bows flash around her course; but her wings have lost the radiance of their prime. A deadlier message is hers than the glory of colour, and right well she carries it. *Narcissus* looks into darker waters, but not for the drowning light of his own eyes. It was *Narcissus* that was once told off, with a few others, to escort a liner. The great ship went by like a moving city, and had left *Narcissus* foaming hopelessly in her wake. But he put on full speed and followed as best he could. It was well that he did so; for a submarine suddenly appeared, lying in wait for the liner; and *Narcissus,* though thousands of yards astern at this time, opened fire with such effect that the U-boat, surpassing *Echo,* submerged and left not even a voice behind her.

To-day the best of these yachts act as flagships to the other class of boats, the vast fleet of trawlers, drifters and whalers. These last three groups were taken in the order given: at first from the British Isles, and afterward, in the case of the whalers, from dominions remote as Newfoundland. The men, too, have latterly been recruited from the farthest shores of the British Empire. These fishing auxiliaries may almost be described as the people's fleet; and their names are like stray bars of folk-song. We talk to-day as if Poetry were dead in the heart of the British people, or as if she were a dusty denizen of libraries; but here, indeed, her wings go beating out to sea. Who are the secret minstrels that touch their craft with so subtle a sense of all the lights and shadows of their calling—*Fleet Wing, Thunderstone, Ocean Searcher* and *Pilot Star?* The names themselves make the song; but how should a writer of verses fail to celebrate their skipper—old Storm-along—in lines of his own?

They are buffeting out in the bitter
  grey weather,
  —*Blow the man down, bullies, blow*
  the man down!—
Sea-lark singing to *Golden Feather,*
  And burly blue waters all swelling
  aroun'.
There's *Thunderstone* butting ahead as
  they wallow,
  With death in the mesh of their
  deep-sea trawl;
There's *Night-hawk* swooping by wild
  Sea-swallow;
  And old Cap'n Storm-along leading
  'em all.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bashing the seas to a welter of white,
Look at the fleet that he leads to the fight.
O, they're dancing like witches to open the ball;
And old Cap'n Storm-along's lord of 'em all.

Now, where have you seen such a bully old sailor?
His eyes are as blue as the scarf at his throat;
And he rolls on the bridge of his broad-beamed whaler,
In yellow sou'wester and oil-skin coat.
In trawler and drifter, in dinghy and dory,
Wherever he signals, they leap to his call;
They batter the seas to a lather of glory,
With old Cap'n Storm-along leading 'em all.
You'll find he's from Devon, the sailor I mean;
Look at his whaler now, shipping it green.
O, they're dancing like witches to open the ball;
And old Cap'n Storm-along's lord of 'em all.

Ay, there is the skipper that knows how to scare 'em,
—Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down!—
Look at the sea-wives he keeps in his harem,
Wicked young merry-maids, buxom and brown;

There's *Rosalind,* the sea-witch, and *Gipsy* so lissom,
All dancing like ducks in the teeth of the squall,
With a bright eye for Huns, and a Hotchkiss to kiss 'em;
For old Cap'n Storm-along's lord of 'em all.

Look at him, battering darkness to light!
Look at the fleet that he leads to the fight!
O, hearts that are mighty, in ships that are small,
Your old Cap'n Storm-along's king of us all.

II

They are a hardy folk, the captains and crews of this patrol fleet; and they are of all ages, from the early twenties to three score years and ten. One sturdy old skipper, who had been rescued from a wreck on a night of howling tempest and driving sleet, was asked if he ever wanted to go to sea again, and he replied: "I go for the benefit of my health." Asked whether he did not suffer from the cold during his long exposure, he said: "Well my hands were numb, but I had my sea-boots full of water and this helped to keep my feet warm." His questioner laughed and he went on in serious explanation. "I mean it. I'm not joking. I've always found that sea-water in my boots keeps the feet warmer than rain or fresh-water does." He was telling the truth; for, in bitterly cold weather, the crews often dip their gloves in sea-water and use the wet gloves to prevent their hands from getting frostbitten. But this too was an obvious subject for a poem:

The very best ship that ever I knew
—Ah-way O, to me O—
Was a big black trawler with a deep-sea crew—
Sing, my bullies, let the bullgine run.

There was one old devil with a broken nose
—Ah-way O, to me O—
He was four score years, as I suppose—
O sing, my bullies, let the bulgine run.

We was wrecked last March, in a Polar storm
—Ah-way O, to me O—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And we asked the old cripple if his feet was warm—
Sing, my bullies, let the bullgine run.

And the old, old devil (he was ninety at the most)
—Ah-way O, to me O—
Roars, "Ay, warm as a lickle piece of toast"—
So sing, my bullies, let the bulgine run.

"For I soaked my sea-boots and my dungarees
—Ah-way O, to me O—
In the blue salt water that the Lord don't freeze"—
Sing, my bullies, let the bullgine run!

But, to return to the names of these little ships, touched so often with the deeper significance of a perilous calling. All the sad earnestness of a thrifty folk whose shawl-clad women look at daybreak, from beaches littered with broken spars, across the grey tumbling wastes of sea, and look so often in vain, are concentrated into a few phrases on the bows of these boats—*Faithful, Gleam of Hope, Breadwinner* and *Kindly Light.* A few are more directly fledged —*Sea-lark* and *Albatross, Night-hawk* and *Storm-cock.* Others have apparently followed that mysterious law by which certain creatures assume the chaotic tints of their environment and make them organic—so that the herring gull has a body of foam, mottled with brown sand; and the mackerel repeats the blue and green of the waves in a vital form. These are the craft that have simply christened their bows in the broken colours of the sea—*Surf* and *Sapphire, Amethyst* and *Silvery Dawn.* Others recall a thousand memories. But who are the unknown treasurers of the dreams of old England that have named these? *Robin Hood* calls to the *Dusty Miller,* and both sail out together, to cudgel and smash the revivalists of an ancient cruelty. Nothing could be more remote from the glittering evil which they fight than these gentle old companions—*The Young Nun* and *Marian, Primrose* and *Barbara Cowie, Blue Bell* and *Busy Bee, Comely Bank* and *Christmas Daisy.* I saw them all go out to sea at sunset; and it seemed that Britain was opening her great silent heart, and letting out her inmost thoughts, embodied in these little ships, to guard the sacred fire.

There were others of a more personal nature, telling of courtships in English lanes—*Rose* and *Oak,* where strength and beauty met and kindled; or, with a touch of the diminutive—the "little language" of lovers—*Girl Marjorie;* or perhaps of parental affection, so that cradle and drifter might rock together in dreams, though seas roared wide between them—*Boy Willie.* How many of them have gone out, never to return to their namesakes?

But where's the brown drifter that went out alone?
—Roll and go, and fare you well—
"Was her name *Peggy Nutten?*"—
That name is my own.
Fare you well, my sailor.
They sang in the dark, "Let her go! Let her go!"
And she sailed to the West, where the broad waters flow;
And the others come back, but . . . the bitter winds blow.
Ah, fare you well, my sailor.

The women, at evening, they wave and they cheer.
—Roll and go, and fare you well—
They're waiting to welcome their lads at the pier.
Fare you well, my sailor.
They're all coming home in the twilight below;
But there's one little boat. . . . Let her go! Let her go!
She carried my heart, and a heart for the foe.
Ah, fare you well, my sailor.

The *Nell* and the *Maggie,* the *Ruth* and the *Joan,*
—Roll and go, and fare you well—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They come to their namesakes, and leave me alone.
Fare you well, my sailor.
And names are kep' dark, for the spies mustn't know;
But they'll look in my face, an' I think it will show;
Peggy Nutten's my name. Let her go! Let her go!
Ah, fare you well, my sailor.

III

Other names were Biblical: *Susanna* and *Bathsheba* were so named, I think, only for their prowess in the water; but *Ruth* had all the old clinging sorrow of those estranged by distance, not by lack of love. Chapel bells in lonely valleys, lost among inland fir-woods, called to *Ebenezer;* called also to *David* and *Jonathan;* and the names had more significance for the crews than would be supposed. The skipper of the *Mizpah* was asked if he attached any particular meaning to the name of his vessel, and he replied, simply and gravely, "It means, May the Lord be between you and me when we are parted one from another."

There were many Scottish names, famous in ballad and song. I saw *Kilmeny* gliding through the dusk, like a ghost; and the beat of her own engines, borrowing a golden bar from the Ettrick Shepherd, told me her tale anew:

Dark, dark lay the drifters against the red West
As they shot their long meshes of steel overside,
And the oily green waters were rocking to rest
When *Kilmeny* went out, at the turn of the tide;
And nobody knew where that lassie would roam,
For the magic that called her was tapping unseen,
It was well-nigh a week ere *Kilmeny* came home;
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

She'd a gun at her bow that was Newcastle's best,
And a gun at her stern that was fresh from the Clyde;
And a secret her skipper had never confessed,
Not even at dawn, to his newly wed bride;
And a wireless that whispered above, like a gnome,
The laughter of London, the boasts of Berlin.
O, it may have been mermaids that lured her from home;
But . . . nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

It was dark when *Kilmeny* came home from her quest,
With a bridge dabbled red where her skipper had died,
But she moved like a bride with a rose at her breast,
And "Well done, *Kilmeny,*" the Admiral cried.
Now, at sixty-four fathom a conger may come,
And nose at the bones of a drowned submarine;
But, late in the evening, *Kilmeny* came home;
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

There's a wandering shadow that stares at the foam
(Though they sing all the night to old England, their queen)
Late, late in the evening, *Kilmeny* came home,
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The two poems "Wireless" and "Kilmeny" are being published this month in Mr. Noyes's new book, "Open Boats" (Frederick A. Stokes Company).*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT IS GERMANY DOING IN MEXICO?

BY CLAIR KENAMORE

THE German is the most popular foreigner in Mexico for well-established and sufficient reasons. The Mexican Government has a feeling of friendship for the German Empire very similar to the warm regard which its citizens hold for individual Teutons. These conditions, now that we are at war with Germany, are reasonable grounds for apprehensions in high places, but a critical examination of the conditions and their causes tends to quiet the apprehension and to relieve the tension.

Germans in considerable numbers have been crossing the borders or travelling by sea to Mexico since war between the United States and Germany seemed inevitable. The numbers probably have been larger than the daily papers have announced, and the total would make a sizable army in our land of little armies. These men are not German-Americans in our usual acceptance of that questionable term, but German reservists, not naturalised in the United States, and our proclaimed enemies. Trained soldiers of an amazing efficiency and loyalty, they join our warlike, but improvident, southern neighbour ready to give him the full of their endeavours.

These recent excursionists find in Mexico many of their own countrymen, long established there, but still German citizens who have done the great work of establishing and maintaining the German-American friendship. No far-sighted war lord sat in the midst of his counsellors many years ago and decreed that Germany should win and keep the friendship of Mexico. The friendship is a natural growth. Doubtless it has been assiduously cultivated since its strength and vigour were observed, but its beginning must have been the logical result of natural causes.

Mexico is a country which always has been exploited by foreigners; and doubtless will be for many years to come, a condition that is due to internal lack of financial resources, and a seeming native reticence about initiating big enterprises. Of the foreigners who have entered and established businesses, nearly the whole list is embraced in Americans, British, Spaniards, and Germans, for we must omit the Chinese, who receive no consideration whatever in Mexico and are classed with the buzzards or the burros.

Americans almost without exception are the objects of bitter hatred by Mexicans. The reasons are not essential here, and a large amount of the blame is our own, but the condition is as stated and is acknowledged by everyone of competent vision who has studied the case. The Britons and the Mexicans do not mix. An Englishman, far from home and thrown among a people he does not understand, is not a chummy person, and in addition to this, the popularity of certain Englishmen, like Lord Cowdray, with President Diaz, has thrown them all into disrepute with the people. The Spaniard is looked upon as a tricky trader, an unscrupulous twister of the screws when he has the opportunity, and the hereditary enemy of the country. Revolutionary leaders always make it a point to loot the stores of Spaniards in captured towns—usually a popular proceeding.

The German, however, is different. There is a psychological kinship between the Mexican and the German. They mix easily and pleasantly, they understand each other, something resembling esteem grows up where the German is long established, and they trust each other, usually with subsequent minor regrets on both sides. Sixty per cent. of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the business of Mexico is now in the hands of Germans, a remarkable condition of affairs and I doubt if a parallel case exists in the world. It is a testimonial, not to the superiority of German methods or materials, but to a sort of affinity between Germans and Mexicans.

The early Germans who invaded Mexico had no national motive, other than the national profit which would result from their individual power and prosperity. Many of them married Mexican wives and they became Mexican in most of the outward evidences, although the difficult naturalisation laws prevented most of them from becoming Mexican citizens. Their activities touched almost every line of business, but their supremacy is most apparent in financial affairs and in the machinery and hardware trade, in which lines they have specialised. The ramifications of German financial institutions reach to all parts of the country: the Bank of Sonora, for instance, the strongest institution on the west coast, is owned entirely by Germans, and the strongest bank in the country is a German institution in the capital. Then, too, for its first two years, the Villa revolution was a tremendous financial success, what with stealing cattle, bullion and foodstuffs, printing paper money and levying taxes and imposts, and all the mechanism and details of the financial phase of that revolution were handled by Germans.

The hardware and machinery factor is of the highest importance. None of the expensive machines used in mining and refining operations is made in Mexico, but, together with all agricultural implements, is imported. The machinery trade is a rich field and it is tilled almost exclusively by Germans, this being especially true along the northern border, where it has the greatest significance for the United States. Hardware and machinery establishments in towns on the American side of the border from ocean to ocean are run by Germans with but few exceptions. Some of the merchants are naturalised American citizens but nearly all are of foreign birth. For five or six years, the sale of arms and ammunition to various shifting armies in Mexico has been one of the most lucrative branches of this trade. Although usually illegal, it is regarded locally as respectable and it is not uncommon to have a celebrity pointed out in proud confidence as "one of the biggest ammunition smugglers on the border," or as "one of the leading gun-runners in this section." Many border hardware establishments of the highest rating and of unquestioned commercial probity have been in trouble more than once with the United States Government over this very difficulty. This business of supplying guns and ammunition along the border and the stocks and stores of these essentials, are in the hands of men with German names; their customers are to the south of the border and they are the chieftains, whether revolutionary or governmental, to whom have gone the German reservists from the United States.

There is along the border, also, a good number of Germans in various professional lines who may fairly be suspected of being agents of the Kaiser. They came in from five to seven years ago and since then they have worked hard, said little, and made their legitimate activities sufficient excuse for their presence and existence. A specimen of this class is a civil engineer in Lower California, a highly intelligent, pleasant, companionable young man, who has a profitable business in the upper end of the Imperial Valley; he has the best maps of the country that I have seen and has as clear and comprehensive a knowledge of the region as any man in the valley. Knowing this man to be a trained soldier, one can easily see what an immense opportunity he now has to serve his country. In fact the Germans' maps of Northern Mexico are better than any except our own. This Lower California engineer is but one of many —men of his type are strung along the border from coast to coast.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now why did the German reservists, our avowed enemies, rush into Mexico, with which country we always are nearly at war, and why are many others now on their way? Because they were ordered to do so by Berlin. There can be no doubt of this, but when the order is examined more closely much of its sanguinary tinge fades. There was nothing else to do. The order, always a powerful thing among Germans, may be two years old. It would say: "In case the United States enters the war against Germany, all reservists in that country will report as soon as possible to consuls or other agents in Mexico." The reservists expected to be interned if they remained in the United States. They could not go to Canada, which also was at war, the route to Germany was closed to them, so there was no haven but Mexico. Stubborn circumstance sent them to the one country where they could best strike a blow for the Fatherland. No one knows to-day how many Germans there are in Mexico. My guess would be fifteen thousand—not an alarming number in point of force; but as seeds of trouble it can become bothersome.

One of our national American customs is to underrate the opposition. Officers of our army find pleasure in saying that the Mexicans are not soldiers, that their appearance is convincing on this point: they are dirty, they do not stand up and salute like soldiers, they cannot shoot, they fight all day and nobody is hurt, they will not stand before the fire of trained troops and they are deficient in courage. These and many similar assertions are made. Now the most of these assumptions are not true. The Mexican armies, especially Obregon's armies, are made up of good soldiers. They have not the martial appearance of our men, they are slovenly at saluting, and the drill is such as is best suited to the hot climate, but it fits them for their irregular warfare. They can shoot straight and they do shoot straight. When two Mexican armies fight all day, there is a sufficiency of dead and wounded to mark the place. They stand under fire, even when their own officers are down, a capacity that was shown at Carrizal, where Captain Boyd of the American Punitive Expedition, in attempting to force his way through a superior Mexican force, was killed and his cavalry well whipped. These are things we do not like to dwell upon, but they are stubborn facts which must be met. Such conditions should be acknowledged and analysed, that a recurrence may be prevented.

The German reservists flowing to Mexico are potentially better soldiers than the Mexicans, but they have not had the practical experience which the Mexicans have had, for Mexican soldiers now in the field have had five years of actual warfare. These Germans, however, are men any commander would be glad to have in his army, and most likely they will become attached to the *de facto* forces. For the German, usually is a poor revolutionist, as his sympathies are trained to coincide with the established power. But once in Mexico, he can be relied upon to do whatever is best for Germany. Thus the departure of German reservists from the United States is calculated to aid Carranza. With them he would be able to inflict greater punishment on the border towns, and he could give us a little stiffer fight in case of war between the United States and Mexico. There are, however, only a few German officers in the Mexican army, according to the best information obtainable. Whether they were placed there by the German Government is in doubt; I do not believe so, but suspect that they are adventurers or fugitives who have found berths with the Mexicans.

It possibly will be seen from the foregoing that the Mexican border, which is always a ticklish spot with us, is now more than ever a danger zone. We are at war with a great and powerful nation overseas, and a small and touchy nation nearby is able to deliver a more stinging blow than formerly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The German army, after its immemorial custom, has done its work well. It has, to the best of its ability, aided the foe of its foe. It has mapped the roads and water holes of Northern Mexico, the possible scene of conflict, and it has sent its reservists there. It knows the number and condition of locomotives and railway cars. It has gathered the data necessary to the conduct of a war. But the able work of the army comes to naught and the situation is saved for the United States because the diplomatic end of the German machine failed in its part of the work. This has happened before in German affairs. If the situation becomes desperate again, it will be because of things done by Mexicans or Americans, not because of things done by Germans. The failure of Germany to make its diplomatic friendship sure has rendered useless and worthless all the efforts of the military. The blundering Zimmerman note was only a hurried and desperate attempt to bring about an alliance that should have been made two years ago if the military programme was to be supported properly, and it showed on its face that the needful diplomatic preparation had not been made. Indeed I believe it is beyond the power of the Germans now on the American continent, and probably beyond any other human power, to combine and weld the various revolutionary factions in Mexico. Their chiefs are many and none has any particular power. Any dangerous blow at the United States must be launched from Mexico City.

Mexican diplomacy is a "smooth and slickery" thing. Mexico City, usually, makes Washington look silly in a letter-writing contest. President Carranza is an old man of many faults, but of a bull-headedness which is a shining virtue, a trait, in many cases, that admirably takes the place of force and ability. He appreciates, and General Obregon, commander of his armies and his Secretary of War and Navy, appreciates even more fully, that if Mexico stays out of trouble with the United States now, the prospect for a continued peace is very bright, but that if Mexico does get in now as an enemy of the United States, no matter what the outcome of the European war, a tremendous house-cleaning will take place in Mexico. I have unquestioned authority for the statement that Obregon has striven earnestly to have Mexico declare sympathy with the United States in going to war with Germany. The announcement of neutrality was Carranza's idea and he doggedly clung to it.

Germany, therefore, no longer has the power to cause us much trouble in Mexico. Her financial resources are limited on this side of the water, and she cannot transport arms and ammunition in sufficient quantities to make an offer of such assistance attractive to Mexico. Submarine bases, of course, may be established along the Mexican coast, and governors of Mexican states may wink at them. The destruction of such bases, however, is an easy task for our navy, for the central Mexican Government has no ships with which to protect its neutrality.

"German influence" in Mexico City receives much notice in American newspapers. It is always about to do something particularly destructive to American interests, and its power is small or great as each individual piece of writing finds it necessary to magnify it or minimise it. I confess that I do not know how powerful this influence is, but I am confident that its strivings will be useless as long as the iron band around the German Empire continues to tighten its grip. If Germany should succeed in loosening this choking band by striking down one of its enemies, and should appear to be winning the war, German influence in Mexico City would strengthen accordingly, and in the event of a German victory, Mexico might become overconfident and force a war with the United States. But Mexico will not cast its lot with one international outlaw which the rest of the world has combined to crush; it certainly will not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while the one outlaw is losing: the ties between Germany and Mexico are not strong enough for that.

Our southern neighbour may bluster and swagger somewhat, but it will behave itself while this war proceeds.

SNAP-SHOTS OF ENGLISH AUTHORS

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

CONRAD

Brushes of comet's hair!
The image was born
Because it would be needed
To do service to his vaulting subtleties.
Poet-explorer of all seas, all jungles,
Whether of earth or of the microcosm:
Who has sailed, from seaman to master,
All the ships of his art;
And made through love and loyalty
The landfall, Truth!

LOCKE

Were Anatole France
Not so erudite, less the cynic—
No, there is the golden margin
Of a dream!

The strength that hides in weakness,
The daring of diffidence,
The wisdom of the fool,
Roused by the wand of his chivalry,
Transform existence
Into the brave romance we know it to be
When young!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BETWEEN TRAINS

BY MARICE RUTLEDGE

CLAIMING its right of way, a military train slugged out of the tiny station. A long chain of hooded cars lurched wearily through the blue haze of night, drumming traveller's tunes on the taut iron rails. Torn looking lights flowed wanly from the windows, revealing confused glimpses of wounded huddled in slack poses of fatigue and pain. The train was gorged with tattered, patient soldiers, strewn on the narrow benches, on the floors of choked carriages, in the tight-throated corridors. Their bandaged limbs were twisted to fit the littered space. For days and nights, they had travelled so, kept alive by the hope of cool white beds awaiting them beyond the zone of death. Most of them wanted only one thing: sleep.

Denyse and I sat resignedly in a crude kind of shed on the platform of the station. Our train was sidetracked; we expected a delay of several hours before we could continue our journey. Denyse, who had a sensitive eye for the fitness of things, fretted at our suitcases, which to her mind, looked much too glossy and replete with vanities, as they stood beside a pile of soldiers' shabby bundles and knapsacks. She had reached a point of susceptibility where she decried warm raiment, proper food and sufficient sleep as being brazen advantages, considering those who went without. It was growing chilly. But, according to Denyse, we had no right to mind discomfort while the men of France were enduring worse than cold.

A group of soldiers were clustered beneath the sallow rays of a lantern. Their uniforms fused into the dusk in blurred spots of red and blue. They looked toward us wistfully, as if, having been for so long in one another's company, they felt the need of mild diversion. At last a plump little caporal hazarded, "You ladies are not accustomed to wait like this."

"We don't mind at all," said Denyse sweetly. "It is you who must be tired."

With a consulting eye on his comrades, he answered slowly, "What would you? For me, I shall not sleep in any case to-night. I am on duty in the orchard, over there."

The others, with the motions of interested children, moved closer.

"That will not be dangerous," I suggested helpfully.

He shrugged his shoulders, implying dark and dreadful possibilities. "Mon Dieu, Mademoiselle, one never knows! A spy was caught around here last week."

"You belong to the Territorials, don't you?" observed Denyse, who prided herself on her knowledge of military matters.

He seemed annoyed at her remark. The Territorials are a reserve force and usually guard the country far from the line of danger. "We do our duty," he answered rather defiantly. "I have served in the army now for twenty years, though I have a wife and two children." He seemed eager to justify his usefulness. "It is not gay in the orchard at night. There are strange noises. The place looks haunted . . . one feels enemies in every shadow. A bird note may be a signal . . . an apple dropping sounds like a step on the grass. The rails creak too. . . ."

"It must be bad for the nerves," I agreed. "What do you do about it?"

He squared his shoulders. "Oh, I think of my wife."

"You coming?" sang out one of his friends. "We are going to Mère Picard's for coffee."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He apologised for his desertion and left us.

"Let us go, too," suggested Denyse. So we followed the little group up the dusky country road. Shadows drained the bright colours of their uniforms, thickened the bulging outlines of their coats, welded them together. They spoke in lower voices, as if there, beneath the silent sky, they recognised tacitly the frail moment of safety through which they passed. The trees and grass gave out fragrance.

At the top of the hill, a few paces away, lights twinkled in Mère Picard's windows. Unexpectedly we came upon two figures toiling up the road. They seemed to have no connection with the livelier group ahead. They lagged, bent under the weight of bossy knapsacks. There was about these two, a forlorn world weary droop. They had seen too much, heard too much, known too much. It was as if the springs in their feet had snapped; they shuffled like old men, the smaller leaning heavily on the arm of his companion.

"Poor things!" murmured Denyse. "They must have been on that last train."

We slowed our pace to theirs as they crawled like beaten insects toward the radius of warmth issuing from the *buvette*. We managed to enter the room with them and to sit beside them at an unoccupied table in the corner. The low-ceilinged room blazed in crude gaslight. Fumes of chicory, strong tobacco and cider rose with the clatter of coarse plates and glasses. From a zinc bar, at one end, a pink-cheeked girl passed out drinks. A kindly looking older woman served, bending maternally over groups of soldiers, chatting with them as if they were her own children. An atmosphere of relaxed ease pervaded the place, giving an impression of good-will. These men owned a fluent wit, were as primed with retorts as their guns with bullets. They were part of the machinery of defence. Most of them were older men. Only, when strayed into their midst such strangers as the ones who sank beside us at the corner table, did spectres of horror enter, shadowing prophetically the jovial inconsequence of men who had not yet faced the cannon.

I glanced at our neighbours with compassion. The smaller one rested his head against the wall and with his chin tilted forward, his eyes half shut, sat immobile, silent. His face was white and haggard with an underlying expression of despair. It was the sensitive face of a dreamer. The rough texture and colour of his uniform seemed to have absorbed the very spirit of his youth and woven his frail body inextricably in its thick tissues. The soldier beside him was of the peasant type, with high cheekbones and honest eyes.

Denyse ordered an omelet and a bottle of wine, offering a goodly share of each to our neighbours. The soldiers at the next table moved nearer. Our friend the Caporal came and sat opposite us.

"Where do you come from?" he questioned the weary creature upon whom our pity was centred. I detected a faint challenge in his manner.

"From Caen," was the answer, given in a slow gentle voice. "My comrade and I have been in the hospital there."

"Then you have been in action?" grunted the Caporal.

"Often." He stared blankly beyond us. "I have taken part in that most hideous of things, a bayonet charge."

The *buvette,* with its warmth and pungent odors, the loud rattle of glasses, the blur of uniforms closed in on us, as if striving to smother our imaginations, to hold us snugly within its protection. But with his thin colourless voice, the little soldier blasted the place, cracked the good cheer, pierced our vision and through the chinks brought troops in review—armies dripping with sad wounds, heavy with the toil of killing. We let them pass, listening to the tramp of many feet. The Caporal's pipe went out.

"Everyone dreads the bayonets,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continued the little soldier. "And there is much to dread. For when men forget . . . they go mad."

"You with a bayonet!" I exclaimed and shuddered.

"We would all do as much, Mademoiselle," insisted the plump Caporal.

The little soldier smiled faintly. "It seems incredible, but you would. I suppose that you have a family. Well . . ." he sighed. "One cannot think of families. . . . Never until I die shall I forget that first time. . . ." In the silence, he went on monotonously. "We were caught in a wood. There was no escape, hein! The enemy was hidden in trenches ahead of us. Behind us were Uhlans. We were few in number and we had not eaten for two days. I can tell you we were disheartened! The Captain was our God. When he cried, 'Forward, my children! To bayonets! . . . Long live France!' . . . when we heard his voice calling, we rallied. Each of us felt his eyes. . . . In ordinary times they were kind eyes. When I saw those eyes and heard the command 'To bayonet!' my heart almost stopped. I could not have kept on my feet, had I not felt the Captain staring at me. But there was no choice . . . no other way. The sky grew black, the trees around me rocked. I could no longer see. I only heard my Captain's voice crying, 'Forward!'"

"You would have been shot if you had not gone," interrupted the Caporal importantly.

"Perhaps it would have been better," mused the little soldier. "It is not well to go mad. Well, I obeyed. We ran forward. I stumbled but never let go of my bayonet. And because they were in trenches, we held the bayonets downward to strike and spear . . . so!" He raised an arm and stabbed slantingly. "We aimed at their heads, you see," he explained. "Then the thing got me. . . ." He stared at us like a frightened child, his face puckered and wrinkled in a fretwork of anguish.

"The thing?" I questioned gently.

"The lust of killing," he whispered. "They were firing. But I thought of nothing . . . only the bayonet. It was alive in my hands . . . it was ME. I never felt my head or arms or feet. Once, I noticed a comrade racing silently beside me. I would not have known him. He was a madman, thrusting down at something shining. His bayonet snapped like a reed. He turned his gun and used the butt. I saw him smashing down. Then he fell. My own arm jerked up and down. When I felt resistance, I jammed harder than ever. It is the resistance that drives you mad. Once or twice, I thought I saw eyes staring up at me. . . . I wanted to blot them out, so that there would never be any more eyes to see what we were doing. . . . I never have known how long it lasted. It seems that we cut our way through. We have been mentioned since for the Order of the Day." He seemed suddenly too weary to continue. His lips took on a bitter curve.

The Caporal tapped his foot nervously on the stone floor. "Well deserved," he grumbled without conviction.

"When it was all over," resumed the little soldier dreamily, "we felt hungry. I have never been so hungry in my life. We reached an inn and stopped there for supper. I sat near our Captain. He asked me to cut him a slice of bread. I took up a knife. He said quickly, 'Mon petit, you might first wash your hands.' Then I looked. . . ." He paused for a second, and went on in a dull voice, "My hands were covered with blood. They were red, even above the wrists, and on this ring," he touched a plain gold band, "my wedding ring, Mademoiselle, there were bits of stuff clinging . . . nameless things . . . fragments sticking. And that is what I have done! When I saw what it was, I laughed . . . God, how I laughed!" He put his hands to his face and sobbed.

Denyse touched his arm. "Hush!"

He only shook his head and quavered in a singsong, "That is what war does to men."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The life of the *buvette* flowed over and around us, catching up the moment and flinging it aside as a finished thing. The Caporal rapped his pipe sharply on the table and stared into space.

"Well . . . well, what would you!" he said gruffly. "We are soldiers."

WITH OUR SECRETARY OF WAR IN CHINA

BY ISABEL ANDERSON
(Mrs. Larz Anderson)

II

THE temples of Peking lacked nothing in atmosphere or antiquity. There were three that impressed me most, and for different reasons. The first was the ancient Temple of Confucius, the second belonged to the Lamas and the last was the Temple of Heaven.

Our little horses had a scramble to pull the carriages up the steep arched bridges, but they finally succeeded in getting us across them all, and under several large gates, to an old rose-coloured wall peeling with age and overhung by trees from a grove inside. We drove along for some distance, turning at last into a gateway, and entered a dilapidated courtyard, to find ourselves within the restful shades of the ancient temple of Confucius. On either side stood open kiosks with curving roofs of yellow tiles, beneath which were marble tablets on the backs of huge marble tortoises, inscribed with words of wisdom and history. In long rows stood monolithic stones, weather-beaten and stained with age, on which from time immemorial had been written the names of the high scholars of the empire. A few years ago, when the old examination system of the literati was modified into the more modern methods now in use, this custom was discontinued.

Old, crumbling, pink-walled buildings enclosed the peaceful grove. Here and there we could see where animal sacrifices had once been offered. Rounding the porch of a pavilion in whose alcoves stood drums of the Chow period, some three thousand years ago, we found ourselves overlooking a beautiful court full of gnarled, fantastic cedars, with yamens and small temples right and left. Opposite stood another large pavilion on its marble-balustraded terrace, which was paved with handsome stone carved in deep relief between the flights of steps. In this hall had once stood the tablet which represented the soul of the great Confucius, but it had lately been removed because the Emperor—Son of Heaven—had raised Confucius to the rank of saint. The seven partitions into which the front of this pavilion was divided were not honourable enough, for nine partitions are the tribute to a saint. So this ancient building was soon to be torn down, or, at best, to be remodelled, and the niches where the tablets of Confucius and his disciples had been were empty.

We paused reverently in these sacred, gloomy shades, then went back to the courtyard, where the sunshine filtered down among the trees, through the gates, and finally out of the precincts of the Confucian temple. Wishing to see what had become of the sacred tablets, we entered the Hall of Classics. Before us was a wonderful gateway of three arches, its lovely weathered rose colour covered with gorgeous tiles of yellow and green in fanciful designs—a monument perfect in richness and proportion. On it was written:

Cross the bridge and receive instruction,
Study the sea and receive inspiration.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beyond the gateway a paved path led us to a square pavilion set on a marble-balustraded terrace. This terrace, which was square, was raised above a circular one, also balustraded. Between the two terraces was a lotus lake, crossed by bridges of shining marble. We went over these and entered the gloomy interior of a great hall, which was the temporary shrine of the tablets. It was disappointing to find the famous tablet of Confucius merely an insignificant piece of black wood with dull gilt characters.

The next temple we visited was given many years ago by an imperial personage who donated his extensive palace to the Tibetan monks for a Lama temple. There were two thousand of these monks, and they were a ragged lot who had degraded Buddhism into a sort of sorcery and devil-worship. Beneath a quaint-roofed gate one entered the lofty, sombre pavilion where sat a great, gilded, laughing Buddha, a grotesque figure with a huge paunch. He aroused anything but respect in the heart of the beholder. In the vast hall of another temple where ceremonies were held there was a large carved panel, covered with miniature figures in bronze and ivory of holy men and devils, representing, they said, the Holy City of Lhassa.

In one temple was a huge statue towering up into the many roofs of the building, an enormous god seventy feet high, said to be made of one piece of wood brought from Tibet, though it seemed incredible. As you looked up at the appalling figure the white eyes could be seen in the gloom, gazing blankly at nothingness. The temple with the War God was the only one we saw that was clean and well kept up, and before this statue, which was brilliantly coloured, knelt the only worshipper in the whole Lama temple. A small room contained the shrine where the Emperor came once a year to worship a Buddha of priceless mutton-fat jade. In the courtyards were the revolving prayer wheels, which one turned with the hand, at the same time repeating "O the Jewel of the Lotus," which was inscribed on the wheel. This simplifies worship greatly!

Before leaving we were taken by a Lama, who was dressed in yellow and purple robes, through little gates in low walls and across small courts into his own house, where we had tea and Tibetan cakes. Our only disappointment was that we missed seeing the young living Buddha, who had lately been staying there, but who had just gone back to Tibet.

At last we were to see the famous Temple of Heaven. Three times a year the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, came to this temple to pray. He prayed for rain, and for good crops, and for a long continuance of his dominion. The Temple of Heaven is circular in shape, and the wall around it is three and a half miles long. The tiles on the cone-shaped roof are dark blue like the distant mountains, and with the green of the trees, it makes a beautiful combination of colour.

The ritual climax of the year is the Feast of Lanterns, which is the great moment of thanksgiving, and occurs the fifteenth day of the first moon of the year. Then the Emperor, on behalf of his people, used to go up the uncovered steps to worship the Imperial God of Heaven. Because he was worshipping the High God who dwells above the cerulean, he was clad all in blue. His prayer shows some of the sonorous solemnity of the old Hebrew prophets:

O Imperial Heaven, looking up I consider that Thy Heart is benevolence and love. With trembling and anxiety I would not rashly ascend thy footstool, but would first consider my errors. I would inquire if I have swept away one poor man's field to add to a monarch's park? Have the oppressed had no appeal? For the gluttony of bribes has the blood of the innocent been spilt? Have the gleaners been pushed into the ditches by the powerful to starve? Have our enemies been left to trample on my flock as mire and ashes? Oh, lay the plumb line to my sins and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teach me duty. Grant me renovation for the sake of my myriad innocents.

The Chinese seem to delight in what is called the "sense of enclosure," for they use walls on all occasions to shut themselves in. Their gardens are always walled, their enclosed courtyards succeed each other, and their entrance gates are protected behind and often before by screen walls which do not necessarily hide, but, at least, suggest privacy. And then there are the many "great" walls which one sees in travelling through the country.

It may be that these walls were built for their moral effect as much as for actual protection against northern invaders, for a great horde would certainly have been able to swarm over them at some point if they had tried. This idea was rather confirmed by the Chinese aides to the Secretary of War, who told us how even to-day the brigands "outside" will only come down to it, though it is easily passable and, indeed, only a moral boundary. They also said that all the soldiers were enlisted from "inside the wall" because the loyalty of the men to the north of it could not be trusted.

The really old Great Wall, the frontier barrier of China, was built three thousand years ago and stretches fifteen hundred miles across the country till it reaches the sea at Shan-hai-kuan, where the railway makes a breach in its crumbling length. The Great Wall of the Nankow Pass is of a later period, that of the Ming dynasty, in the middle ages. But it is a grand rampart, though it looks small because it streaks off across vast mountains into the horizon.

It was to see this wall and the famous Ming Tombs that we set off one September morning from Peking on a special train. It was a very nice train with well-arranged saloon carriages, and the line, which was new, had been wholly and quite wonderfully built by the Chinese themselves. After an hour's run we reached Nankow and began to ascend the steep valley of the famous old pass over which caravans have come for ages from all the rest of the world to shut-in China. The road led us up a steep canyon with splendid views of sharp-peaked mountain ranges and of the vast plain below. Near the bed of a torrent beneath we could follow the course of the old trail struggling up the valley. Here and there walls wandered off labouriously over the mountains, with fire towers on which the signal blaze was kindled to warn of danger.

Finally we came to a station, where we got out to find many chairs waiting for us. Some of us got into them, and some walked. So we began our climb up to the Great Wall, and the gate of the Nankow Pass. Much of the way we followed the winding, immemorially travelled roadway, stony and rough, of the caravan trail. It thundered and came on to rain a little, but just as we topped the Pass and came into view of the wall the sunset broke through. The glory of it set off both gate and wall in mysterious relief, showing the latter coiled about the peaks like some huge serpent of mythology, its endless lengths trailing away in the distance.

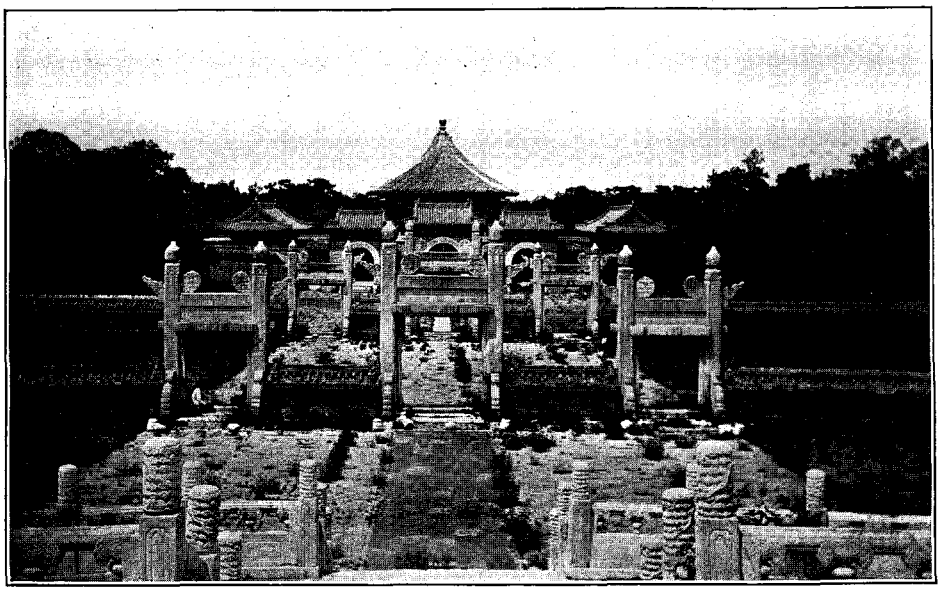
As we climbed to the battlemented top of the gate, we saw, for a moment, a caravan of camels climbing slowly toward us. With spreading feet and great packs on their backs, their drivers walking along beside them, they came swaying up the road in a strange, slow line. Nothing could have been more wonderfully timed for effect than the passing of this caravan through the ancient gateway in the glory and the beauty of the sunset after the rain. Later, as we came tracking down over the rough trail, it rained again, and this time we were drenched. But we soon reached the train and warmed ourselves at the little stoves for tea-making on board as we came back through the canyon to Nankow. Rooms had been reserved for us at a small station inn which was not very comfortable, but we had a good dinner there with a Chinese official as our host. The small inn

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONFUCIAN TEMPLE

THE LAMA TEMPLE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRECINCTS OF THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

yard was crowded with sedan chairs, and, as we turned in early, the last thing we saw was the coolies lying about asleep there in the moonlight.

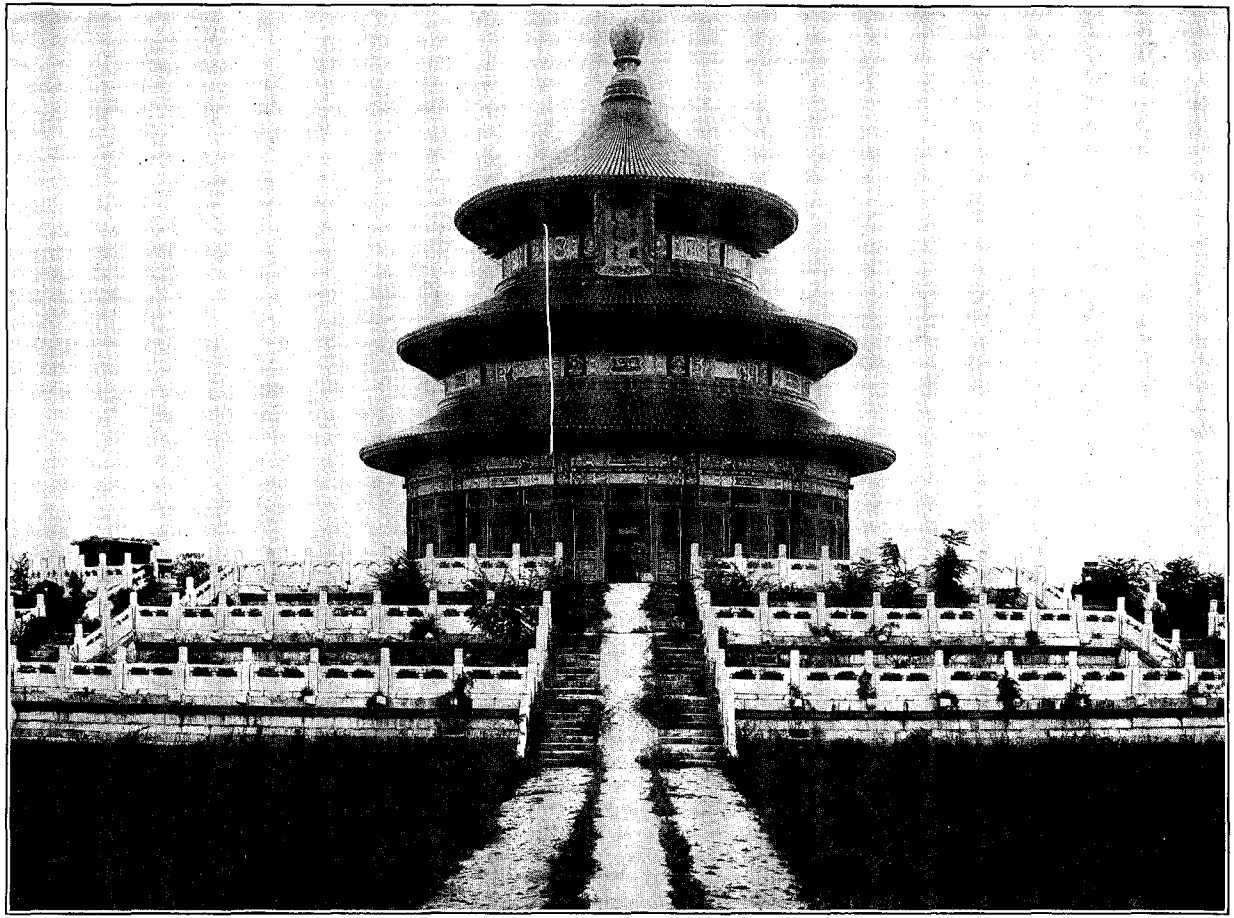
We were carried next morning in chairs of green and gold through a pretty valley to the Ming Tombs. Past decorative marble *pailos,* between lines of monster stone elephants and camels and animals of the imagination, and over carved bridges, to the temple grove in which was the huge mound or mausoleum of the greatest of the Ming emperors. In one of the many big courtyards we wet our hands with the "lucky water" that springs mysteriously from under a great carved stone. And beneath the many-coloured roofs with the carved corners we opened our luncheon baskets and made merry in modern American fashion, forgetting for the moment the strange customs and splendours of the China of past centuries.

One of the most interesting experiences in China was the imperial audience which my husband had the good fortune to be present at, so I quote again from his journal:

"In behalf of his son, the baby Emperor of China, the Prince Regent received the Secretary of War, Mr. Dickinson, in his capacity of special ambassador from the President of the United

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The full-page pictures with this article form part of a complete series of photographs of the buildings in the Forbidden City at Peking, taken by the imperial Japanese photographers by order of the Japanese Government. This was done when the allied troops entered Peking during the Boxer rebellion, in order that a perfect record of those beautiful monuments might be made before there had been any looting or destruction. The pictures, which fill two large portfolios, are never for sale, but are sometimes presented by the Japanese Government to museums or to distinguished individuals. The pictures reproduced herewith are from the set presented to Mr. Larz Anderson.*

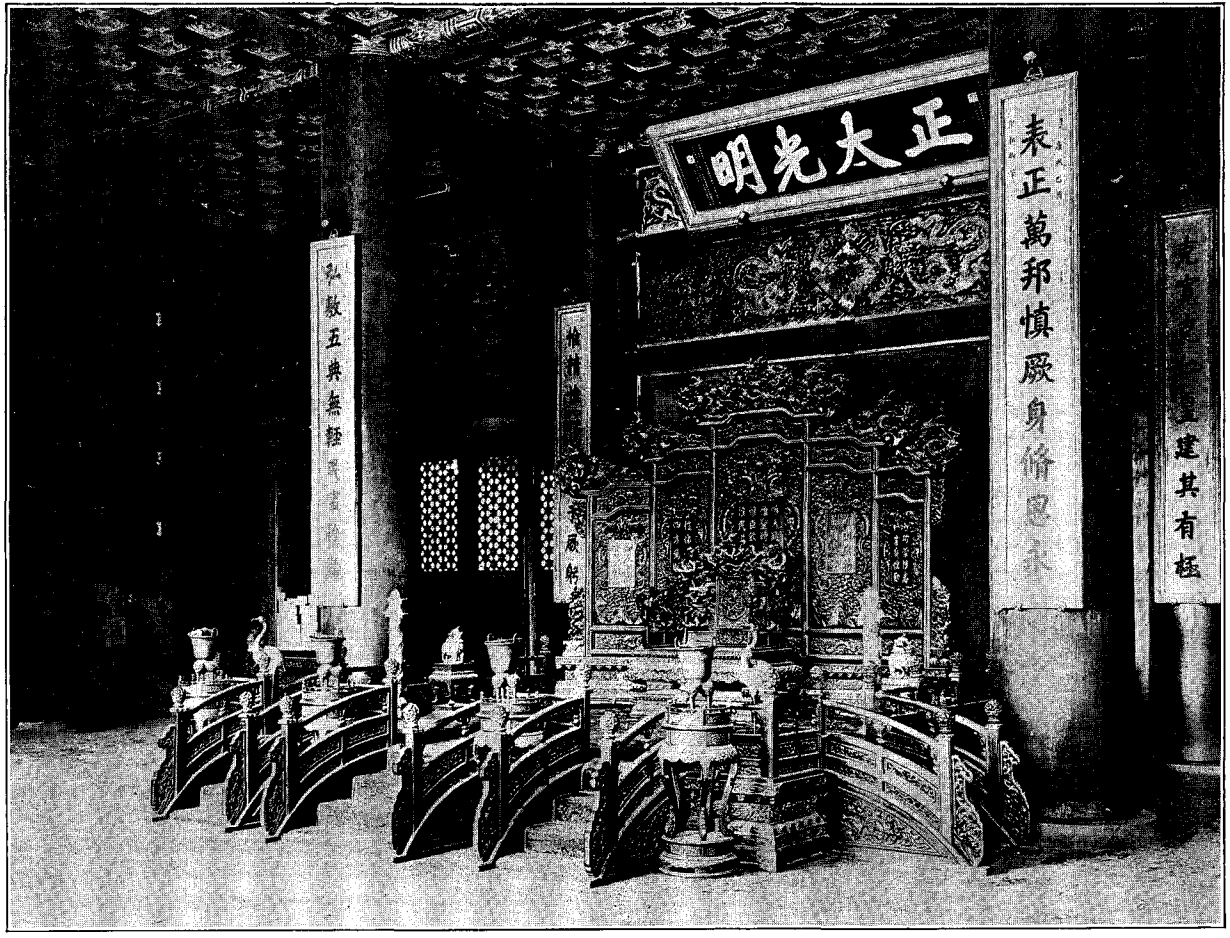
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



著作權所有　東京帝室博物館

THE CH'I-NIEN HALL IN THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE IMPERIAL DAIS IN THE CH'IEN-CH'ING HALL

著作権所有　東京帝室博物館

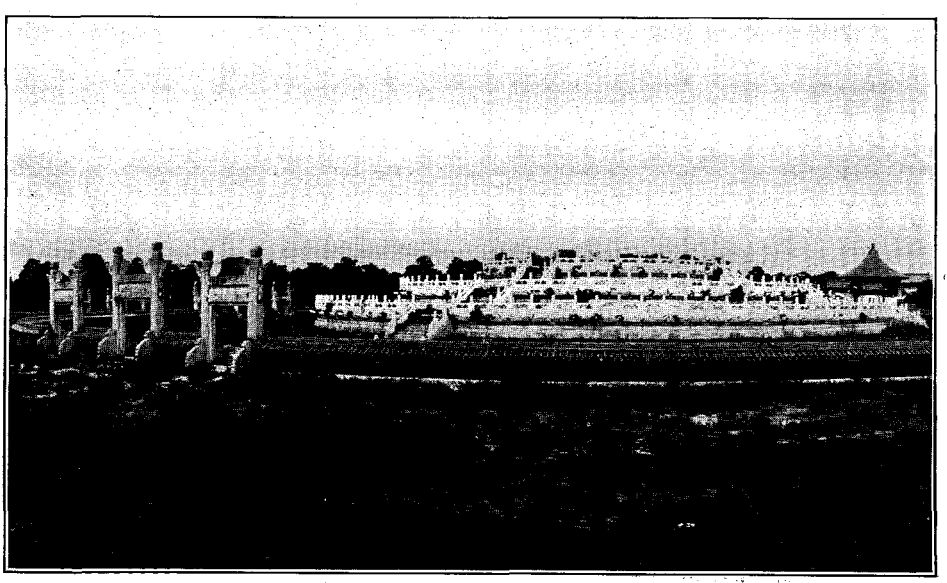
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

States. Only the day before the new Second Secretary of the American Legation had arrived with the letter from President Taft, having travelled post haste from Washington to get it to Peking in time for the Secretary to deliver it. The men of our party had the wonderful experience of accompanying Mr. Dickinson as a staff, passing with him through the most honourable of the great gates to the very throne of the Forbidden City.

"The Chinese have a way of tickling their own vanity by leading foreigners to do things, quite unknowingly, which are undignified in Chinese eyes and a pleasing conceit to themselves. So the first arrangements for the Secretary's reception had been planned so as to give the party a sort of tributary appearance by having them enter the Forbidden City through one of the side gates. But the autograph letter from the President made the occasion of such importance that, by bringing pressure to bear, our admission was finally procured through the most honourable great gate, directly up to the Imperial Throne.

"The men met at the Legation compound at a quarter before nine in the morning, and all took chairs for the procession to the audience. Now the chair is the most dignified of conveyances, at Court, and only certain people use it. The one intended for the Secretary had been sent by the Court, and had the imperial yellow trimmings, while those for the other men were green, with red and black detail. They made quite an imposing array, for besides the eighteen members of the Embassy in evening dress there were several officers of the Marine Guard and the Military and the 'Language Officer,' all in full uniform.

"The Marine Guard paraded, and the bugle blew, and the procession passed out of the compound gateway into the street, where an escort of Chinese cavalry—not very striking objects on their puny ponies—fell in ahead. So we moved along through crowds of onlookers, in our swinging chairs borne by pattering coolies. It is not far from our Legation to the main entrance of the Forbidden City, and the company soon turned in under an insignificant gate, which admitted us to a large paved



PRECINCTS OF THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

square, grass-grown and dilapidated. Surrounding it was a fence-like rail of stone, over which crowds of people were staring. A group of court servants, with red and yellow jackets over their grey robes, stood in double row in the centre, and the procession passed across the wide, empty space to the first of the great gates.

"It was a huge pink-walled gate—called Wu-Men of the City of the Son of Heaven—with three arched portals closed by heavy, hob-nailed doors. These swung back and the procession entered, saluted by a guard of soldiers, while picturesque groups of lesser officials and servants stood about. The court in which we found ourselves was so long that it seemed endless—it must have been at least a quarter of a mile—so that the gate at the farther end looked very small, though it was by no means so in reality. A flagged way extended down the middle, and the sides were overgrown with a tangle of weeds and grass. In the distance water carriers paced along with their bamboo poles balanced over their shoulders, and servants stopped their work to stare at these foreign intruders who had presumed to enter the sacred way. Enclosing the court were long lines of yellow *yamens,* with crows cawing on their upturned roofs and handsome magpies spreading their tails or flying about.

"We traversed this long space and came to another great pink-walled gate—named Ta-Ching-Men—which was noble in the Chinese style, making use of broad plain spaces to set off the richness in colour and design of their architectural details. Here we all got out of our chairs while two court chairs, open-seated and borne by two bearers only (the regular sedan is closed and carried by four coolies) were provided for Secretary Dickinson and Minister Calhoun. Many soldiers were gathered about, and servants of different grades; more guards of honour presented arms; under the gates were the groups of bowmen and lancers with their antiquated weapons set up in rows—a remnant of past times, indeed!

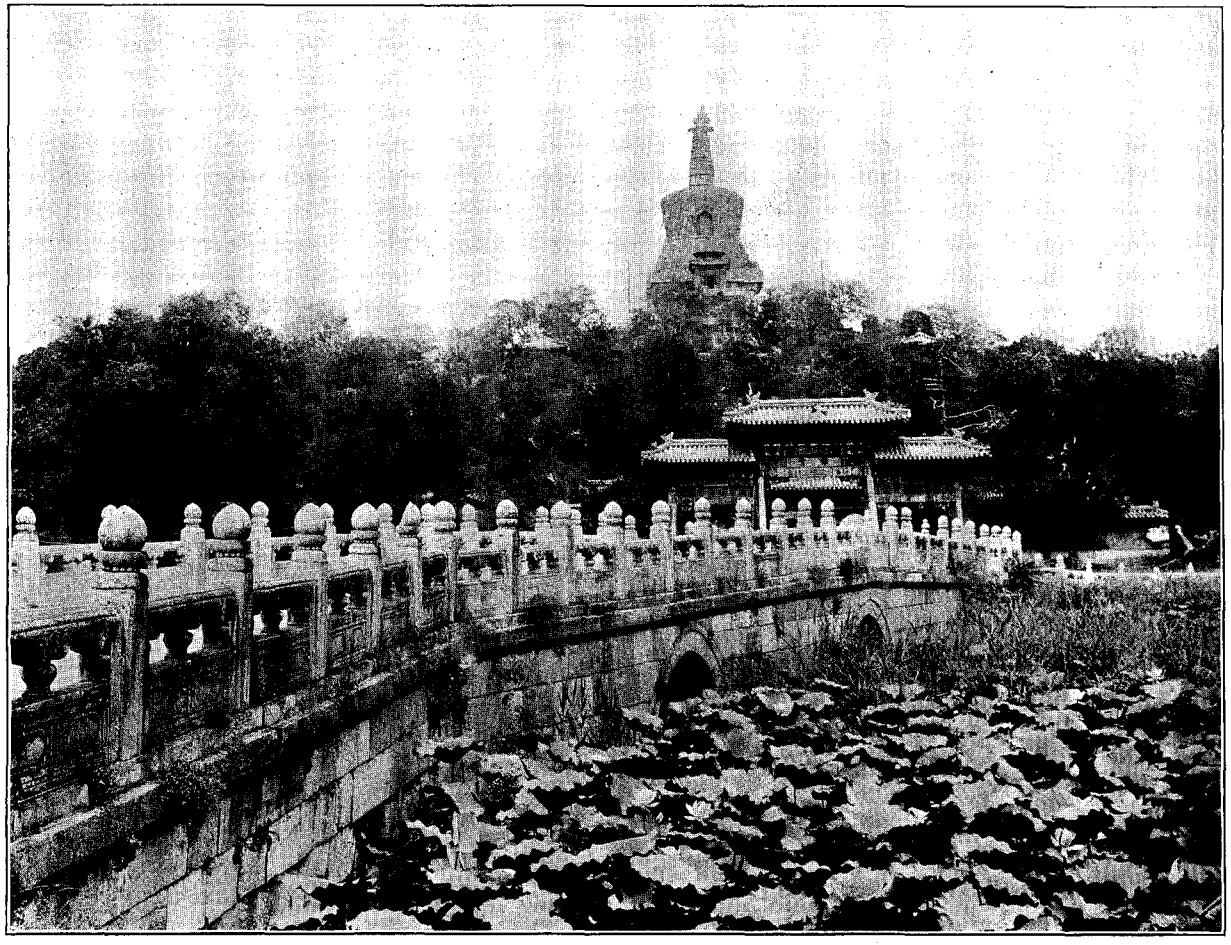
"Across another wide quadrangle and through another gate we passed into a court of fine proportions with a noble pavilion opposite raised on a *chubutra* of terraced marble with a richly carved balustrade. It was reached by a bridge over artificial water. Then came another and yet finer courtyard with beautiful marble terraces, stained by the weather to the colour of ivory. Opening the doors for us to pass from one courtyard into another were eunuchs, while groups of picturesque officials stood about. On either side of the portals of one gate stood stone lions, grotesquely rampant; a later gate had splendid beasts of bronze on guard, and giant incense burners of great beauty. In each succeeding court the effect of repose and yet of richness and beauty of colour seemed to grow.

"There was a pavilion with a double towering roof of a mellow yellow, and behind it, flanked by walls of tile with a yellow and green design which broke the rosy background, was the gate Chieng-Ching-Men. Here many court officials stood and solemnly greeted the Embassy. The Secretary and the Minister descended from their chairs, the eunuchs opened the doors as we ascended the steps, and we all walked into the magnificence of the last court.

"Above the roofs of imperial yellow tile, which crowned in fantastic shape the pavilion opposite, the Throne Hall of Audience, rose the green ridge of a hill with kiosks and summer houses—a lovely background against the sky for the scene beneath. Lions and incense burners of gilded bronze shone resplendent at the sides of the approach to the Throne Room. The court was enclosed by heavy-roofed *yamens* and galleries of rich colour, and the whole effect was magnificent.

"We were conducted to a room at one side, arranged half in European style, with a table set for a repast after the audience. Here we met the higher court people and awaited the readiness

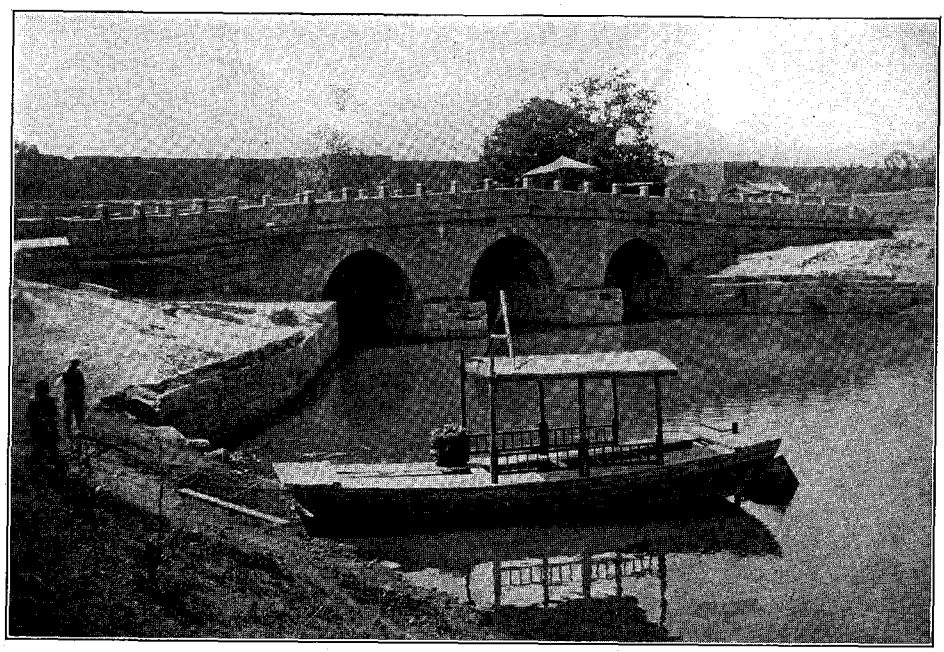
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



著作權所有　東京帝室博物館

THE YUNG-AN TEMPLE STUPA AND THE CHI-TSUI TUI-YÜN BRIDGE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



VIEW NEAR PEKING

of the Regent. In a few moments this was announced, and we went out into the courtyard again, to find that meantime the hereditary princes, carrying spears with tassels of red horsehair with pendent leopard tails, had taken their stand in rows on each side of the marble bridge that reached across the court. About the threshold of the pavilion opposite were crowded eunuchs and court officials. The room within, which opened in three wide entrances to the air, was filled with courtiers on each side up to the throne.

"Crossing the long bridge, we entered by the central portal, bowing once outside, once just inside and a third time as we all grouped ourselves within. There was a sombre light. Court mourning still prescribed a simple dress of a darker garment over a light blue robe which showed only in the skirt beneath and in the collar.

"The throne was on a dais with three sets of steps divided by low lacquered balustrades leading up to it. Across the back was placed a large, richly carved screen of a dull, heavy, reddish gold. In front of this stood the empty Dragon Chair of the Emperor, heavily carved and gilded. Before this was a table covered with white and dark blue silk, while at either side were peacock fans in standards.

"Toward the front of the dais, below the throne, were the simple chair and table of the Regent. As the Secretary—who, with the Minister, had advanced into the room—approached the throne, the Regent stood. Mr. Dickinson read a fine address, which was translated by someone behind him, and the Regent replied. Then the Secretary, using both hands, passed him the President's letter, all wrapped in imperial yellow silk. The Regent received it with both hands and, turning, laid it on the table in front of the empty Dragon Throne.

"This done, Mr. Dickinson bowed and retired, the Minister and ourselves bowing at the same time, three times as we backed out through one of the side spaces opening into the courtyard. We

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were no longer bearers of a letter to the Emperor, and so we were no longer privileged to the honours of the middle entrance.

"Returning to the side room, we were joined by court and foreign officials. After a short delay, the Secretary and General Edwards, with the Minister and the Legation secretaries, were taken to a small pavilion room, where they had a brief 'confidential audience' with the Prince Regent. On their coming back, we all sat down to a little luncheon, at which informal toasts were drunk. After that we went away, through other picturesque side courts and gateways, to find our chairs again. In them we moved in long procession, out of a side gate of the Forbidden City, with troops saluting and escorting, back to the Legation.

"Words can do poor justice to the experiences of that morning, when we passed through places of wonder which few foreigners have ever been allowed to see, and stood by the Dragon Throne of the Son of Heaven, surrounded by that Court of Ancient Ceremonies, in the heart of that old, old Chinese Empire."

At last the day came for us to leave this city of all cities. During the trip from Peking to Hankow all China seemed to glide slowly by our windows, with its crumbling walled cities and villages and its vast stretches of beautifully cultivated paddy fields, flat, glistening and green. Not always flat, though, for often they were made in irregular terraces which followed perfectly the contours of the land, climbing up into the ravines between the hills, till these finally became grotesquely pinnacled mountains. On the higher plateau the kaoliang grew like tall, tasselled sorghum, with corn and millet and beans in long stretches of varied colour—greens and browns and yellows laid on the landscape in square patches. Over them moved always the picturesque figures working, working, to produce this miracle of complete cultivation.

But strangest and yet most characteristic of all were the mounds of the tombs of the ancestors—little mounds grouped among the workers in the fields, with children playing on them, and the plows just rounding their bases so as to cut off a wee bit at a time to add to the field—very carefully, so that the ancestor would not know! Beneath clumps of trees were hillocks containing a higher class of tombs; at times there were vast reaches of rolling prairie all covered with them. Some were marked with small stones. A rich man might even have a little pagoda to distinguish his resting place. In the hillside were semi-circular tombs. In fact, wherever you looked there were graves. For all its fertile fields, the country was like one vast cemetery.

So, at last, through this country of life and death, we came to the big yellow river—the Yangtse. The train was delayed for a whole day by a wreck on the line further up. This wreck illustrates the individualistic trait which is so typical of the Chinese character. Railway embankments had held back water from the paddy fields. The rice crop had been poor, consequently the farmers, thinking only of their own immediate interests, had done what they could to destroy the railway. So we had to wait over. The Chinese are called the Jews of the East. Each man is for himself and does nothing for his town or for society in general. Aside from the mandarins and a few rich shopkeepers, and a small middle class, the people are miserably poor.

Such a surprise greeted me at Hankow—there was a fine esplanade along the river bank, lined with pretty European houses built of brick and stone, set among lovely gardens, and a race course that might have been a French track. The whole place, in fact, might have been Trouville, instead of the heart of China. But the illusion vanished, for the Chinese part of the city was even "more so" than any other we had seen. It had been raining and the dirt was beyond words. I saw people take water

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out of stagnant pools to drink, and to wash their clothes and themselves. In the mud sprawled children begging, some without clothes, some blind, some deformed. Through the narrow, filthy passages men went carrying loads, and sang and called out and ran into you, while the mangy chow dogs barked at you.

The stores were very fine, though, with great entrances and often with courtyards decorated with evergreens cut in the shape of lions with queer eyes stuck into their heads. The shopkeepers were very hard to deal with, because they seemed to have no interest in selling anything. Some would take off vast amounts when you purchased, others nothing at all. You never knew what to expect.

From Hankow we took a French boat down the river to Shanghai, passing every now and then a raft loaded with lumber which was being steered slowly down stream. Often they had two or three hundred people on board, and we were told that families not seldom lived on them for several years at a time. The yelling boatmen and swift current made it rather exciting. Our boat stopped at several small towns with walls running up steep hills. One was a pirate town where no missionaries were allowed to enter. The largest pagoda in China was there—built, we heard, to propitiate the God of the Winds.

At Nankin carriages met us—a closed one for two of us womenfolk that was like a chicken coop, a sort of coupé with white shutters such as is provided for the concubines. Inside it was decorated with a mirror and paper flowers. The town was not so congested as some that we saw, but the people looked very poor and wretched. Some of the houses were of stone, others of mud and straw. Long ago, when Nankin was the capital of China, it had two million inhabitants, but now that the seat of government is in Peking this old city has dwindled to a few hundred thousand. (No one knows what the population really is in any part of China.) The troops seen in the streets looked small and oddly dressed—khaki and military caps did not go very well with the pigtails, which had not then been cut off.

Perhaps the most interesting sight in Nankin was the Drum Tower, which was built two centuries before Christ. After ascending dark stone steps on the outside of the tower, we finally reached the top. Here, under a slanting roof of four colours, was a huge stone turtle. The earth is popularly supposed to be flat, and to be held up by four turtles, one at each corner of its surface. On either side of the turtle was a carved and painted wooden figure, one representing the Goddess of Mercy, who is the only Chinese goddess, holding in one hand a lotus root and in the other a child, while the other figure portrayed the God of Medicine with a pill in his hand.

Shanghai had its foreign quarter, with a hotel which was not very good. The Chinese part of the city was walled in and had the usual narrow, smelly streets lined with shops. Here and there were groups of boys tickling fighting crickets. As soon as they got the little creatures angry enough they would put a couple in a box and watch them fight, betting on the result. We did a little shopping, and an enterprising Chinaman offered to buy my hat for two dollars, much to our amusement. The American Consul gave us a reception and garden party. The guests were mostly Americans, but there were some English and French present. Chinese high officials came, dressed in black flowered silk jackets and long brocaded coats, with white trousers reaching down inside their black satin shoes. Their caps were trimmed with brown fur, and some wore crystal buttons, others had red coral, or blue ones, showing their rank.

From Shanghai we went by steamer to Hongkong. The night we arrived there four of us went out in chairs suspended on poles and carried by two coolies each, so that we hopped up and down to the motion of their stride till

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there seemed nothing left of us. In the Chinese part the streets were much wider than usual, with arched doorways through which one caught glimpses of naked shoulders drooping over counters, and of domestic interiors as well—blue walls, white lace curtains and four-posted bedsteads seemed to be the fashion in Chinese bedrooms. Above were the overhanging balconies with prettily dressed women leaning over the railings and looking down into the street. Some of the women wore short jackets and trousers of white and pink, others longer coats of black silk or blue cotton. Most of the women on the street had the tiny broken feet, on which they toddled along.

We passed several hotels of two or three stories and gay-looking restaurants with quantities of gilded carving. This lively part of the town was well lighted, and signs of black and gold or red and gold hung from the doorways, adding to the bright effect. As a rule, it is not a pleasant experience to pass through a Chinese city where they are not used to seeing foreigners. Children hoot and call one names—all kinds of names. Old men hiss and growl and shake their fists. Things are thrown at one—once in Canton a nasty decayed vegetable dropped into my chair. On foot it is even worse. One is immediately hemmed in by the vile, dirty crowd, pulling, pushing, grabbing, jostling. At a temple we were once almost mobbed, and had to run for our lives.

The feeling of helplessness is most uncomfortable. There is no way of protecting one's self, because if a blow be so much as threatened the horde would make nothing of killing one. Every insult has to be suffered and taken. The Chinese certainly have no love for the foreigner, although Hongkong being, like Shanghai, a seaport, the people there are more cosmopolitan than elsewhere in China. It was from Hongkong that we sailed away and left perhaps the oldest and most remarkable kingdom in the world for our new possessions in the Far East—the Philippine Islands.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR ENTENTE WITH SOUTH AMERICA

BY THOMAS WALSH

How shall we promote the *entente cordiale* with Central and South America? has long been the question of thinkers in the North; and now when the wars of Europe have shut us from our overseas markets and centres of culture, now when war itself confronts the United States—self-constituted protector of the New Hemisphere—the question assumes acute interest and grave importance.

Back of the Monroe Doctrine there was always, primarily, the selfish consideration of our own safety, in shutting out the greater acquisition of American territory by the Powers of Europe. True, we remembered also our position as elder brother to the republics of the south and we were for many other reasons interested in their establishment and progress. We have seen them grow to maturity and in some cases to a stability that ought to be gratifying to our faith in human nature, but we have been too long in the rôle of protector and have neglected the more friendly intercourse of matured brethren of the same household. Have we not in the troublous days of southern revolutions learned too well the use of the index-finger and neglected the cordial hand-clasp of equal independence?

Our own dependence on Europe for the arts of life, the luxury and finish of civilisation, has been an example of which the south has only taken an exaggerated pattern. The cities of Buenos-Aires and Rio Janeiro are replicas of French cities in hardly more definite manner than we are imitations of London and Paris. We can hardly expect the South American countries to be less alert to the great centres than we are ourselves. If within the last few decades we have established autonomy in our civil and national institutions, if to be a North American signifies more than to be an imitation of a Northern European, how are our friends and neighbours in the south to discover this with their wires of communication and lines of traffic practically all established with European centres, their newspapers indifferent to our development and subject only to a more or less hostile breath of criticism from foreign agencies of trade and politics?

Those who have gone deepest into the relation of trade bear witness that the greatest difficulty in the development of North American industrial products in the south is the shortness of credit—the lack of trust, in so many words—extended to the southern dealers and consumers. Our healthful business on a more or less cash basis seems to make slow progress south of the equator, and we are found to be less patient creditors than are the Europeans in general. Is it that we are too independent to await payment, too careless to pack our exports in a safe and portable manner, too lazy to study the wants and desires of a people who refuse to be reconstructed and remodelled by the wholesale on our North American plan? Surely, with such a market, some compromise mut be arrived at. If it is good business for European traders to adapt their credits to the customs of South American trade it should be good, and even better, business for the United States to do the same.

It may be accepted as a universal axiom that no foreigner loves the Englishman, and as the foreigner is likely to find it difficult to distinguish between the different kinds of British, many of our own English-speaking fellow-citizens are more or less likely to share in this racial dislike. This Anglo-Saxonism, based, as it is, on a more or less

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conscious display of superiority in points of view and social practices, loses nothing of its offence when seen in its chaotic and ridiculous aspects along our own southern frontiers. The Latin race is proud of its traditions and secretly somewhat scornful of the "Barbarians" of the North. They can afford to overlook the financial and trade successes, the powerful organisations of modern industries and the economic triumphs upon which we plume ourselves. They are residents of a milder climate where poverty has fewer horrors and riches smaller attractions than with us. Their development is more in the individual than in the community. They are conscious of the possession of an almost perfect code of laws from Justinian and Napoleon, but if the enforcement of it is not all that we would desire, if the sense of personal liberty is still rather exaggerated—their pride in such a code is not altogether empty.

If education is not so widespread in the south there are, nevertheless, great scholarship and culture in certain classes in every country. Foreign universities and foreign tutors are employed to constitute a ruling intellectual clique in a sense that would be impossible among us, with whom the poorest labourer is able at least to read and write and form his own opinions—such as they are. Their connections with the past have made South American scholars more cautious than are the North American; recently King Alfonso of Spain is said to have declared: "We belong to a country in which everything has been tried." The South American has something of this spirit; we are apt to forget that he has partially solved a great question—the fate of the aboriginal races of his lands—which we have left to be settled by the guns and poisons of our civilisation. Tribal questions are at the background of the international relations of many of these countries besides Mexico, where a benevolent dictatorship must continue to preserve peace and promote prosperity for some time to come.

The Latin American is a member of a race at once literary and artistic; whatever his status, either in finance or politics, he is usually found to be a poet or a novelist. We who in North America have only recently learned to appreciate letters and art at their true value, and are still in some doubt as to the social value of their professors, must learn to value the South American as the brother of Rubén Darío, Guillermo Valencia, Santos Chocano, Antonio Gomez Restrepo and Olavo Bilac and the children of the great Andrés Bello, Rafael Pombo, and the Mexican Gutiérrez Nájera.

A survey of this literature in the pages of such a work as Menéndez y Pelayo's *Historia de la Poesia Hispano-Americana* (Madrid, 1913) or better still in the more comprehensive *Literary History of Spanish America* (New York, 1916) of Alfred Coester, will surprise many a North American reader with the discovery that in many of the capitals of our southern hemisphere there exist, and have flourished for years, literary schools more cultured and better organised than anything similar in our own country; in these schools traditions of native birth are treasured and cultivated with knowledge and taste refined at the best critical forges of Paris and Madrid. South America, it will be discovered, is intimately acquainted with our Longfellow, Bryant and Edgar Allan Poe; how do we reciprocate this attention? With a vague half-hearsay knowledge of Heredia the Elder, of Isaac's novel *Maria* and a few of the poems of Rubén Darío. Many Central and South American authors have visited and written appreciatively of our country; how many of our literary men have concerned themselves with them?

We must overcome this fault due to our mistaken Anglo-Saxon sense of superiority. We must realise thoroughly that there is no superiority except, perhaps, in the way of government administration. Our views regarding racial mixtures can also stand revision.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Lillian Elwyn Elliot's recent book, *Brazil To-day and To-morrow* (New York, 1917) tells a story that well illustrates our lack of proper conception of the race problems of South America. We fail to understand that our own racial mixtures may be misinterpreted abroad by people who find in the songs of our negroes and the pottery and weaving of our Indians the most characteristic products of our continent. Miss Elliot's story deals with a colony of southerners who left the United States at the close of the Civil War and settled in the slave-tolerating lands of Brazil at a colony called Santa Barbara.

The colonists grew, besides cotton, watermelons: one year just as the crop ripened, cholera broke out in S. Paulo, the sale of melons was forbidden, and the growers faced ruin. At this time President Cleveland had come into office in the United States, and had just appointed a new consul at Santos: he must, then, be a good Democrat. The settlers, who on landing in Brazil had ceremonially torn up the Constitution of the United States and offered thanks to heaven for having permitted them to reach a land where the sacred Biblical institution of slavery was still in force, remembered that they were American citizens. They wrote to the consul a letter of congratulation on his arrival and at the same time detailed their grievances with regard to watermelon sales. The consul replied cordially, suggested that he should visit them, and received post haste a warm welcome. The afternoon of his arrival at the colony found the entire population drawn up on the platform, a southern Colonel at the head of the deputation. The train rolls up, a first-class compartment door opens, a gentleman steps out with a suitcase, and walks up to the Colonel with outstretched hand. It was the consul—but a consul as black as the ace of spades.

It is said that the Colonel, rising nobly to the occasion, gasped once, shook the hand of the consul, and that he and the other southerners gave the official the time of his life; but when he departed they vowed that never, never again would they trust a Democratic administration.

Over and above all these differences in life and opinion we have in common with Central and South America that quality which is recognised by all the world as *Americanism*. This breath of freedom, this new outlook upon life and its institutions, this welcome of originality, is a common link to bind our North and South together in a mighty whole. It is upon this Americanism—not North Americanism or South Americanism—that we must base our hope of mutual reciprocity, our avoidance of neighbourly jealousy and envy, our cultivation of brotherly amity and family well-being. This quality of mind is as unmistakable in life as it is in art; it is characteristic of the belle of Argentina and Chile as of the beauty of New York or San Francisco; in Paris it is synonymous with the grand gesture, the open hand, and largeness of view; in literature we find it in the triumphant art of a Rubén Darío and soaring depth of a Chocano, as well as in the giant dreams of a Walt Whitman and the starry gaze of an Emerson.

The war has brought to our United States a swarm of visitors from South America who otherwise would have wended their ways to Paris and the Continent. They have had a chance to see in our larger cities a form of life more like their own, more agreeable than they have ever found abroad. We have amusement places more calculated to please their tastes than any European theatres can offer them; our illuminations are brighter, our hotels more gorgeous, our shops more showy in their bright profusion. In New York, especially, they have found their Spanish spoken in every establishment of standing; our schools have not been idle and even now five times as many pupils take the Spanish courses as take those of other languages. These—for the most part commerce-trained students—will read Spanish and South American books and newspapers, when the south shows energy enough to distribute them more generally among us. In New York and New Orleans we have had numerous

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

publications; we have had Spanish opera and Spanish Plays; we have Spanish churches and Spanish clubs; we have chairs of Spanish literature at all our great universities; we have in New York the building of The Hispanic Society of America with a rare collection of Spanish paintings and a priceless and extensive collection of Spanish and Latin-American books and manuscripts.

The grounds of our *entente cordiale* have therefore been laid out, and only, it seems, the social difficulty remains in the way of a complete union, racial and religious. This difficulty is more fearsome than actual, and is to be overcome only by mutual toleration of differences and an intelligent and considerate hospitality, by trust rather than suspicion, by fairness and kindliness rather than indifference and superiority. The young South American should be welcomed in our homes as well as in our hotels; he should learn to appreciate, and not to misinterpret our social freedom of the sexes. We should study the great lessons of Spanish civilisation, philosophy and art, and acknowledge our tremendous debt to the Spanish discoverers and explorers and their hardy descendants; they should strive to see in us something more than superior money machines and trading agencies, something of the race of the great dreamers of the North who still figure vaguely in their primitive romances and who are still to be found at the bottom of our hearts.

FAIRY SHORES

BY POWHATAN JOHNSON WOOLDRIDGE

WHILE we drift a-down life's stream
In the mazes of our dream,
Fairy shores on either side
Beckon us across the tide,
But when we heed their mystic call
The cold grey mist enshrouds it all.

Elfin flames about us dart,
Helplessly, we drift apart,
Farther, farther from the shore,
Then the mist dissolves once more
And shows you drifting far from me,
Drifting to a lonely sea.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART VERSUS LICENSE

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN PAINTING

BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

THE other day, opening at random Lilli Lehmann's interesting and instructive autobiography, *My Path Through Life,* my attention was suddenly arrested by the following significant passage:

> To the question I put to him (Gustav Mahler) he replied with scornful laughter, "What are you thinking of? In a century my symphonies will be performed in immense halls that will hold from twenty to thirty thousand people, and will be great popular festivals." I was silent, but I thought, involuntarily, that the more music is deprived of intimacy, the more it will be lacking in true genius. It is so, also, at the theatre, for when the stage and auditorium exceed a certain size, there can be no more art for the artist and art lover. Then the circus begins, where the actors appear in dead masks, because the individual gestures, eyes and physiognomies cannot be distinguished, and not a word can be understood. In a great orchestra, every individual instrument is lost, as is the personality of each single picture in a huge exhibition of a thousand or more paintings, where one kills the other.

A thousand or more paintings! Well, according to the advertisements, the Independent Exhibit, recently concluded in New York City, numbered anywhere between two and three thousand paintings. "Art Exhibition Extraordinary" (I quote the *Herald's* proclamation of the event) it certainly was. Picture to yourself the Grand Central Palace literally cluttered with what is euphemistically termed "works of art." If you recall the hurly-burly that accompanied last spring's Allied Bazaar, you will probably feel a sense of the excessiveness of the undertaking. True, there was no megaphone and (surprising omission for these times!) no dancing. But there *was* space, plenty of space; so much so, in fact, that I found myself wandering about in a kind of stupor, not quite certain of where to go next. The affair had something of the sardonic and enigmatical deviousness of a maze; and I should imagine that if one found one's self there in a crowd all æsthetic sensation would be obstructed and destroyed by the uncomfortable anxiety of wondering whether one could find one's way out of the place and home again.

Now I do not mean to be flippant or cheaply and inconsequentially humourous. I should like to write of the exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists in a temperate and comprehensive fashion; or if not in a temperate and comprehensive fashion, I should like to write exuberantly, to tell you how wonderful it was to see the Art Spirit emancipating itself from the fetters of an artificial exclusiveness, breaking out into the great universal sunshine of unfettered effort (something about Democracy should perhaps be inserted here), and so forth. No doubt others can do this sort of thing. Frankly, I cannot. The magnitude of the affair literally dumfounds one; and I really do not see how a conscientious discrimination is possible under circumstances of so gigantic and complex a nature. It must be obvious to the most cursory consideration that fine distinctions and precise preferences are rendered null

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and void in such a hodge-podge of activity. I attempted to jot down a few notes, but in looking back I realise that my observations were, by the very nature of the case, invidious. One thing struck me—the fact that nine times out of ten when my attention was arrested by a picture, that picture was painted by a woman. Is there, I wonder, or is there not any significance in this? At all events I congratulate Adèle Klaer for her excellent and exquisitely framed "Ravella," and Margaret Kleinwell for her still life, a really big, massive, memorable production. Who these people are I do not know and I suppose I shall never hear of them again. If the art of the future is to be presented to us under conditions of so enormous a nature, we shall be compelled to develop a new capacity for appreciation. For the present, the appeal is a futile one, an appeal that defeats its own ends just as the sheer noise of the contemporary orchestra defeats its own ends. In all sincerity, I really think that the essential and ultimate reaction to this sort of thing is an unfavourable one. Someone once said—possibly Oscar Wilde—that views were dreadfully overdone. At the Independent Exhibit it takes a superabundant flow of good spirits to combat the unhappy suspicion that art is dreadfully overdone.

I am keenly dissatisfied with these very desultory generalisations. On the other hand, it is not easy to distinguish and to emphasise the salient and significant features of an art exhibition that loses itself in its own vastness. The sensitive observer cannot fail to suffer distractions and indecisions of judgment. Personally, I think that the importance of such an affair resides in its remote implications rather than in a specific and easily definable merit. Is it possible to disentangle from the thousand and more conflicting cross-currents of the matter those aspects of it that exceed a merely transient and local significance, and apply with a pregnant appropriateness to the condition of things in general and of contemporary art in particular?

In a foreword printed in the catalogue, the aims of the Society of Independent Artists are lucidly and succinctly summed up as follows:

> The Society of Independent Artists has been incorporated under the laws of New York for the purpose of holding exhibitions in which all artists may participate independently of the decision of juries. The need for such a society must be clear to all who are familiar with the conditions of the art world. On one hand we have the frank statement of the established art societies that they cannot exhibit all the deserving work submitted to them because of lack of space. On the other hand, such exhibitions as take place at private galleries must, by their nature, be formed from the ranks of artists who are already more or less known; moreover, no one exhibition at present gives an idea of contemporary American art in its ensemble, or permits comparisons of the various directions it is taking, but shows only the work of one man or a homogeneous group of men. The great need, then, is for an exhibition, to be held a given period each year where artists of all schools can exhibit together—certain that whatever they send will be hung and that all will have an equal opportunity. For the public, this exhibition will make it possible to form an idea of the state of contemporary art. No such survey could be obtained from a dozen visits to the exhibitions of former years, when none could claim to be thoroughly representative. The governing principle of the Society permits a member to exhibit *whatever he wishes on the payment of nominal dues.**

At the outset of any consideration of the above text, a grateful acknowledgment must be made. The Society of Independent Artists distinguished itself at its first exhibition by the all-inclusiveness of its point of view. The importance of this fact cannot be over-estimated. There was lacking that exorbi-

*The italics are mine. C. L. B.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tant emphasis of the ultra note that disgusts us with and stultifies the conventional innovation. There was no cheap, vulgar, ostentatious sticking out of the tongue in the face of precedent, no flouting of the greybeards (God bless them for their cheerful indifference!), no attempt to draw arbitrary and artificial distinctions between a new art and an old art. The attitude of vehement assertiveness that marked the Armory exhibition of some years ago was lacking. Futurism and cubism hung side by side with the lisping innocence of the immemorial still life (flowers and fruit). Eccentricity represented by a perfectly good piece of Armour and Company's soap transfixed by a nail to a canvas that purported (I suppose) to indicate the troubled waters of a bathtub, found itself in abrupt juxtaposition to the rather tasteless subject of a young girl levelling a rifle at a somewhat too urgent admirer. Such well-known names as Crane, Lawson and Hassam —Hassam at his best in two exquisite pictures—were in evidence.

All of which is as it ought to be. On the other hand, it is questionable if the public can "form an idea of the state of contemporary art" from an exhibition of this nature. To turn the public loose among three thousand pictures and expect it to form *any* idea at all is, it would seem to me, to ask the impossible. I wonder what, precisely, is the sum total of the impression carried away by the average observer of this sort of thing! Something, I should fancy, of the impression created in a four-year-old child by its first visit to the circus. This is not meant in disparagement of public taste; it is merely a recognition of the infinite difficulty that confronts even the trained observer of æsthetics. A great musician was telling me the other day of his inability to register upon a first hearing an accurate appraisal of a new musical composition. One of the astounding discrepancies in this world is the failure of the majority of persons to realise that a work of art requires for its appreciation a thorough, an intimate and a sympathetic study. Art is not a common revelation like sunshine, a common accomplishment like eating. Now conditions at the Independent Exhibit were, I should think, directly inimical to the forming of any valid impressions whatsoever. Of course we all acknowledge that the world thinks, feels and exerts itself to-day upon a larger scale than heretofore. To say that Bigness is the order of the hour is to state a banal and self-evident truth. But it is not yet demonstrated that we can successfully reconcile art—or rather that thing that we have hitherto called art—with this contemporary vastness. To view art at the Independent Exhibit demanded a cyclopean capacity. I should as soon think of asking Leo Ornstein to play me a prelude of Debussy's at the Madison Square Garden, or for Olive Fremstad to reveal her Isolde to me at the Polo Grounds. Moreover—and this is important—it is more than doubtful whether contemporary American art at its best *was* represented at the Independent Exhibit. Masses and organisations do not make or represent an art period; individuals do. Art is a spiritual outlawry—a thing that flees the patronage of five o'clock teas, a thing that slinks with averted eyes into a corner at Poetry Societies. Nine times out of ten organisation spells mediocrity. Contemporary American painting at its top notch reveals itself only to the acute and discriminative observer of individual effort. Its loveliest and most valuable manifestations are not thrown at you in great chunks of activity. With the possible exception of George Bellows there was perhaps no painter of an indispensable and easily distinguishable significance included in the Independent Exhibit. Even Bellows was not at his characteristic best. The exhibition of his work at the Milch Galleries some months ago registered a more powerful and prolific impression than I received from the twenty-five hundred or so "works of art" on view at the Independent Exhibit. In fact the funda-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mental weakness of this tendency toward an all inclusive, come-one, come-all kind of attitude is glaringly exposed in this particular instance. Whatever one may think of the validity of his work, however little pleasure one may receive from its crude physical exuberance, the fact remains that Bellows, whether you like him or not, supplies us with the most powerful and, it may be, characteristically native note that is shown by contemporary American painting. He, more than any of his contemporaries, throws into high relief the gross absurdity of the popular contention to the effect that we have no "characteristic" American painting. Bellows is to American painting what ragtime is to American music. I am neither advocating the one nor the other —I merely say, There they are, take them or leave them as you choose. Now this muscular, shirt-sleeved vision was not represented by the picture on view at the Independent Exhibit, interesting though that picture undeniably was; and we may well question the validity of a scheme of things that would pretend to represent a contemporary national art and yet fail to offer us an adequate example of one of the most salient, one of the most dynamic painters that that art has to show us. Again, it is obvious to any sympathetic and discerning observer of American painting that no exhibition of American painting can accurately describe itself as representative that fails to number among its contributors such names as Murphy, Tryon, Weir, Dearth, Dessar and a dozen others of like calibre. If one were attempting to select and to reveal American painting at its noblest, finest and most representative best they could far better avail themselves of such an exhibition as has been on view recently at the Montross Galleries in New York City. To go from the Independent Exhibit to the exhibition on view at the Montross Galleries is to go from a veritable bedlam, an inarticulate chaos, into the sober, reticent seclusion of an æsthetic aristocracy. Here one would find in unobtrusive evidence the spirit of all that is highest and loveliest and most ideal in our painting maintained and disclosed with varying degrees of facility and with an unfailing uniformity of discretion, dignity and delight. The time will come—has come to the perspicacious few—when one of these painters—J. Francis Murphy—will be acknowledged the most adroit manipulator of his material that American landscape has so far produced, and, precisely, one of the most exquisite painters of landscape that the world has so far seen. It is questionable if half so much may be said for any painter represented at the Independent Exhibit.

The Independent Exhibit possessed little intrinsic significance. As I have previously said, any significance it may have possessed lay in its indication of various tendencies, some of them disquieting, some of them impertinent, a few of them injurious and destructive. The emphasis laid upon mere bigness is characteristic perhaps of a modern tendency. I refer you to Mahler's point of view proclaimed in the opening paragraph of this article. Well, perhaps this trend is legitimate, necessary, unalterable. There are not lacking those who think it a disastrous trend. On the one hand, we have the temperament that considers art an exclusive and very individual preoccupation; on the other, we note that tendency toward a levelling of all artistic effort, an intruding upon its older aloofness, a democratising of its various efforts. To anyone to whom the inviolability of art has been a vital thing, the idea of conducting an art exhibit on the principle that anything that is sent in will be exhibited, is simply preposterous. It would seem that less room and less painting rather than more room and more painting was the thing to be desired.

No doubt those who are in favour of Independent Exhibits will probably say: "Who shall judge what should or should not be hung? Give us the opportunity to do the kind of work we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

want to do, and let the public decide for or against us." It seems to me we touch here close to the essential gist of the entire matter. Is there something inherently negligible and invalid in the art of painting that allows it to become so readily the medium for inconsequential and undisciplined effort? One does not like to think so, but, with the best intentions in the world, one is forced to concede that no art (unless one dignifies free verse with the name art) contains and appears to encourage so arrant a licentiousness, so facile an activity. George Moore rated acting the lowest of the arts, and he would no doubt quarrel with the suspicions I am compelled to cast upon the art of painting. One hesitates to take issue with Mr. Moore on a point of æsthetics—he is so uncannily accurate in his appraisals. It would appear, however, that the art of the actor demands at least a certain constructive application, a certain consistency and continuity of effort. The appeal that he makes to us is the result of a cleverly calculated simulation; he is compelled to compete with a standard (our conception of Reality), and he gains or loses in proportion to his ability for reproducing through the tangible, concrete medium of action the various characteristics of human emotion. But the modern painter has found a way to evade the restrictions imposed upon the actor, the musician, and the conscientious worker in words. He has established himself a law unto himself by the simple process of denying the validity of the senses. According to the contemporary painter there is no standard of line, of bulk, of colour. "The way to learn how to paint," I once heard George Bellows say, "is to paint." Imagine telling a ten-year-old child that the way to learn how to play the piano is—to play. It is perfectly obvious that the acceptance and application of such a doctrine opens the way for an endless chain, a vicious circle, if ever there was one, of speculation, theory, undisciplined effort, irreverence and demoralisation. Let us accept for the sake of the argument the hypothesis widely held and proclaimed by the artist to the effect that there is no reality, that, in other words, the world is not what it *is*, but what it *seems*. Well, the point of view is obviously not an irrational one. No comprehensive and universally satisfying standard of beauty, no criterion by which we may measure beauty has so far been formulated. The critic may claim that a work of art is either good or bad; he cannot *prove* that it is either good or bad. In the last analysis, beauty remains as undemonstrable and indescribable as taste, sound or odour. But granting all this, one feels that there must be *some* restriction imposed upon the worker in æsthetics. We must discriminate, even though we discriminate badly. Intolerance, I had almost said, was less injurious to the growth of a valid art than that dreadful thing, a too great tolerance. An interest in everything in general almost invariably means a lack of interest in anything in particular. Personally, I think that we can count on the fingers of our two hands the painters who will emerge from the chaos of contemporary paint, and be known to a future generation. The unthinking will call this attitude a prejudiced attitude. Well, on an average, how many individualities emerge from the contemporary competitions of any branch of activity? Genius does not grow on trees. Your selection might differ from mine—well and good, but at least you will agree with me that a certain selection is necessary. The standard of general excellence may be—is, at the present time—unprecedentedly high. But if some one or two or a half dozen painters at most are not superior to the rest, the present epoch is a departure from the whole scheme of things. For my part, I should pick Murphy, Tryon, Bellows to represent our present time, and I should do so because of reasons that were to me clearly defined and adequate. Bellows typifies the hurry, bustle and shirt-sleeved activity of young lands and new

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peoples. His vision may concern itself with a too transient aspect of things; it is at least incomparably vigorous, cyclopean, sardonic and of a mordant characterisation. Incidentally, it reveals a very beautiful colour sense. Tryon—the Tryon of ten years ago, not the meretricious and apocryphal Tryon of to-day—appropriates a characteristically native point of view, and handles it with a delicately sensuous and ingratiating facility. True, his note is a slightly facile one, the quality of his paint is always a little cloying, a little too pretty, the structure of his picture is always a little lacking in stamina. Just here he is indubitably the inferior of Murphy. Tryon's pictures are nature painted, Murphy's pictures are—nature. A tree trunk of Murphy's, for all its exquisite grace, weighs a ton; a foreground of Murphy's, for all its exquisite intricacy and subtlety of indication, is solid earth. A consummate draughtsman, a master of the material of his trade, Murphy combines the decorative and abstract poise of a Corot with that sense of the soil, that affectionate response to the homely and frugal aspects of isolated areas that we find in the Dutch landscape painters. The veteran Dutch painter, Bloomers, ranking him (mistakenly, I think) above Inness, said to me, "Depend upon it, he is your greatest painter."

Am I digressing? I think not; I am calling attention to these men because I wish to emphasise that whatever in art is absolutely necessary, precious and original is contributed by the few, is a distillation, so to speak, of a protracted series of intellectual and spiritual birth-pains. If we have no criterion by which we may judge the art, let us impose, at least, the searching scrutiny of a more rigourous initiation upon the artist. Can we admit the right of the artist to express merely because he wants to express? Shall we give space in our publications to the five or six hundred thousand poets in this country who think they are Tennyson, Swinburne and W. B. Yeats rolled into one? Will the Independent Exhibit allow a young gentleman I know to play them his musical interpretation of the Grand Canyon? What, one asks, can be the result of this growing encouragement of any and every effort? Is it for the best that the legendary Tom, Dick and Harry be allowed to purchase the opportunity for expressing themselves? Will this emancipation from the drudge and routine of intensive preparation, laboured vigilance, arduous competition result in a freer flowering of the art spirit, a keener receptivity on the part of the public, or will it result in a gradual blurring of the finer lines of discrimination, a gradual blunting of the sharper edges of good taste? Will it throw into higher relief extraordinary and inestimable merit, or will it submerge such merit in a great overwhelming flood of mediocrity?

Perhaps there is no need for pessimism. No doubt the rare and the beautiful in art will always distinguish itself from the spurious, the inept, the non-essential. In the face of our present perilous and unhappy times, a recent sale of pictures in this city showed the highest average price on record for Corots. The last season has seen an increase of a hundred per cent. in the value of Murphy's pictures. His "Road to the Old Farm" brought five thousand dollars in the Humphries sale. Dr. Humphries paid somewhere around nine hundred dollars for the picture. Obviously, these indications are happy ones. But what is going to be the effect on the art of to-morrow of this enormous opportunity for facile expression? Will it supply us with something more valuable than we have received from the patient, plodding, laborious record of a J. Francis Murphy? Art, that had once been a gradual acquiring of means of expression, a gradual building of effort upon effort, a never-ceasing self-inspection, becomes in our modern manner a sort of free-for-all, rough-and-tumble, indiscriminate mess of half-baked talents and unbridled idiosyncrasies. It would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seem that however unfair the exclusion, a certain amount of exclusion was necessary for the refining and perfecting of the work of art. It is questionable if a straight-jacket can warp, impair or destroy the genuine and the indispensable ability, and for anything short of a genuine and an indispensable ability there should be no tolerance, no encouragement, no preservation. A hard theory, perhaps, but surely a sound one. It would seem a good thing if, for a time at least, the production of art could be curtailed. That is to say, one kind of art. What is needed is not more art, but an infinitely higher, keener standard of public taste and critical perspicacity.

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE MAP OF EUROPE

BY JOSEPH MC CABE

It is sometimes complained by American observers that the parties to the great European struggle have exchanged their rôles. Germany, it is said, set out with a boldly avowed intention to overspread her neighbours. For decades her professors had insisted that it was precisely the function of a high civilisation to oust decaying neighbours, absorb little peoples which were too small for the tasks of the world, and impose its loftier *Kultur*. Germany must take up the historic rôle of Persia, Macedonia, Rome. . . . And myriads of lesser oracles proclaimed the stern duty in the first decade of the twentieth century, until all Germany braced its nerves for the advance. By a natural antithesis, Belgium, France, England, and Russia played, in the great tragedy, the part of disinterested defenders of their goods.

As time went on, it is suggested, the parties changed sides. Germany began to pose as an heroic defender of its hearths and homes against a flock of aggressive wolves, while its opponents put forward designs of seizing territory. Japan speedily absorbed its bit of China. The British Empire annexed the remainder of the German colonies. France swore upon the grave of 1870 that it would have Alsace and Lorraine. Italy fought for the possession of *"Italia irredenta."* Serbia wanted Bosnia and Herzegovina. Rumania wanted Transylvania. Russia must have Posen and Galicia. It looked to many an outsider as if they who had set out to draw the dragon's teeth would finish by sowing in the soil of Europe a fine crop of dragon's teeth.

America is interested. She wants no man's territory. She has plenty, and can afford to be virtuous. But could she join in this comprehensive partition of the territory of the Central Powers? Has she, hoping to end war, entered a war which inaugurates a long series of wars for the recovery of lost territory?

Let us first see how far there has been a real change. On the part of the Allied Powers there has been little or no change. The war, we now know, was foreseen, and every party to it entered upon it with at least one definite idea. Great Britain being, like America, sated with territory and therefore very virtuous, desired and desires no acquisitions. The suggestion that she might try to keep one foot on French soil is too childish to be considered. But Great Britain probably knew that her colonies would keep the German colonies they occupied; and she learned long ago that it is not wise to attempt to dictate to colonies. France and Russia, on the other hand, proclaimed from the start that they would "free" Alsace and Lorraine and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Slavs. Italy and Rumania unblushingly entered the war for what they could get out of it.

It is in Germany that a change is detected. That practically the whole German people at the start recognised the war as aggressive and approved it can hardly now be questioned. They were going to spread their higher *Kultur*—with great profit to themselves. As the plan of a rapid conquest failed, and the prospect of any conquest paled, the German press adroitly changed the attitude of the people. All through 1916, at least, when I followed the chief German organs with interest, the nation solidly believed itself to be the victim of a particularly criminal aggression. These brutal Anglo-French-Slavs were jealous of their commercial supremacy and would destroy it at the root. However, now that the criminals had started the war, and lost, Germany must, of course, exact some compensation for the sacrifices imposed upon her. She would retain most of the territory taken, and exact in addition an indemnity of ten billion dollars from England. For the sake of the moral future of the world criminals could not be allowed to get off scot free.

The world at large seemed unattracted by this naïve programme, and it may now be assumed that this first plan of the settlement of the map of Europe must be abandoned. Germany has begun to fall from her high-water mark. In December, when the Chancellor made to the world his vague offer of peace, the German press energetically discussed for a week what terms of peace might be sanctioned. There was no trace whatever of the supposed dictation to the press on the part of the authorities. With complete freedom and entire lack of restraint the various journals put forward the plans of their respective parties. The Conservatives would retain all they had and get more —Calais, for instance, Holland, and so on. The Liberals would be content with keeping the greater part of what they held. Journals representing fully nine-tenths of Germany loudly protested that they would accept a peace based only on a recognition of "the fruits of victory." That was the new moral phrase. The organs of the Socialists alone expressed a dislike of acquisition of territory; but the great majority of the Socialists were ready to support the Chancellor in his vague claims of "rectification of our frontiers," "security against further aggression," and so on, which, in effect, meant acquisition of French and Russian territory and the virtual retention of Belgium, Poland, Serbia, and Rumania.

The war had to continue, and by this time (the end of 1916) the English and French had proved their ominous superiority in guns and aircraft, while the failure of the German campaign in the east meant a greater stress than ever in Germany. To the German authorities before the end of 1916 it was clear that the hope of expansion was over, and a continuance of the war meant that they would very slowly, but at grave cost to themselves as well as the Allies, be ousted from the occupied territory.

They resumed the large diplomatic game by which they trust to withdraw from the field with honour and profit. They offered secretly to yield the provinces of northern France and Belgium, and even to compel Austria to yield the Trentino, though not Trieste, to Italy. This meant that they would keep Serbia and Rumania, under Austria-Hungary. They would control a rich, and largely unexploited, strip of the earth from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, and a few years' patient application of the German genius to the full development of the eastern section of this territory, from the Danube to the Persian Gulf, would put the Central Powers in a position of enormous strength. They could completely isolate east from west and cause grave concern to either, or both. France and Italy were too long-sighted to accept the specious offer made them, and the second plan of settlement, which meant merely a postponement of the war, was laid aside.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As far as Germany is concerned the settlement of the map of Europe is not now the subject of a fixed programme. She will see what, at each stage of the war, she can retain of her conquests. The magnanimity of her peace-offers has not impressed neutrals as she intended it to do. The simplicity with which Germany credits all the rest of the world with simplicity is her one feature of innocent childhood. She is really genuinely upset to find that the American peoples, whom her peace-offer was intended to impress in her favour, are rapidly forming a league against her. Her failure in such matters is not so inconsistent with her general ability as is generally supposed. It is due rather to the conceit which accompanies her ability. She has penetration, but she refuses to believe that others have as much, and thus she overreaches herself.

The settlement of Europe will become a critical and delicate issue when Germany is honestly prepared to offer her foes the *status quo ante:* to retire absolutely, without reserves or "rectifications" of frontier, or "economic agreements" with Belgium and Serbia, within her old lines. It is not now difficult to foresee that hour. Her campaign in the east failed: the Russians held her up in Rumania, the resources she found in Rumania were not nearly what she expected, and Greece was prevented from joining her. Her internal campaign in Russia failed, and there is ground to believe that she quite confidently expected Russia to retire from the war this spring. She at once, with characteristic energy, tried to turn the revolution to advantage, and pumped fiery pacifist outlaws into Russia; and it seems that in this also she has failed. Her submarine campaign is doomed to failure. The crews grow more incompetent every month, several hundred ships still enter and leave British ports every day, and the time is rapidly approaching when the newly cultivated soil of Britain will produce a vast crop of food. Her internal conditions grow worse and worse. She juggles with proportions of potatoes, corn, and meat, to appease the rising discontent, but she is obviously short of food for men and guns. She can no longer put up a successful defence even on one front, and the first faint cries of hysteria are heard in the German press.

A new plan of settlement, with "concessions" which will "astonish the world," is announced. The educated world is not likely to be astonished. The President of the Reichstag tells a Socialist audience that he has not much sympathy with people who talk of gain of territory. It will now be a simple matter of "rectification of frontier," of "guarantees of future peace," and so on.

All the rich resources of the German tongue are put at the disposal of their authorities. But a world which at this very moment sees a simple phrase like "military necessity" made the excuse of the most wanton and diabolical destruction of civilian property, the enslavement of civilians, and the most scandalous rape of thousands of young women, will not again be duped. Germany, wrapped in her fading robe of victory, will continue to lower the price of peace until at last, hammer in hand, she will say: "The lowest price is the *status quo*. Attempt to go beyond that—attempt to carry among the women and children of Germany something like the horrors I have carried among the women and children of the rest of Europe—and I will astound an already astounded world by my possibilities of intimidation."

That time is not now far distant, and the peoples who are in the alliance against the Central Powers need to have a clear and firm conception of the settlement. The horrors of a continuance of the war against a people whose criminal casuistry will be enhanced by desperation need not be described. In every land large numbers will persuade themselves that the end is attained. Is not German militarism already discredited when its gain of a hundred thousand square miles of territory is torn from it? Will not the German people, mourning two millions of its finest sons—as it will do before this year is out—seeing a fur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ther million maimed and mutilated, be genuinely weary of war? Will there not be a revolution?

If one may transpose the famous phrase of Pascal, the head hath its reasons which the heart knoweth not. Neither voice of the human constitution must be exclusively followed. To protract the war solely in order to gain territory would be a programme to which the heart of America would never consent; nor would there be less revolt in England. But to relax the struggle solely because it is bloody, to refuse to face the future with clear, cold eyes, would be an equal outrage upon the intelligence, and would mean only that the heart which is spared to-day might know fresh and worse anguish to-morrow. The warmth of heart of the pacifists I have met in England and America has one natural disadvantage: it leaves less blood in the head than is required to face the grave crisis of the future. Let us see if a solution can be found which adjusts the claims of humanity and wisdom.

The ruling idea of settlement in the mind of England is that there shall be no renewal of the war. The idea of crushing Germany, of punishing crime from sheer vindictiveness, is, and always was, confined to a section which does not influence national decisions. The British Government early announced its general or guiding aim, and has never altered it: we will clear and restore the invaded territory, and we will secure peace for the future. In that aim America can fitly join. To that aim the claims of other Allied Powers must be subordinated.

That aim is not consistent with an acceptance of the *status quo*. The course of the war, the tragic and criminal alternatives invented by a German militarism, which is now fighting desperately for its own prestige, may conceivably compel an acceptance of the *status quo;* but we should do well to recognise that it would mean failure. Every Allied Power would have to remain armed to the teeth. The whole atmosphere of Europe would remain sultry and menacing. One of the most stupid and mischievous pastimes of good people is to speculate about the future without consulting the past. France in 1871 was not tired of war, nor so exhausted as to be unable to contemplate it. As early as 1875 she had completely healed her wounds, and she confronted Germany in such attitude of proud defiance that Bismarck was concerned. Germany has lost more blood and gold than France did in 1870 and 1871, but she can afford to lose it. She has enormous power of recuperation. The *status quo* means the distinct possibility, if not the probability, of a new and worse world-war in this generation.

This is to assume that there will be no revolution, psychic or political, in Germany. We have no serious reason to expect a political revolution. Political grievances in Prussia will be met, and we ought not to fool ourselves by exaggerating the supposed "despotism" in the empire at large. With a fresh supply of food the present spreading irritation will be relieved. It is merely the sourness of an empty stomach. Psychic revolutions, on the other hand, have never before been noticed as consequences of war. They are very familiar to rhetoricians and essayists: they are quite unfamiliar to historians. It would be folly to build on such things. If they happen, in time, it is another matter. At present there is no indication that the German people differ substantially from their leaders, or would contemplate disarmament. The League to Enforce Peace which *they* contemplate is a league of nations armed to the teeth, with Germany a little more armed than the others and having a louder voice than the others.

It is entirely plain that we cannot have a reasonable security of future peace without a readjustment of territory. The task of statesmanship is to effect this and leave as little ground as possible for future dreams of "redemption." One might take the bald position that we will transfer territory and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people from the Central Powers to such an extent that they *cannot* redeem them. But this would mean the detachment of fragments of the German people against their will, and the proportions of the international police (the armies at the disposal of the League to Enforce Peace) needed to prevent reunion and revenge, the nervous alertness and suspicion of neighbouring Powers for years, the internal difficulties caused by the detached provinces to their new authorities, would be colossal. There are militarists whose intellectual outlook is as little patient and precise as that of pacifists.

It is possible to settle the map of Europe in such fashion that no peoples will be transferred against their wills, yet the Central Powers will not have the least reasonable prospect of renewing the war at any future date. This settlement may, in fact, be gathered from the more or less explicit declarations, at various periods, of the Allied Powers. It is advisable for Americans to fit the effects of those declarations into an organic scheme of settlement, and consider if such a settlement does not harmonise with the two principles which form their chief moral equipment on entering the war: the future peace of the world, and the right of small peoples, or fragments of peoples, to be no longer transferred like cattle.

In applying these principles to Germany we at once see that very little "dismemberment" is possible. The empire is almost a solid block of thoroughly Germanic people. Posen in the east and Alsace-Lorraine in the west are the only debatable provinces. To give bits of Germany, as has been proposed, to Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France and Russia might seem a fit punishment of crime, but that æsthetic satisfaction is hardly worth the mighty legacy of anger it would leave in Europe. That would not be "settling" the map of Europe, but unsettling it to an extent that would almost imply a permanent army of occupation. It is hard, as the Germans have been saying, to let criminals go scot free. But the principle of justice in our time is not punishment, but reform and prevention. We can attain our end otherwise.

For the detachment of Posen, whose two million inhabitants are overwhelmingly Polish and anti-German, the German Empire can entertain no grievance beyond the soreness of defeat, which will in any case be acute. The case of Alsace and Lorraine is entirely different. Of the one million nine hundred thousand inhabitants of the two famous provinces, only about two hundred thousand speak French. The speaking of French has not been encouraged since 1871, and the expression of the true sentiment of the people has been so severely checked that opinions differ as to whether the majority of the people would, on occasion, vote for France or Germany. I have read a large literature, French and otherwise, on Alsace and Lorraine without discovering the material to decide this. That the majority of the people were happier during their two hundred years of French rule than during the forty-six years of German rule seems clear; and that is a powerful argument for France. Germany has had grave and constant trouble, and this was by no means confined to the small French-speaking district.

Probably this argument will suffice for the majority of Americans, who have a strong bias on the side of France. They may add that France needs and merits material compensation for the brutal outrages she has endured, and the heroic sacrifices she has made. Let it pass. France insists on recovering the provinces, and I know none in England who dissent. But it is wise to bear in mind that this plan is the weakest point in the whole scheme of settlement, as far as future peace is concerned. You will never persuade a German that a mass of one million nine hundred thousand people, of whom only two hundred thousand speak French and one million seven hundred thousand German, are not Germans. Some would detach only the French-speaking district, which will

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not satisfy France. Some would hold a plebiscite, and I doubt if France would agree to that. Of the one million nine hundred thousand Alsace-Lorrainers a million and a half are Catholics, and the Vatican would not willingly see them pass under the French Republic. These million and a half Catholics contribute very largely to the formation of the Catholic group (the Centre) in the German Reichstag, and the Vatican does not wish to see that reduced. Alsace-Lorraine, therefore, is not so simple a matter as most people imagine. I believe, however, that—assuming the victory of the Allies—France will annex them, and that their solid contentment under her judicious rule will take the sting out of any German dream of "revenge." The logic of events will settle that difficulty.

The detachment of Alsace-Lorraine and Posen will reduce the population of Germany by four millions. The population of France (allowing for loss in the war) will rise to about forty millions. France and Britain together would henceforward have a joint population of about (excluding Catholic Ireland) eighty-three millions in face of Germany's sixty-three millions (under the new scheme). To the former we may add the eight millions of Belgium, for Belgium, France, and England are blood-brothers henceforward, and will not again slumber in regard to their common interests. The odds in favour of peace increase. But the main part of the plan remains to be seen, and this makes the odds overwhelming.

A philosophic historian may some day see in the whole war a struggle for the possession of the Balkan Peninsula. Germany, Austria, and the Vatican wished to spread over the Balkans. Russia and the Russian Church had a rival ambition. Italy was a third party with some interest. Possibly if we let the Balkan peoples possess themselves, and give them every encouragement to develop, we remove one of the deepest sources of European trouble and help on our solution. The genuine frontier of the Germanic peoples, and also of the Magyars, is the Danube and the Drage. There are millions of Slavs (six millions in Bohemia and Moravia alone) north of it, and there are many Germans and Magyars south of it, though these are sporadic invaders. Now the southern Slavs hate the Austrians and Magyars. They have suffered vilely, in spite of administrative improvements, from them, and long to be free from them. We will consult their wish and detach them. Bosnia and Herzegovina shall go to Serbia, the Italians of the south to Italy, the Roumanians to Roumania, and the eastern Slavs (in Galicia) to Poland. Let us see what the effect of this just transfer would be.

In Croatia-Slavonia, Dalmatia, and the Coastland there are three and a half million Serbs and Croats—both Slavs, but the latter are Roman Catholic, and the Serbs have an independent church. In the Trentino and on the shores of the Adriatic are about seven hundred and eighty thousand Italians or Italiotes. Practically all these will pass gladly from Austria-Hungary. In the Bukowina are three hundred thousand Rumans, and a further vast proportion of Slavs. In Galicia are five million Poles and three and a half million Ruthenes. The Galician Poles have no quarrel with Austria, which has treated them well, but would presumably join in a restoration of the old kingdom of Poland, or the formation of a Polish republic of twenty million members. In Transylvania is a further, and worse, mixture of peoples, who are mainly *not* Austro-Hungarian.

Now the distributer of territories will, in laying his hand upon this broad fringe of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, not only not violate the new principle of the right of small peoples to self-government, but he will meet their ardent aspirations and redress some of the most brutal of recent historic wrongs. And he will do more than anything else to prevent a future war. The old Austria-Hungary, with its population of forty-nine millions, was a solid ally; and its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

connection with Bulgaria and Turkey promised Germany even more solid support in the future. But the new Austria-Hungary will have a population of only thirty-six millions, and even of these fifteen millions will be Slavs or of other races. And instead of a connection with Greece, Bulgaria, and the undeveloped Ottoman Empire, the way will be barred and guarded by a new Serbia of six million people, and a new Rumania of ten millions, under the tutelage of Russia, Italy, France, and England. Probably a new Greece and Albania will be amicably associated with Serbia and Rumania. Bulgaria will nervously look to its behaviour. Turkey will at least, one trusts, be compelled to disarm the Dardanelles, and the shearing of its remoter provinces will make it less valuable as an ally and less disposed, ever again, to link its fortune to that of a German adventure.

Beyond this it seems hardly necessary to proceed in order to have every reasonable security. The Bohemians and Moravians would doubtless like also to be detached from Austria-Hungary, and their total population of nearly ten millions would form a compact little state; but it could exist, between Germany and Austria, only if the Allies guaranteed its existence, and they may shrink from further guarantees of the maintenance of small nations. The proposal has been made to detach Bavaria and Silesia from Germany and add them to Austria. That would probably be a futile source of irritation, as strength added to Austria is not really taken away from Germany. It would be better to let Austria and Hungary, which will continue united in their mutual interest, sink to the status of a second-rate Power. Bulgaria need not be touched, and may be the more confidently relied upon in the future. Turkey must certainly lose its part of Armenia, if not most of its disgracefully handled eastern empire. But the problem of forming protectorates there is too large to be discussed here.

Germany, thus deprived of all prospect of renewing the war, may then withdraw its long opposition to the advance of arbitration. Every other great Power in the world will have lost all interest in war. Russia, Italy, France, England, the United States, and the minor States associated with them, will henceforward form a group of Powers ready to submit every conceivable quarrel to arbitration. Probably Japan, Spain, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden will join such a league of peace. There is so very little ground for resistance in each of their cases that a great wave of international eagerness would soon bring them in. If the peoples of Germany and Austria-Hungary refuse to join in such a compact to submit every future quarrel to arbitration, and thus prevent the formation of a complete League to Enforce Peace and to reduce national armies and navies to police proportions, we will know that they still cherish futile dreams of aggressive war. It is difficult to think that they will do this. In any case their last hope of disrupting, after the war, the alliance of civilisation against them has foundered with the transformation of Russia. The nations which gathered about their frontiers will leave sentinels there, if the offer of permanent peace—one cannot, with such an acute memory of horror, offer them immediate friendship—is not accepted. They will be unable again to crack the crust of Europe and let loose the livid flood, and they will slowly and sullenly drop into line. There is a way out of this hell to permanent peace and international justice.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MASQUE OF POETS*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

OUR GUARDIAN ANGELS AND THEIR CHILDREN

WHERE a river roars in rapids
  And doves in maples fret,
Where peace has decked the pastures
  Our guardian angels met.

Long they had sought each other
  In God's mysterious name,
Had climbed the solemn chaos tides
  Alone, with hope aflame:

Amid the demon deeps had wound
  By many a fearful way.
As they beheld each other
  Their shout made glad the day.

No need of purse delayed them,
  No hand of friend or kin—
Nor menace of the bell and book,
  Nor fear of mortal sin.

You did not speak, my girl,
  At this, our parting hour.
Long we held each other
  And watched their deeds of power.

They made a curious Eden.
  We saw that it was good.
We thought with them in unison.
  We proudly understood

**A complete list of the contributors to the "Masque of Poets" appeared in the May* BOOKMAN. *Readers are invited to send the Editor their opinions of the poems and of their authorship.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Their amaranth eternal,
  Their roses strange and fair,
The asphodels they scattered
  Upon the living air.

They built a house of clouds
  With skilled, immortal hands.
They entered through the silver doors.
  Their wings were wedded brands.

I laboured up the valley
  To granite mountains free.
You hurried down the river
  To Zidon by the sea.

But at their place of meeting
  They keep a home and shrine.
Your angel twists a purple flax,
  Then weaves a mantle fine.

My angel, her defender
  Upstanding, spreads the light
On painted clouds of fancy
  And mists that wrap the height.

Their sturdy babes speak kindly
  And fly and run with joy,
Shepherding the helpless lambs—
  A Grecian girl and boy.

These children visit Heaven
  Each year and justify
The time we cried and parted,
  And every dream and sigh.

From books our God has written
  They sing of high desire.
They turn the leaves in gentleness.
  Their wings are folded fire.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALEXANDRA

Breasting white whirlwinds
On the drift-bound mountains,
Challenging the sleet-edged
March wind's mirth:
Far in summer woodlands
Whelmed in the storm and thunder
(Fearless filial daughter
Of the kind brown earth),
O the bonny, strong, courageous health of Alexandra!

Deep thoughts, wide thoughts
Fill her tranquil musing,
Make her clear cheek colour
And her still breast rise:
These with steadfast labour,
Skilled and single-hearted,
Safe she founds on homely soil,
And rears them to the skies!
O the sword-bright, reason-proving mind of Alexandra!

Robust and tender
Is her home-grown feeling;
Swift her espousal,
Of the kindmost's part;
Instinct her free faith
And her loyal valour;
Native to her west-born,
Fellow-caring heart,
Wide as heaven and warm as home, the heart of Alexandra!

Far forward-looking
Is her candid spirit,
Is her gallant, gracious,
Calm and open soul.
Like an ox for service,
Like a bird for freedom,
Moves her lucid purpose,
Single toward its goal,
Such the spirit high and fine that burns in Alexandra!

Sayest thou, this picture
Paints no earthly woman?
Nay, but in our Valley
Is her dwelling-place.
Nay, for yester-even
Did I walk beside her,
Listened to her low voice,
Looked upon her face,
Ay, my comrade long and well-beloved, Alexandra!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEFEAT

Though you have struck me to the bloody core,
It is indeed only one scar the more!
And I'll not turn from you as at the other strokes,
Nor say "Good-bye" as other times I said.
The agony still chokes,
And still it seems most restful to be dead.
But I'll not say "Good-bye" nor turn away
Nor parting lover play. . . .
Leave you? Take everything save all—my heart?
I know the scene too well, too well my part!
Hot tears and bitterness; and I would go,
Go for an hour, a day, a week—
Is bitterness so short called pique?
And in the old, old way without regret
I would return to you;
And in the old, old way you would forget
That ever I had gone, and let
Some casual tenderness
Be my return's caress;
Or, in some vague, absorbed distress,
Lift up your shadow eyes to mine, still wet.

SMELLS

Why is it that the poets tell
So little of the sense of smell?
These are the odors I love well:

The smell of coffee freshly ground;
Or rich plum pudding, holly crowned;
Or onions fried and deeply browned.

The fragrance of a fumy pipe;
The smell of apples, newly ripe;
And printers' ink on leaden type.

Woods by moonlight in September
Breathe most sweet; and I remember
Many a smoky camp-fire ember.

Camphor, turpentine, and tea,
The balsam of a Christmas tree,
These are whiffs of gramarye. . . .
A ship smells best of all to me!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RASPUTIN

A STUDY IN DEGENERATION

BY ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

I

THE most extraordinary career of the man whose name heads this article is interesting from more than one point of view. Grigóry Rasputin, the court favourite of the deposed Russian sovereign is, above all, a loathsome symbol of the Sodom of the old régime from which Russia has just fled. Rasputin was not so much a source of corruption as an evil weed sprung from the corruption of the social *milieu* where he thrived. But he was more than an agent and a representative of the autocracy. Against his own will he undermined the very principle of the political order which he served. It is as if Rasputin had come to reduce the system of autocratic bureaucracy to absurdity, and thus to facilitate its downfall.

The authentic story of Rasputin's life has not as yet been told. All manner of legends are naturally clustered around his figure. While he was alive but few details of his biography found their way into the Russian press, although the general character of his activities was an open secret. His death loosed a flood of facts which had previously been suppressed by the censorship, and since the revolution, more of the "saint's" doings have been given publicity both in Russia and abroad. Our main source of information concerning Rasputin is the memoirs of the former Monk Sergey Trufanov, which are at present being published in the New York press in several languages. While Mr. Trufanov's veracity is not unquestionable, it cannot be doubted that no more important document has seen print since the revelations made by Maximilian Harden several years ago about Prince Eulenburg and some other members of the German court.

II

Sergey Trufanov, better known under his ecclesiastical name of Father Iliodor, is a picturesque figure. Born in 1880, he came into prominence during the mighty political upheaval through which Russia passed in the years 1905-6. At that time he identified himself with the powers of darkness and reaction. In fact, he was the soul of anti-revolutionary Russia. He sincerely believed in the divine rights of autocracy and hated the cause of freedom with all the powers of his violent, masterful nature. He made himself known as a popular preacher first in the town of Pochayevo, where he took his monastic orders, and later at Tzaritzyn, a large industrial city on the Volga. This fanatical monk gravitated to the masses, and so potent was the influence of his fiery word that his numerous followers formed around him something in the nature of a separate religious sect. In Russia it is possible to found a new cult even without the few million shekels which, according to Ernest Renan, one needs to start a religion in the East.

As the fame of the preacher grew, the authorities felt somewhat uneasy, all the more so when Father Iliodor began to attack in his sermons the government and denounce it with the fervour of a Savonarola. On one occasion, for instance, he suggested that some of the ministers and governors should be flogged in the Czar's stable. For a while the unruly preacher remained unharmed, because Rasputin interceded for him in critical moments. It appears that the powerful court favourite had thought it necessary to enlist Iliodor's friendship and co-operation, and the close association of the two men lasted several years. Then suddenly, in 1912, Iliodor,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aided by Bishop Hermogenes, declared war on his former associate. The break has often been explained as a result of rivalry for power at the Czar's court. In his memoirs the former monk alleges another cause. At first, he asserts, he sincerely believed in Rasputin's saintliness, but gradually it dawned upon him that his friend and protector was a false prophet whom it was his duty to crush.

The odds were against Iliodor in this struggle, and Rasputin's triumph was complete. The monk was exiled to a distant monastery and his followers in Tzaritzyn were attacked by Cossacks and policemen within the walls of his church. When the news of the Tzaritzyn massacre reached Iliodor he sent the Czar the following despatch: "A curse will fall on thee for the sacred blood of the people, which has been innocently shed." Shortly after Iliodor threw off his cassock and, a new Luther, married one of his devout followers. There was no room in the Russian Church for such independent spirits. Here is a portion of the famous letter of renunciation which Iliodor addressed to the Most Holy Synod and which he signed with his blood:

> For the last ten months I have been requesting you to set free the Russian Church and the Russian people from Rasputin's rule. I have informed you that if you will not do so, I shall renounce the Church. You have not heeded my words.
>
> May the future generations judge you.
> May History judge you.
> May eternal Truth judge you.
> I renounce your God.
> I renounce your Faith.
> I renounce your Church.

And here is another characteristic passage from the monk's letter to the Synod:

> Oh, ye swindlers! Oh, ye serpents! Oh, ye spiritual offspring of the slayers of Christ! I can no longer be in your midst. Take back my priestly robe and know that when the day of reckoning and revenge comes, with the strength given me by invincible Truth, I shall tear your gorgeous robes and silk cassocks as a panther tears its prey. . . .

At first the Church authorities made vain efforts to dissuade the monk from renouncing Orthodoxy. Then the spiritual arm gave place to the secular and, to make a long story short, on the testimony of a provocative agent, Iliodor was indicted in blasphemy, high treason and an attempt to overthrow the existing régime—which all meant that the government was bent upon getting rid of the troublesome monk. Instead of waiting for the trial and then swelling the population of some Godforsaken Siberian hamlet, Iliodor decided to shake off his feet the dust of his native land. Disguised as a woman he fled to Finland, and early in July, 1914, secretly crossed the Swedish frontier. He settled in Christiania and wrote down his revelations about the Russian court, which several months ago he brought to New York.

III

The man destined to become the uncrowned ruler of Russia was by birth a Siberian peasant. He saw the light of day in 1871 in a village lost in the shoreless marshes of the government of Tobolsk and inhabited mainly by horse thieves and burglars. He was christened Grigóry and later nicknamed by the village folk *Rasputin,* which is a derivative of a Russian word signifying "a dissolute fellow." It appears that in his youth the future celebrity lived up to the reputation of his native village and bore well his name. The archives of the Tobolsk court-house contain the record of charges brought against Grigóry Rasputin, the one for horse-stealing, another for perjury, a third for violating an old beggar-woman and two little girls. At the age of twenty-five he married a peasant woman and had with her two girls. It is worth noting that although Rasputin seems to have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had some schooling he never quite mastered the arts of reading and writing.

Then at thirty, the rake and thief underwent a sudden change, the origin and import of which it is difficult to determine. He became devout and meek, and began to practise asceticism. At one time he used to spend his nights and a part of his days in a cave which he had dug out, in the shape of a grave, in a stable. Religious exaltation in Russia is strangely coupled with a physical restlessness, a sort of *mania ambulatoria,* which has led to the formation of a peculiar class of chronic pilgrims (*stranniki*), made up of various nondescript extra-social elements. Rasputin became a *strannik,* and began to travel from shrine to shrine, from cloister to cloister. A saint, he used to tell his disciples later on, appeared to him in a vision and said: "Grigóry, take a staff, wander among people and save them from sin." This period of his life is reflected in a curious opuscule, entitled "The Life of an Experienced Wayfarer," which Rasputin is said to have dictated to one of his female worshippers. It partakes of the nature both of an autobiography and a mystic manual. It is certainly a curious piece of writing. The general impression it makes is that of helplessness and even imbecility. Yet its incoherence and platitudes are in spots shot through with passages where one senses a genuine, if primitive, mysticism behind the rude stammerings of an immature mind.

Probably during his peregrinations Rasputin became acquainted with a mystic sect known in Russia under the name of *Khlysty* (flagellants). This sect, which is one of the oldest manifestations of Russian popular mysticism and which is thought to have its root in ancient Slav paganism, is strongly tinged with eroticism. The rites of the *Khlysty* aim at producing a state of collective frenzy in which religious ecstasy is definitely mingled with sexual fury. It appears from the complaints addressed to the Holy Synod by the peasants of Rasputin's native village that, when back home from his wanderings, he practised orgies resembling those of the *Khlysty*. The gatherings of men and women presided over by him took place at night around a fire out in the open and ended in unspeakable debauches. He is also known to have outraged at that time several nuns.

These scandalous deeds did not prevent Rasputin from acquiring the reputation of a saint. He became a personage of some consequence and was treated with reverence. It is worth noting here that he was never ordained either monk or priest. His fame spread rapidly, and soon the news reached the Church circles of the distant northern capital that a great saint had arisen in Siberia. The province was becoming too narrow a field for the "saint's" activities. Either at his own initiative or at the instance of his friends he decided to go to Petrograd. In 1903 Grigóry Rasputin reached the capital where he was destined to achieve a career whose brilliancy eclipses that of Cagliostro and whose infamy is unprecedented.

IV

In December, 1903, a young monk chanced to run across Rasputin in the gloomy hallway of the Ecclesiastical Academy of Petrograd. The young monk was Iliodor, who gives this blunt description of the saint's appearance:

> Grigóry wore a plain, drab-coloured overcoat. Its large pockets were swollen like those of beggars, who are in the habit of chucking into their pockets all manner of objects. The trousers were not better than the overcoat. They were tucked in his dirty boots and looked like two large, stuffed bags. The hair on his head was dishevelled, and his unkempt beard looked like patches of fur pasted on his face. To make his sight uglier and more repulsive his hands were grimy and his finger-nails were in mourning. Besides, a most offensive odour emanated from the saint's body.

It is noteworthy that even when he became a frequent guest in the aristo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cratic salons and boudoirs neither his manner of dressing nor his habits of personal hygiene underwent any considerable changes.

Opinions vary concerning the way in which the Siberian peasant penetrated into the ecclesiastic and aristocratic circles of the capital. The honour of having introduced Rasputin to several church dignitaries and mystically inclined society women seems to belong to Archbishop Theophanes, the then rector of the Ecclesiastic Academy of Petrograd. The profligate peasant at once achieved a great popularity in the high circles of the two capitals. He became in the eyes of many "a god descended on earth in human form," "a great prophet," "a seer." Aristocratic ladies prostrated themselves before him and kissed his feet. It is remarkable that not only hysterical women were deceived by Rasputin. A noted Russian investigator of Sectarianism, an author of numerous volumes on this subject, is said to have proclaimed Rasputin "the dawn of a new religious life for the Russian people."

Students of neuropathology and of occult psychic powers might no doubt contribute a good deal toward explaining Rasputin's ascendency over women. There was an uncanny power in his gaze, which an observer found strikingly similar to that of Leonardo da Vinci's "John the Baptist." One of the twelve "sisters," who formed a sort of private harem of "the saint," wrote on one occasion that she felt the saint's presence at the distance of five thousand versts. The possibility of semi-conscious hypnotic suggestion in Rasputin's relations with women is not improbable.

At the time Rasputin arrived in Petrograd he had a definite conception of his divine mission and even something in the nature of a mystic "doctrine," if it is possible to speak of a doctrine in connection with his primitive intelligence. He relates in the "Life of an Experienced Wayfarer" that during his early wanderings, he once entered a lonely house and beheld an ikon, which wept and said to him: "I am weeping over people's sins, go and save people from their sins and passions." Later on, the notion that it was given to him to cleanse the world from sinful passions took a definite shape in his mind. He professed to have the gift of exorcising the demon of fornication from both men and women—mainly, women. He did it by physical contact, for he taught his flesh was sacred and all that issued from it was a source of light. The methods of healing used by Rasputin—they are described at some length in the aforenamed memoirs—belong to the field of sex pathology. It is not difficult to recognise in them the man whose deeds were recorded at the court-house of Tobolsk. Mr. Trufanov gives a long list of Rasputin's patients and victims.

V

In the year 1903 Rasputin appeared at the Imperial court. Here begins the most astonishing part of the story. The following is Iliodor's latest version of the circumstances under which the "saint" gained access to the former Czar's household. In the course of a visit to the salon of Madame Lakhtina, a court lady and wife of a general, Rasputin exclaimed: "I see on a heavenly cloud the child that will be born to Russia." Grand Duchess Militza, daughter of King Peter of Montenegro, and wife of the Emperor's cousin, heard this utterance and reported it to the Empress. At that time the imperial pair were greatly distressed by the fact that hitherto all their children were girls. They went from one shrine to another in the hope that this would bring them the fulfilment of their ardent desire. The Siberian peasant was taken to the palace and seems to have established himself securely at the court, by promising the anxious parents that the next child would be a boy. A few years before this happened, the same promise was made by Père Philippe, a French spiritualist whom Nicholas kept

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mainly for the purpose of consulting the ghost of his father Alexander III. But the child was a girl. Rasputin was more fortunate. In 1904 the Czarina gave birth to a son. Later on, the prophet startled Iliodor by declaring that he gave the Czarevich to Russia. When afterward the monk had an occasion to see the little heir to the Russian throne, he was struck by the family resemblance between the boy and Rasputin's daughter.

Saints of lowly birth and of more or less dubious authenticity were a tradition at the Russian court. The imperial family, in the words of a Russian general, had "the superstition of peasants." In his capacity of court magician and seer, Rasputin had several predecessors, but none of them wielded an influence comparable to that of the Siberian muzhik. The imperial family, including the Czar's daughters, were completely under his spell. The royal couple and Rasputin formed something in the nature of a mystic *ménage à trois*. The ex-Czar worshipped him like the image of God on earth. "Grigóry, you are Christ!" he is reported to have exclaimed on one occasion. "Consult oftener with Grigóry about your sermons," he said once to Iliodor. "He will lead you aright. He is our father, our saviour. God sent him to us." The Empress constantly longed for his presence and wrote to him amazing letters in which she addressed him as her "beloved, never-to-be-forgotten teacher, saviour and tutor." Both Nicholas and Alexandra had unshakable faith in his divine gift of healing; the very clothes he wore were a fetish in their eyes. We gather from Iliodor's words that in one instance the Czar bandaged his neck with the collar of one of Rasputin's shirts, as a remedy against sore throat. One of these shirts, which by the way the Czarina herself embroidered for "the saint," was once found in the bed of the little Czarevich. It had been placed there by the anxious father himself as a talisman.

It appears that Rasputin succeeded in impressing upon the weak-minded Emperor and the hysterical Empress the notion that he, the prophet, had a mysterious power to protect the heir from harm. This notion was probably the main foundation of his power at the court. Iliodor is responsible for a complete version of the story that Rasputin headed a group of unscrupulous blackguards who played on the royal parents' affection for their little son. Whenever the saint felt that he was neglected or threatened by disfavour, the boy was secretly administered mysterious yellow powders which rendered him ill. Then Madame Vyrubova, a lady-in-waiting, who was very intimate with the Czarina and completely swayed by Rasputin, would hint to Her Majesty that Father Grigóry alone could save the boy by his prayers. The holy man would come and mumble his prayers. Since the powders would no more be administered to the boy he would grow better and the "saint's" prestige would, naturally, be strengthened.

VI

Rasputin's activities were not by any means confined to the narrow sphere of private life. His influence reached out beyond the salons and boudoirs of his worshippers. The most astonishing thing about his career is the fact that he was an important factor in the political life of Russia. Because of his enormous influence over the sovereign Rasputin was a personage of national and even international importance. It is a humiliating thing for Russians to admit, that for several years past the vast empire was ruled, in defiance of all human and divine law, by a half-illiterate, dissolute charlatan.

There can be no question, of course, of Rasputin's political views. He sided with all the dark, reactionary forces which were active in Russian officialdom. He gave the religious sanction to the Czar's dominating political idea, probably the only one his feeble mind could master, namely, the idea of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inviolability of his autocratic power. As a Russian journalist has pointed out, Rasputin was primarily a middleman between the political adventurers and gamblers, on one side, and the sovereign, on the other. Solicitors literally swarmed in the reception-room of his apartments on Gorokhovaya Street. He was very accessible, not too expensive and, above all, he was powerful. He made and unmade ministers of state, appointed and removed highest church dignitaries, thwarted the plans of Russian diplomatists and influenced the legislature. He was friendly toward Count Witte, who frequently consulted him. He disliked, just as Nicholas himself did, Premier Stolypin, "the Russian Bismarck," as he has been called, and it is probable that he had a hand in his assassination. He foretold Stolypin's death eleven days before it actually occurred. He overthrew Kokovtzev, Stolypin's successor. One metropolitan and one procurator of the Most Holy Synod were among his creatures. He installed Protopopov, the most unpopular man who ever held the office of Minister of Interior in Russia. In Stürmer's premiership, Rasputin's influence reached its high-water mark. His desire was supreme law. If his demands were not met speedily or accurately enough, he reprimanded the Prime Minister over the telephone without minding the presence of outsiders. Needless to say that Rasputin's activities were strictly guarded against publicity. The press was forbidden to mention his name or to allude to him. Quite recently a scientific treatise which was quite ready for sale was arrested and suppressed for the reason that a passage in it, treating of peasant story-tellers and their influence, was construed as an allusion to Rasputin. In 1915, the "saint" visited a fashionable restaurant in Moscow and behaved in such a way that the police officer on duty made out a warrant for his arrest. As a result, the officer, the head of the police, and the prefect of the city lost their posts.

Incredible as this may seem, Rasputin had also a voice in questions of international policy. Although he did not approve of the Russo-Japanese war, he opposed an early peace. When the peace negotiations began, he happened to be in Siberia on a visit to his native village. One night, so he told Iliodor, he had a vision: in passing through the gate of his house he beheld in heaven the Holy Virgin with swords in her hands, turning from the Russians to the Japanese. He interpreted this as an auspicious sign and telegraphed to "papa and mamma" (that is how he called Nicholas and his consort) that he should not conclude peace and wait for him. "They answered," the story goes on, "that they could not wait more than three or four days. So I immediately took the train for Petrograd, but it was late, and when I came, it was all over—Witte had already concluded peace." In subsequent years Rasputin adhered to pacifism. He held that Russia could not enter war as long as there were so many internal enemies—he meant revolutionists and Jews.

Accounts differ as to the rôle he played in July, 1914. According to one report, he was away from court in those critical days. "Ah, had I been with him," the "saint" is quoted, "Nick would not have gone to war." Another report, however, makes him largely responsible for this war, or at least for Russia's participation in it. Whichever of these two versions may be true, the outstanding fact is that early in the war Rasputin became a mighty instrument in the unscrupulous hands of a pro-German party which worked for a separate peace and a friendly entente with Germany. The existence at the court of what was christened by the Russian press as the Potsdam Party became a *secret de Polichinelle* long ago. It is well known that the traitorous cabal was headed by the Czarina, who is a Hessian princess, and by many high officials and influential ladies. It is less known that a memoir favouring the conclusion of a separate peace with the Cen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tral Powers was presented to the government by members of the Potsdam Party, as early as November, 1914. Rasputin was the main pillar of this group, which sought to bring about a union between the two autocracies, the Russian and the Teutonic, for the purpose of crushing European democracy. Before his death he stifled the prosecution of Stürmer's secretary, who confessed to being in the pay of Germany. This deed typifies his activities for the last two years.

VII

"Rasputin's historic rôle," says a Russian writer, "consists in that he united all Russia in a general hatred for the dark, irresponsible forces." In late years the figure of the mystic court favourite loomed up before the eyes of Russian society as a sinister emblem of the régime which made it possible for the scum of the nation to run the affairs of the country. But he was hated not only for his political machinations. His amourous exploits and his activities in connection with the appointment and removal of officials made him the object of much personal enmity. In 1914, a devout young woman who had been outraged by Rasputin made an attempt on his life and seriously wounded him. Minister Khvostov is said to have been at the head of a plot against his life, and Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholayevich—Rasputin surely had a hand in his removal to Caucasus—threatened to hang him if he ever came to the front. On several occasions the best and the wisest among the ruling aristocracy protested against the "saint's" influence. A short while before the war Count Vorontzov-Dashkov, a personal friend of Alexander III, said to Nicholas at the end of an official report: "Now, I must speak to you about a different matter. Do you know, that with your Rasputin you are heading straight for a disaster? Do you know that your son's throne is at stake?" The conversation was long, and at the end of it the Emperor sobbed, but matters remained unchanged.

The first public attack on Rasputin dates from the year 1910. It was quickly stifled. In 1911 the "saint" was entrapped and tried before a secret tribunal, made up of Archbishop Hermogenes, Father Iliodor and a certain Mitya the Blissful, a former Court Prophet, supplanted by Rasputin. The latter confessed his sins and promised to mend his ways and never to cross the threshold of the palace. He did not keep his promise. In 1912 the Duma addressed an interpellation to Minister of Justice Scheglovitov and Minister of the Interior Makarov concerning Rasputin's activities. Needless to say that the interpellation resulted in naught. In this connection the saint wrote the following letter to the royal couple:

DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA:—

The devil is again at work, and the Duma serves him. There is plenty of revolutionists and dirty Jews in the Duma, and their desire is to overthrow the God-anointed sovereign. Guchkov is a dog; all he wants is to sow discontent with his interpellations. Papa, the Duma is yours and you can do with it anything you please. The idea! Interpellations about Grigóry! Allow no interpellations.

GRIGÓRY.

In November, 1916, the profound indignation against the "dark forces" which acted behind the veil of the Russian court finally came into expression in the Duma sessions. Deputy Purishkevich, one of the reactionary Sauls converted by the war, suggested in a speech that both the Duma and the Council of the Empire should march to the palace and implore the Emperor to dismiss Rasputin. Another deputy, a priest, denounced the sham saint in the name of the Church. About the same time several personages of high rank, among them the Emperor's brother, attempted to exert pressure on both the sovereign and his wife for the purpose of removing the pernicious influence of the mystic. All was in vain.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Early in December rumours began to circulate in Petrograd to the effect that Rasputin would be assassinated, and on December 19th (January 2, 1917)* his dead body was found in the Neva near the Petrovsky bridge. Exactly under what circumstances the villain of the drama of modern Russian history met his fate, is still a mystery. The only facts established are that Rasputin was assassinated on the night of December 11th, at the palace of Prince Yussupov, which towers above the waters of Little Neva, and that the deed was done by a group of young aristocrats, among whom was probably Grand-Duke Dimitry Pavolovich, the Emperor's cousin, and also a Duma deputy. No arrests were made in connection with the assassination. The news of Rasputin's death filled Russia with deep joy. A performer in a Petrograd vaudeville house started his number with these words: "Ladies and gentlemen, let me congratulate you upon our common great joy." The audience replied with a mighty cheer. In Moscow, a war-relief organisation opened a subscription list, headed with a gift of twenty-five thousand rubles, in the name of one of Rasputin's executors.

The heroes of the mysterious drama *à la Ponson du Terrail,* which took place in the palace on the Neva, were no revolutionists. They deemed it their duty as faithful servants of their Emperor and country to put an end to the career of the mystic blackguard. But their act resounded in the ears of the awakened nation like the first rumbling of a coming storm. These young aristocrats knew not that they had given a signal to the most radical and thorough of revolutions that has ever shaken up a body politic.

*The Russian calendar is behind the reckoning of time accepted in the West by thirteen days. On May 1, 1917, the new Russian Government abolished the old Julian calendar and introduced the Gregorian.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAINTE GENEVIÈVE AND THE HUNS:

TWO EPISODES OF THE PARIS OF YESTERDAY AND OF TO-DAY

BY GERTRUDE LYNCH

I

At a little town in France, known familiarly as Juilly, but whose railway station has a considerably more aristocratic sounding nomenclature, Dammartin-Juilly to be exact, there is situated one of the best equipped and complete hospitals established by our generous country. One might almost apply the word "charming" to it, if that did not seem a little too incongruous with the thought evolved by that word "hospital." It was an American woman, known as well in the artistic circles as the fashionable, who selected this site out of several offered by the French Government. In three months after the choice had been made, without altering in any essentials its superficial aspects so loved by the history-wise, the interior or working part had been completely transformed and Le College des Oratoriens, as it is known in educational vocabularies or the Seminary in the vernacular, was ready now as an organised "Ambulance" to receive the wounded who came to it largely via Compiègne, many of them fresh from the battlefield or with the slightest of first aid assistance; for the hospital at Juilly was, at the moment of its establishment, the nearest of any to that long Red Line that is now rippling onward to the East, as if its curves were tinged by the Rising Sun.

I have spoken of its original use as a college. It was here that many of France's statesmen and cardinals—statesmen of the Church—were educated. In the niches which break the monotony of the cloister walls are the busts of these celebrated men and on the *pelouse* which loops the great, grey building with its ribbons of green, are statues commemorating their gifts to posterity. It was owing to these gifts that, a few years ago, when the split came between Church and State and similar establishments were secularised, that tragic time when priests and nuns were turned adrift, this was allowed to remain without interference by official dominance and to retain its original use and subsidy.

War has done, however, what the schism of political parties did not, and the young abbé, head of the Church school, has gone with his boy pupils to the front, leaving vacant the residence part of the big building, in which is now housed the hospital staff.

Dammartin-Juilly is in the *arrondissement* of Meaux, community of Marne. It is not far from Senlis, poor, bombarded Senlis, of which there are only charred houses and broken masonry. On my way there I passed through territory already historic and a peasant woman, my only companion in the railway compartment—where I rode third class, as the other cars were transporting troops—pointed out to me the livid lines of trenches already grass-edged, which had been made ready for defence. She showed me something more, a big clasp knife that had belonged to her son, killed in the battle of the Marne; it was gnarled and twisted as if the lightning had played with it and tossed it aside.

I saw the Seminary under delightful auspices, an exquisite autumn day. As the lumbering, lead-coloured car with the scarlet cross on its side passed through the village street, it was saluted by the pedestrians. Then, turning into

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the road that led to the hospital, for a mile the only moving object we passed was a little peasant girl sitting in a two-wheeled cart, zealously knitting while the donkey plodded faithfully along, without any other spur than the sense of duty, in which he resembled many of his human neighbours.

The hospital is located in the midst of a wonderful park. There are avenues of poplar trees, which seem to have been created especially for the French landscape, companioned by planes and beeches. There is an artificial pond on which swim swans and ducks, a little overfed at present, owing to the too constant attention of the convalescents, who find in this occupation something not too absorbing, yet infinitely interesting.

I was the day-guest of a New York doctor and his wife, sent out at the head of an American "unit." After we had made the tour of the hospital we wandered about the grounds. Climbing a steep incline of earth, bounded by an ivy-grown stone wall, they designated the breach where a year before a cannon had been placed, for this was the final spot attained by the scouts of the German army on that memorable route toward Paris. As it happened the wind was right and we could get the sound of the firing from the battlefield, like the dull rumble of far-off thunder. How incongruous in this beautiful environment, which seemed at the moment to define the very spirit of autumnal repose. It was that discordant note between peace and strife, the machinery of war and the fruits of tranquillity, between Abel, the cultivator, and Cain, the murderer, made emphatic every day of this terrible war.

I had visited many other hospitals before this and the pleasant pictures of the landscape have, as is inevitable, vague outlines in my memory, but, whenever I think of that day at Juilly, my mind inevitably reverts to the last place where I was conducted by my charming host and hostess, and this place has to do with my present story, is the inspiration of it, in fact.

It was a shrine to Sainte Geneviève, the patron saint of France. This is but a stone's throw from the main entrance, the end of a pilgrimage for many who have the sanction of their Church for a belief in its miraculous powers. We stepped down some stairs footworn by pilgrims; at the foot a gushing fountain is protected by an iron grille and in the niche above stands a small statue of the beloved woman which, in spite of the crudity of the outlines, a surface worn by many credulous lips and hands, still preserves a certain majesty.

"You must drink from the fountain and wish," said Doctor L——, handing me the pilgrim's cup. I obeyed.

Of course I wished for peace. What else could one wish for at that time, in such a spot?

The day before President Poincaré and his official staff had visited the hospital and at the shrine of Sainte Geneviève had drunk the water and followed the traditional custom of the place. I wondered if they, too, had wished for peace; wondered how many of the thousands who have come there since the war commenced had made a similar request.

The story of Sainte Geneviève is one where fact and fancy mingle in a curious mosaic. Here, it is said, she stopped one autumn day—perhaps lovely as that when I visited her shrine—on her way back to Paris from one of her many tours of philanthropy and miracle-making. "Footsore and weary, unable to proceed on account of the terrible thirst which there was no way of assuaging, she lifted her eyes to the heavens and struck the ground with her staff. Immediately the water gushed forth, and refreshed in body and spirit, she continued her way." The stone steps, the grille about the perennial stream, the statue in the niche to-day commemorate an episode in a life replete with interesting incidents.

This legend, with a few additions in regard to her life and work, which I have verified and added to by my own researches since then, were told me as we sat on a bench shaded by the branches

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a majestic beech tree, in response to my questioning; for the story of Sainte Geneviève, read in schoolgirl days, was long since pigeonholed in my memory and was revived only on those occasions when I had visited the Pantheon and gazed awestruck at the marvellous frescoes of Puvis de Chavannes. It was a story that had inspired this great artist to his most glorious achievement.

In our field of vision were an Arab convalescent knitting zealously on a long grey stocking that trailed down the length of his white burnous; a nurse in her spotless uniform supporting on her strong young arm a cripple, a boy scout in khaki with a flying scarf of green, taking his recreation on roller skates. Through the opened windows one caught glimpses of the ceaseless activities of the wards, doctors and orderlies, nurses and auxiliaries, patients and visitors, charwomen and the men of the ambulance corps. The silver surface of the pond was broken by an occasional ripple as a swan passed, turned and passed again, seeking an elusive dragon fly with burnished wing. The merles twittered in the branches overhead; here and there a crimson leaf marked the turning of the seasons.

There was nothing to suggest war and its atrocities. It was an ideal place in which to hear a romance, and the life of Sainte Geneviève is that—a tale of achievement and of inspiration, beside. And if this be not excuse enough for the revival of this bit of history put, as it were, in modern framing, perhaps that may be found in the undisputed fact that while this world's war is going on, all of our activities have been accentuated, those of scientific, inventive, mechanical meaning, as well as those of the arts. So we study history with new vigour—not only political history which finds reason for the present struggle, but legend and story as well, which have part and lot therein.

II

The early life of Sainte Geneviève is wrapped in the mystery with which historians usually manage to surround their great. Some claim that Saint Germain de Auxerre visiting Nanterre, her birthplace, saw her with the vision of the seer, which is denied to grosser humanity, selected her from the multitude standing about, and dedicated her to God. Others state her family, even at that time, had gained place and wealth and her leadership was an assured and natural fact. However acquired, that she had influence and wielded it magnificently, is denied by none.

Power she had, particularly over the women, and through them over the men of Lutece, the early name of the dwelling place of the tribe of Parisii. Lutece has been translated by Carlyle, who never erred on the side of æstheticism, to mean "Mudtown," and was a settlement on an island in the Seine. To-day when you leave the Métro at the station called La Citè, you are on this very same piece of territory, now connected by two fine bridges to the mainland. From its vantage point, you may see the Palace of Justice, where are tried the famous law cases which make world reading and where are now held special courts in which are brought the offenders against military discipline. Nearby are the famous *Conciergerie* which housed the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, Notre Dame, Sainte Chapelle—closed as are so many historic monuments during the war.

A few steps and you are now on the Left Bank, the beloved quarter of the students who in that memorable first week of the war marched, a solid body, to place laurel wreaths on the statue of King Edward VII, the ever faithful ally of France. Following this route, the famous Boule' Mich', you will reach in time, possibly zigzagging through the Rue de Sorbonne, the gaunt, uninspiring looking buildings of that famous university, the Sorbonne, named from an obscure chaplain, Rovert de Sorbon. A little beyond the Sorbonne, you come to the Mont Sainte Geneviève, on which stands the Pantheon, and nearby, on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Place Sainte Geneviève, the church of Saint Etienne du Mont, where now rest the ashes of our heroine. To her tomb have come in times past pilgrimages of tourists to see one of the celebrated monuments of French history. To-day there are no tourists, but the French women are still faithful and visit it continually to gain inspiration from its silent tenant for deeds not greatly dissimilar in character from those which she, who was a "feminist" before the word had come into use, had quietly performed without dreaming of the publicity Fame has awarded her.

When Geneviève lived, war was the occupation of men. They struggled, not only for food and shelter, but for life itself. The work of the settlements was left to the women—it had to be. To-day history repeats itself. The wheel has turned. The cycles have made their everlasting revolution but with a difference: for where the woman of brains, of vision and extraordinary achievement stood, isolated by her superiority from her fellows, to-day there are thousands, nay, millions of Genevièves great in *morale,* in wisdom, in willingness to sacrifice, in activities of unnumbered sorts.

Geneviève is the first woman who stands out as a personality in the early history of Paris—a meagre settlement harassed by enemies on every side and, when the enemy was not at hand, demanding vigour of body and of brain, came the stalking figure of Starvation, requiring infinite resource of skill and foresight. Just as it was reaching what might be called a stage of development out of chaos, came Attila, "the Scourge of God," descending with his armed cohorts over the fruitful countries of Europe and boasting that "the grass shall never grow where my horses have trod," a threat that seems to have been justified by events, if one recalls the history of the devastation wrought by that mighty horde.

The settlement on the island in the Seine, whose ideal situation could not escape the hawk-like, predatory eye of this robber baron was on the map of his intended capture. He reckoned, however, without the woman. And the woman was there—to protect her young as a mother protects her children. History differs in regard to her triumph. Some say she went to meet him and that, won by her majesty of mien, by her fearless eye, by her eloquence and by that something indefinable, the halo of good deeds and pure thoughts, Attila, the Hun, became Attila, the Humble. Other authorities claim that, exerting her right, Geneviève demanded that the women of Paris assemble in the church of Notre Dame and pray for deliverance, for which a nine days' period of devotion—the novena—was established.

Whatever the method, the end was secured, and this episode is to-day one of the most impressive and picturesque bits of French history. It has, moreover, a spiritual appeal, in which a great deal of the history of that wonderful country is lacking. What would have been the fortune of the little island in the Seine without her intervention? Surely it would not exist as it now is; it must have been delayed in development, if not actually put off the map of Europe entirely. It was due to this, undoubtedly, that fifty years later Cloves, then King of Northern France, could write to his father that Paris was "a brilliant city, queen over other cities, a royal city, the seat and head of the Empire of the Gauls. With Paris safe, the realm has nothing to fear."

Between the threatened invasion by Attila and the time of the writing of this letter, Geneviève was not idle. There are many absorbing stories of her activities. One is that she saved Paris from starvation, plying in her boat between hostile soldiers encamped on both sides of the Seine and bringing back a load of provisions. Up to that moment, the story is one of fact, then legend adds its footnote that "the miracle of the loaves and fishes was duplicated." Geneviève watched over Paris for fourscore years. She saw it grow; she saw it become great. She saw it change

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from an uncouth settlement to the centre of learning and arts and never did her own influence wane or alter. What a contrast her history to those of Kings' Light o' Loves! What a difference exists between the memory she has left and that of the famous courtesans of her own and succeeding eras!

When she died in 509 A.D. the citizens of Paris made her their patron saint. The hill on which she is buried was named for her. The Pantheon, which replaced the simple church in which she was first laid to rest and in which her personality still dominates, when it was secularised by the government, could no longer hold her sacred ashes; these were removed to the church of Saint Etienne du Mont. So this quarter of Paris, the section devoted to culture and to generous educational movements, is indelibly imprinted with the impressions made by her gracious passing.

III

Now, we must bring the story of Sainte Geneviève nearer the present! In the early part of September, 1914, was fought what some still call the turning battle of the war and the importance of which no authorities gainsay, whether they be officials of the "Entente" or the Central Powers. Even in official reports it is designated as "The miracle of the Marne." As this it will go down in history: "the miracle of the Marne." On the coverlids of hospital cots, on the snow-white expanses of damask stretched across dinner tables, minus all but the coffee and sweets, you see men, wounded or well as may be, diagramming, by the aid of pencils, matches, toothpicks, cigarettes, the inexplainable elements of this struggle, all disputing, as do the military chiefs, the why and the wherefore.

At the time of the battle of the Marne, a "novena" had been established in Paris by Church authorities. The final draft of men, comprising that marvellous Sixth Army, so called, that went out to the front in automobiles, had passed through the gates, leaving behind them the women of Paris, who were called upon to pray to Geneviève, canonised after her death, who had once saved Paris from a similar fate, in a similar way. All responded to the call. All Paris—feminine Paris—was on its knees. There was no question of sect or creed involved. It was no time for the word "heretic" to pass tortured lips. Protestant and Catholic alike, poor and rich, young and old, believers and unbelievers, saints and sinners, women of fashion who had had neither time nor inclination for such futility as prayer, prayed as if they had never done anything else.

Pallid lips murmured forgotten syllables. Stricken voices died away in inarticulate tones. Fainting ones were tenderly ministered to by those whose hearts were equally torn but whose flesh was more resisting. Wordless prayers there were from some who could not, if they would, believe that miracles still might be; simple petitions from those less complex in their mental processes, who believed in Sainte Geneviève as an actual intermediary. Whatever the motive—there they are—the women of Paris kneeling side by side, caste and class, all external marks of condition brushed aside and forgotten, as they ever are in moments of great danger. They are bound together by a great sorrow; suffering spiritually in a mutual agony, imploring together a spiritual aid. Hour after hour, day after day, unconscious of mere bodily fatigue, kneeling on the cold flags of uncarpeted aisles, their stricken faces bathed in the transmuted light of memorial windows, these women pray.

It is an extraordinary sight to the onlooker. In the great nave spaces of Notre Dame and in the smaller chapels, where prayer seems a more intimate thing, they supplicate the Divine Presence, who alone knows what the famous Persian poet has called "the scheme of things." Ugly and beautiful faces salute the silver crucifixes as they are carried by; acolytes in red and white march, swinging costly censers; hun-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dreds of candles burn steadily and the sanctuary lamps, like Titan eyes, glow through the breath-fog. The churches are open everywhere in Paris and in the country, and everywhere there is an unending procession. Without premeditation the one time indifferent and unbelievers walk within, led by some secret, yearning power which allows none to refuse its wordless request.

There are lines of peasant women in sabots and black stuff gowns; Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul with great winged caps; little girls dressed in blue, denoting that they are dedicated to the service of the Virgin; women of the fireside, of the shop, of professions and trades; women who have lived only for society and forgotten that trivialities ever existed; women who have dragged themselves from sick-beds to come; women of many nationalities, many faiths, all kneeling under the great dome of Notre Dame.

Up the magnificent steps that lead to the portal of the Madeleine, that one time temple of reason, a similar throng comes, traversing the Rue Royale, the Place de la Concorde, the Boulevard des Capucines, the Rue de la Paix—an unending queue that passes and returns. Within the church, the chapel of Joan of Arc is never vacant.

The famous market women of Les Halles, immortalised by Balzac, enter the church of Saint Eustache, called in honour of their daily devotions *L'Eglise des Femmes des Halles*. Here, snatching a few half hours, now and then, from their arduous labours, they pray for their soldier boys. It is these women who in the early days of the war established in one of the city's most magnificent buildings, that of Le Grand Palais, where in times of peace the exhibitions of the painters are held, a most splendidly equipped hospital, outranked by none of its kind.

You may see the same scene enacted in La Trinité, in Saint Augustine, in Saint Julien des Pauvres, in Saint Severin, in Saint Germain de l'Auxerrois, where was sounded that tocsin which started the massacre of Saint Bartholomew; in a word, in every spiritual sanctuary in the city. What a picture for the visualising mind. These women of France praying and, beyond on that stern battle line, their men fighting!

IV

This is no brief for or against. I think the story of Sainte Geneviève, as I heard it and have repeated it, carries its own message to the seeking soul. With many I would like to believe that the prayers of the women of Paris saved the city at the time of the battle of the Marne. Some do. One thing we all believe, that prayer is more efficacious in its results than the mitrailleuse, that thought is greater than machinery.

Of one thing we are sure—that in the splendid organisation that preceded the Great Useless War, everything was taken into account by the enemy, except the Human Soul. Between that acknowledged fact and the simple story told, there is more than a delicate thread, which may be snapped at the slightest tug of reason.

"Perhaps if all the women of the world, irrespective of nation and of creed, had knelt and prayed the war might never have been—perhaps it might, even now, cease to be."

So I have heard it said!

What woman disbelieves?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIVIANI AND JOFFRE

BY JULES BOIS

AMONG the eminent members of the French mission to the United States two personalities stand out, one representing the civil power, the other the military element. The first is M. René Viviani, the second, Marshal Joffre.

A minister in several cabinets, and even President of the Council, in the days before the war, M. Viviani has since the outbreak of hostilities been a member of the government. In 1914 he was our Prime Minister, and it was he who coped with Germany's first onslaughts. He subsequently became keeper of the seals, then Minister of Public Instruction, then for the second time, Minister of Justice, at the same time holding the post of Vice-President of the Cabinet. In sending him to the United States, France wanted to express the highest esteem and the affection which she has for the sister-republic. M. René Viviani is connected with the group of independent socialists, which has furnished statesmen who combine energy with a spirit of reform. It is sufficient to mention names like those of M. Aristide Briand, Millerand, Painlevé, Augagneur. The independent socialists differ from the much more numerous group of the so-called "unified socialists" in that they preserve their individual initiative, and do not accept the edict of a party.

Besides, socialists in France do not correspond to the few socialists in America, as far as political programme and, especially, social status is concerned. Especially in late years, our socialists have been constantly representing the most advanced elements in the Republic. Independent socialists in particular are within the circle of the government; they are not politicians forever intrenched in the camp of opposition. They have not handed themselves over to international socialism; they are ardent patriots.

M. René Viviani is a lawyer. As a speaker, he is impassioned and highly persuasive. Several of his speeches in the Chamber of Deputies received the distinction of being posted for public reading. Clemenceau called him to the Ministry of Labour. His name is connected with the Workingmen's Pension Law.

The first time I met Viviani, he was not quite thirty, but he was already deputy of Paris. He had been elected by the fifth district, one of the most industrious and intellectual in Paris. It is situated on the left bank of the Seine and is considered one of the hemispheres of the capital's brain. As a matter of fact, it is there that are found the Latin quarter, the Sorbonne, the Pantheon, the Faculty of Law. Viviani received his education there. Everything about the man revealed already the tribune, destined for mighty parliamentary combats—his complexion, that had the tawny pallour of the African-French; his eyes, alternately keen and languid; the face with features of Latin regularity and firmness; his carriage at once powerful and brisk, and his ample and colourful speech.

Born of French parents, in Algeria, where a new France, characterised by an ardent climate tempered by the breath of the Mediterranean, is in the making, Viviani combines a temperament both meditative and impetuous, with that fineness of mind which Paris alone gives to those who have passed through its tutelage. In fact, nothing that relates to arts and letters was ever of unconcern to this politician, whose brilliant and vehement speeches

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never abandon the pure academic form. We have had an illustration of this in the memorable address which he delivered in Mount Vernon, at Washington's tomb.

Viviana had an occasion to appreciate Marshal Joffre's superior qualities early in the war, during a time when they worked in most intimate collaboration. Both in America and in France many articles have been written about Marshal Joffre. But the view-point of a Frenchman who lived through the tragic hours of the first battles and who for the last few months has been imbued with the American atmosphere, may have a special interest for readers in this country. In fact, it seems to me that the glory of this soldier—a glory which we have seen originate, take firm root, and grow in France,—coupled with the impression which he is now producing on the people of the United States, where he has been a recent guest, throws a final light on the position which he must occupy in history.

Joffre is the soldier of democracy. That is why he sets America aflame with enthusiasm as he did France. His thickset frame, firmly knit and vigourous, his clear eyes, which observe you from beneath bushy eyebrows, his firm and kindly mouth, his bristling moustache, the simplicity of his manners, his clean-cut, reserved language,—all that goes to show that there is nothing in him of bluster and affection. He is truly "papa" Joffre, the father and even the grandfather of the *poilus*. It is the *Poilu* himself beneath the white *panache* of this unique Marshal of France.

I have discovered that the American reporters have found him timid. True it is that he does not like to be in the limelight, to push himself forward, to attract attention. He is not timid, he is modest—no longer the military tinsel of former days. In the first place, in a democracy the truly great men do not need pomp and display in order to command the respect of the masses. The latter, on the contrary, would mistrust them and would take them for charlatans, if these heroes were not simple. Democracies judge true value by naturalness and *bonhomie*. They are more clear-sighted and more fastidious than peoples tamed by a régime of authority. They rate men, not by the costume that they wear, very little by the words they utter, but mainly by the deeds they have accomplished.

Now it is an outstanding fact that Joffre, in circumstances peculiarly pathetic, saved France by his directness and simplicity. Not that he has manifested the genius of a Napoleon, a genius which, moreover, would have been, no doubt, out of place in the present strategic and tactical contingencies, requiring less of inspiration and more of cool-headed calculation, less of impetuosity and more of patience. Colonel Repington, the military critic of the London *Times,* has expressed this judgment: "Joffre is not at all the type of 'fair knight' dear to the heart of romantic girls. He is nothing but a plain soldier, modern and scientific; he is a scientist without the defects of one. Nowadays war is a war of silence and anonymity. It agrees well with Joffre's genius. It is a silent war, a war of fatigue and resistance; he who holds out longer has the upper hand."

And yet this man, outwardly so calm and even cold, was born in the south of France. He is a Basque. His country-house is situated not far from Canigou, the snow-covered mountain, which readily symbolises southern exaltation restrained by winter's snows. Alphonse Daudet, himself a Provençal, remarked that no one is bolder, and at the same time more self-possessed, than certain Southerners. They are volcanoes under snow. Their fire is not of the type that devours, and is useless, when it is not dangerous. The fire which smoulders in them is, if I may say so, a disciplined fire, a more intense and yet beneficent one, which, concentrating its flames instead of scattering them, produces the large glowing hearth at which hearts are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quickened and warmed. Joffre has in him that fire. He has imparted a spark of it to every French soldier, who, besides, was quite ready to receive this salutary influence and to strengthen it by his own initiative. Thus, the Generalissimo and the most obscure *poilu* have been in harmony ever since the beginning of the war, resolved to do their duty to the end. And this with so much more tenacity and a spirit of sacrifice all the more intense in that neither the Generalissimo nor the soldier wanted this war. It has been imposed upon them. The matter at issue was not individual or national ambition, but self-denial and immolation; not a design for conquest but an unshakable will for defence and deliverance.

Joffre bears witness to the profound modifications which the character of France has undergone under the Third Republic. New qualities have been added to old ones, former defects have been either moderated or transformed into qualities. It may be said that the *poilu* of to-day is superior to the *grognard* (veteran) of the Revolution and the First Empire. *He does not grumble.* He has as much dash, but he possesses, without a doubt, more perseverance coupled with a clearer conscience of his mission and his duties. Even then the soldier of the First Republic knew himself to be irresistible, for he was the soldier of liberty, the citizen-soldier. But the armies of those times were not the entire people. Their unanimity was not as integral, their certainty to represent not only the national rights but also the rights of all the nations was not as deeply implanted both in their brain and in their heart. The *poilu* of to-day feels himself truly the brother of all the civilised human beings of the globe; his strength, already immeasurable, has now been still further increased by the entry of America in the great alliance. This country, so generous, so disinterested, confirms him now, beyond all doubt, in his function as a liberator not only in relation to our invaded territories, but also, to the most sacred human principles which are to be protected against the menace of the barbarians.

This harmony between the Generalissimo and the men as to the reasons and the aim of the war has truly created a new state of mind in the democratic armies. Discipline is no longer a rule imposed, in a sense, from outside, but an inner law accepted voluntarily by all. Before the war, a German said shamelessly to a French deputy: "You republicans, you have neither discipline nor generals." The deputy replied, with a foresight which was nothing but a correct vision of things: "It is true that we Frenchmen have not your German discipline. We have replaced it by the love of the officers for their soldiers and the love of the soldiers for their officers,—a love founded on common ideas, similar ideals, and the same respect for the democratic truths tested by the entire nation." And the deputy, Dr. P. Pujade, added: "As for French generals, I know only one of them, but I know him well. I should advise you not to provoke him."

The Third Republic, just like other parliamentary republics, has been severely upbraided for over-indulgence in words, long speeches. Present-day France has, nevertheless, produced silent soldiers and Joffre has been justly surnamed "the taciturn." Not that he suppresses in his family circle or among intimate friends his natural verve, but in action he disdains the hollow music of phrases. He ponders over his designs; silently he puts to himself and solves problems; he aligns columns of men or numerical figures with the serenity of fertile silence. And so his very presence is energetic and energising. The soldiers who have approached him know that he is a reservoir of vigour and confidence. Furthermore, whenever the necessity of speaking arose, he spoke—briefly, strongly, effectively.

It is proper here to recall some of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

memorable phrases from his proclamation of September 6, 1914: "The safety of the country is at stake. . . . We must let ourselves be killed on the spot rather than retreat. . . . No faltering can be tolerated to-day. . . ."

The whole of France, in arms, complied with this order. The result was the victory of the Marne.

Marshal Joffre's rise was unbroken and rapid. At the age of sixteen he was Bachelor of Science, at seventeen he entered the Ecole Polytechnique. Sub-lieutenant during the war of 1870, he worked so well at the Paris fortifications that at the age of twenty-two he was promoted by Mac-Mahon to the rank of captain. He distinguished himself at Cochinchine and in the Soudan, and he hoisted the tri-colour on Timbuctoo the Mysterious. His scientific works as well as his military merits placed him before the war at the head of our armies.

All Parisians are familiar with the small mansion occupied by Marshal and Mme. Joffre at Passy, Rue Michel-Ange. The couple lived there in perfect harmony. Thanks to the radiating kindness of Mme. Joffre, her husband always found in their home regularity, rest, relaxation, joy. Like most French wives, Mme. Joffre is animated, cheerful, modest, industrious, possessed of a sober elegance and an affection for her home which makes her put it above everything else. In the midst of celebrity she has always shunned notoriety; and she sought refuge from the tributes won by her excellent heart and illustrious name in work, in the peaceful seclusion of the family. It is said that the dream of the couple is to buy, after the war is over, a motor house-boat, and thus to cruise anonymously along the rivers of their beloved France, to which the Marshal will have been the first to give the assurance of victory.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SCHEME FOR A STOCK COMPANY

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

My Saturday morning course in the Contemporary Drama at Columbia University is attended by a hundred and fifty students, of both sexes, whose ages range from seventeen to sixty. They come from many different sections of the country, and may be regarded as fairly representative of the sort of public that is particularly interested in the contemporary theatre. Every now and then, before I bring up for discussion some unusually popular and celebrated play—such as *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,* or *Candida,* or *Mrs. Dane's Defence,* or *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire*—I ask the class to tell me how many of its members have seen the piece in question; and I am always staggered and disheartened when only five or six hands go up in the entire room. More than nine-tenths of these particularly interested students of the stage have never actually seen these notable and standard plays, because they did not happen to be living in New York in those seasons when these pieces were first set before the public. It is only reasonable to suppose that the plight of my students is not at all exceptional, and to assume that there are thousands of other people in New York who, though seriously interested in the best that has been thought and said in the contemporary drama, have missed their only opportunity for seeing several of the most celebrated plays of recent years.

It is only in the English-speaking theatre that great plays are utterly withdrawn from currency so soon as they have come to be regarded—at least in a restricted sense—as classical. Our theatre is astonishingly wasteful. It tosses away to undeserved oblivion the best plays of the best playwrights it has called into its service. The theatre is conducted otherwise in all the countries of continental Europe. If a great play happens to be written by a Frenchman, a German, a Russian, an Italian, a Norwegian, or a Spaniard, it is not thrown carelessly into the scrap-basket so soon as its initial run has been completed; it is permanently preserved, as a part of the dramatic repertory of the nation that has produced it. For many years, it will be acted ten or twenty times a season; and then, for half a century, it will be acted three or four times every year; for any play which, at the outset, has come into the theatre trailing clouds of glory and displaying intimations of immortality is a play that no continental nation can willingly permit to be forgotten.

But, in the English-speaking theatre, the career of a great play is very different from this. At the outset, it may perhaps be acted for an entire season in London or New York; the next year, it may be sent "on the road" in the United States or on a tour of "the provinces" in England; and, subsequently still, it may be acted fitfully by half a hundred cheap stock companies in little towns: but after that, the play is thrown away and never acted any more.

Since the modern English drama was inaugurated by Sir Arthur Pinero in 1893 [the date of the initial production of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*], at least a hundred plays have been written in the English language that are worthy of being seen and studied again and yet again; yet nowhere in the English-speaking world does there exist a theatre that is dedicated to the endeavour to keep these plays before the public.

Something, manifestly, should be done to remedy this "great refusal" of our theatre to recognise and reverence the accomplished fact of greatness. Some Villon should arise, to chant a tragical

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ballade demanding an answer to the question, "Where are the plays of yesteryear?" . . . *Man and Superman, The Mollusc, Mid-Channel, Michael and His Lost Angel, Hindle Wakes, The Admirable Crichton*—why should plays so eminent as these be left to gather dust upon the shelf when they might be gathering applause behind the footlights?

The answer is that neither in England nor in America does there exist a national theatre—like the Théâtre Français—which has been chartered to perpetuate the milestones and the monuments of the dramaturgic genius of the nation. Our people, furthermore, are singularly lacking in the instinct for conservation. In America—at least—we have no past; and this is probably the reason why we overvalue the present and bet too heavily upon the future. We lose our breath in chasing the elusive light of novelty, and lack serenity to settle down and contemplate the landmarks of the road that we have travelled.

It has been proved in practice that the repertory system—which works easily and economically in the national and municipal theatres of France and Germany—cannot be imposed successfully upon the public of New York. Our people are not accustomed to a change of bill from night to night; they expect the run of any play—however long or short its period—to be, at least, continuous; and the experience of Mr. Winthrop Ames at the New Theatre, and Mr. Granville Barker at Wallack's, and Miss Grace George at the Playhouse, convinced all three of these experimenting managers that any change of programme between a Monday and a Saturday was disconcerting and discouraging to the ticket-buying public. People who came to the box-office with money in their hands to buy tickets for a certain play would go away again when they discovered that another piece was to be given on the night in question. But no experimental manager has yet discovered an objection to a frequent change of programme, provided that the run of each successive play shall be continuous, and provided also that the date for each successive change of bill shall be clearly and emphatically impressed upon the public.

We have not had a first-class stock company in New York for more than a dozen years. Is there any irremediable reason why such a company should not be organised at present, for the specific purpose of recalling to the attention of the theatre-going public a series of great plays by great authors—all of which have been written since 1893 [and therefore in conformity with the conventions of the contemporary theatre], and all of which have been written by British or American authors [and therefore in conformity with standards of taste to which our theatre-going public is accustomed]; is there any real reason why a stock company, that should never present a single play which had not already been approved by the public and praised by every critic as a masterpiece, should fail to be supported by the thousands and thousands of people who are interested eagerly in studying the best that has been thought and said in the contemporary drama?

A scheme for such an institution has recently occurred to me; and though I have not as yet found time, in the midst of many labours, to work out all of the details, I am ready at least to outline the essential principles of the undertaking. I offer this prospectus freely to any manager who may be willing to put it into practice; and I should be very glad to lend a helping hand toward the establishment of the sort of stock company that I have in mind.

First of all, it would be necessary to rent a theatre outright for a season of thirty weeks, beginning in October. Perhaps some semi-abandoned playhouse that is not so very distant from the centre of the theatre district—like the Garrick, for example—might be secured at a rental that would be comparatively low. Next, it would be necessary to assemble a well-balanced company of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

experienced professional actors. The acting should be of a high order of excellence; and there should be no dallying with beginners or with amateurs. That it is not by any means impossible to collect the sort of company that I have in mind, was proved by Mr. Winthrop Ames in his experiment at the New Theatre and again by Miss Grace George in her more recent experiment at the Playhouse.

During the season of thirty weeks, precisely fifteen plays should be produced, and each play should be performed two weeks, and two weeks only, regardless of its comparative success or failure. The entire programme of fifteen plays to be presented should be announced before the beginning of the season, and subscriptions should be asked for on the strength of this announcement. Every item on the list, without exception, should be a play originally written in the English language, since 1892, by some author of acknowledged excellence—a play, moreover, which ran for many weeks or months when it was first produced, and is now regarded by a consensus of both popular and critical opinion as a masterpiece according to its kind.

These requirements are high; but it is by no means difficult to find plays that fulfil them. Here, for instance, is a list of fifteen plays, of many kinds, that might be offered as the programme for the initial season:—*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *The Gay Lord Quex,* by Sir Arthur Pinero; *Mrs. Dane's Defence,* by Henry Arthur Jones; *Candida* and *Man and Superman,* by George Bernard Shaw; *The Admirable Crichton* and *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire,* by Sir James Matthew Barrie; *The Mollusc,* by Hubert Henry Davies; *The Silver Box,* by John Galsworthy; *Don,* by Rudolf Besier; *Hindle Wakes,* by Stanley Houghton; *The Easiest Way,* by Eugene Walter; *The Truth,* by Clyde Fitch; *The Witching Hour,* by Augustus Thomas; and *The Poor Little Rich Girl,* by Eleanor Gates.

This list has been written rapidly and almost at random; and it would be very easy to draw up several other programmes of fifteen well-remembered plays that would be equally attractive. If a stock company of experienced and well-known actors should offer to produce these fifteen plays [or fifteen other plays of equal interest] in thirty weeks, would it be very difficult to secure subscriptions for the season on the strength of this announcement? The public would be assured in advance that every play would be worth seeing, and that every play would be well acted; and the management would be certain in advance that every play would be reviewed with critical approval by a press that could be counted on, for once, to be unanimous.

Every encouragement should be offered to induce the theatre-going public to subscribe for the entire season of fifteen plays. Thus, the seats in the orchestra might be sold to subscribers for a dollar and a half and to non-subscribers for two dollars, the seats in the balcony might be sold to subscribers for a dollar and to non-subscribers for a dollar and a half, and the seats in the gallery might be sold to subscribers for twenty-five cents and to non-subscribers for fifty cents. Season tickets for the balcony and gallery, admitting the purchaser to one performance of each of the fifteen plays, should be offered in blocks of ten or more, at even cheaper rates, to students of our colleges and schools and workers in our social settlements.

If I am right in thinking that my own students at Columbia are not exceptional but representative, and that there are thousands of people in New York who are eager for an opportunity to make acquaintance, or renew acquaintance, with the acknowledged masterpieces of our modern English drama, it would not be difficult to secure sustained support for a season of fifteen plays of the quality that has been indicated by the tentative list which I have ventured to suggest. The force of habit is as strong in theatre-going as it is in every other exercise of energy; and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I believe that these people would soon acquire and enjoy the habit of sitting in the same seat, on the same evening, every other week, to see an adequate performance of a play whose merit is known to be unquestionable.

A considerable amount of the working capital of this hypothetic institution would be furnished by subscriptions—after the plays had been selected, and the company had been engaged, and a prospectus [announcing both plays and company] had been published. But, of course, the major portion of the capital would have to be supplied by some commercial manager who believed in the idea, or borrowed from certain public-spirited citizens of the type concerned in the directorate of the Metropolitan Opera House. An initial investment of not less than one hundred thousand dollars would be necessary, in order that the director of the undertaking should be able, at the outset, to lease a theatre for thirty weeks and to engage a company of experienced actors for the same period. I believe, however, that the first season would return a profit of at least ten thousand dollars, or ten per cent. on the original investment; and I believe, also, that the percentage of profit would be increased in subsequent seasons.

Frankness compels me to confess that, when it comes to high finance, I feel myself being dragged out, by an undertow, beyond my depth; I am not accustomed to think easily in thousands; but I know, at least, that the sort of institution which I advocate could be conducted much more cheaply than the average theatre on Broadway.

In the first place, it is cheaper to lease outright a semi-abandoned theatre for a period of thirty weeks than to secure admission to an active theatre, and to continue tenure, for the same period. In the second place, the rate of royalty that has to be paid to a great author for a great play which is more than three years old, is considerably less than the rate of royalty that has to be paid to an inconsiderable author for a new play that may turn out to be devoid of merit. By a blanket arrangement that could easily be made with the agents who have been deputed to represent the authors, the fifteen plays enumerated in the list which I have ventured to suggest could be produced at a fixed royalty of two hundred dollars a week; and this is much less than the royalty that has to be paid for any new play that is not an arrant failure. In the third place, a considerable saving could be made in the matter of adjusting the salaries of the actors. Many excellent performers who customarily demand two hundred dollars a week for their services would be willing to join the sort of company I have in mind at a salary of one hundred dollars a week. On this point, I speak with knowledge, for I have talked with several actors about the proposition. Any actor who might join this hypothetic company would be assured of thirty weeks of continuous employment, instead of the usual two weeks; he would be assured of an entire season on Broadway; and he would also be assured of a certain opportunity, within a single season, for playing fifteen different parts, each written by an author of acknowledged eminence, before the eyes of every manager and critic in New York. In view of these three inducements, which would be absolutely guaranteed, there is scarcely an experienced actor in the profession who would not willingly accept a considerable diminution in his customary salary. The reason why many actors demand a salary of three or four hundred dollars a week is merely that, after they have rehearsed for nothing for three weeks, the play may fail and they may be summarily discarded from employment, with only two or three weeks' pay for five or six weeks' work. These same actors could be signed up, at half salary, for a metropolitan season that was guaranteed to last for thirty weeks.

The expense for scenery in the sort of theatre that has been suggested would be extremely slight. In most cases, the very scenery that was employed in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

original American productions of the plays could be rescued from the storehouse at a merely nominal expenditure for transportation. Furthermore, the current cult of scenery, which has perhaps been over-emphasised in recent seasons, would be properly subordinated to a recognition of the primary importance of the contributions of the author and the actors.

Two reasons have actuated the suggestion that a change of programme should be made not weekly but fortnightly. In the first place, it has frequently been indicated [as in the case of *Candida*] that a great play, whenever it may be revived, can crowd the theatre in New York for at least sixteen performances. In the second place, it is desirable to avoid any overworking of the actors. An established play—in which the "business" has already been worked out and recorded—can easily be rehearsed and acted by a company of experienced performers within the short time of a single week. If a fortnightly change of bill should be established, the actors would not be required to rehearse at all during the first week of the run of any play: they would begin rehearsals of the subsequent production only at the outset of the second week of the play that was being currently performed in public.

A permanent stock company of no more than a dozen artists would suffice for the casting of most of the plays that would be listed in the programme. Other actors might be engaged, as guests, from time to time, to supplement the cast of any particular production. Though the entire list of fifteen plays should be promised to subscribers in advance, and no renegation of this programme should afterward be countenanced, it would not be necessary to establish in advance the order in which the various plays should be exhibited. By such a reservation, it might be possible [for instance] to arrange a date for the promised two weeks' run of *Candida* at a time when Arnold Daly did not happen to be acting in any other play. Mr. Daly might then be invited, as a guest of the permanent stock company, to resume, for that particular fortnight, his original rôle of Marchbanks. This principle has been established for many years in the municipal theatres of Germany; and it has recently been exemplified in New York by the gracious gesture of the Washington Square Players in inviting Mary Shaw to resume her original rôle of Mrs. Alving in their projected revival of Ibsen's *Ghosts*.

In suggesting a rather random list of fifteen plays for presentation in the course of the initial season of this hypothetical stock company, I have not attempted to arrange them in the order of production. The season, of course, should open with a pleasant comedy; and, thereafter, plays of serious complexion should alternate with plays of lighter mood. But it is only at one single little point that my own mind, in this regard, has already been made up. I should like to see the season terminated by an eloquent performance of *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire,* the masterpiece of Barrie—so that the almost intolerably lovely speeches of Alice in the final act should seem to serve as a sort of valedictory to the public after many months of beautiful endeavour; and I should like to hear these speeches read once more—as they were read of old—by another great guest who would be welcomed by the company and by the theatre-going public.—Ethel Barrymore.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

In *The Madness of May* Mr. Nicholson is altogether spirited and delightful, a romancer and master of fantasy released from the bondage to which his will has too often reduced him—the bondage of being a sober interpreter of American life and character. Fancy has its own interpretation, and there is more human nature and truth in this holiday excursion than in many of this writer's earnest journeys in quest of the real. And the book has its "idea," gracefully bound up with its nonsense and its sentiment and its very adroit and amusing plot. Of course the whole thing may be pricked and exploded easily enough, by those who like to destroy beautiful bubbles. Regarded in the stern light of reason, the potential villainy of the Deerings, father and son, is not highly probable; but thereby hangs the tale, and Mr. Nicholson presents it to us with a smile and a shrug, as the kind of thing called for by the conditions. He has more than once expressed his ironical enjoyment of the absurdities of convention: "The long arm of coincidence beckons us," cries the R. Hood of this narrative. We shall test for ourselves all the claptrap of the highest-priced novelists. And plenty of contrivance follows, but not by way of burlesque: all our coincidences, in fact, are satisfactorily resolved and accounted for before we have done with them. The story must not be told here, lest its fairy savour be spoiled for new readers. It is a story to be read by all honest lovers of romance in terms of whimsy.

The Light in the Clearing is another fine and characteristic performance by an old favourite. Mr. Bacheller sees life always through a glow of kindly emotion. He is sentimental, if you like, but we do not suspect him, as we must suspect some of our professionally "glad" story-tellers, of cultivating and purveying sentiment as a commodity. He has a sincere faith in human goodness, in honour and the simple virtues as they may be raised to a high power of effectiveness by strength and purity of will. Hence the zest with which, in the present tale, he revivifies the figure of an American who failed to achieve the height of official greatness only because his ambitions were upon a less spectacular plane. It is Silas Wright's purity and nobility of character, his eminence in his own time as a touchstone of the moral and social virtues, which inspire Mr. Bacheller to show him to us in his natural setting. In his Preface he quotes with approval the summary by Wright's colleague in the Senate, Benton of Missouri: "He refused Cabinet appointments under his fast friend Van Buren and under Polk, whom he may be said to have elected. He refused a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States; he rejected instantly the nomination of

*The Madness of May. By Meredith Nicholson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Light in the Clearing. By Irving Bacheller. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Slippy McGee. By Marie Conway Oemler. New York: The Century Company.

Peter Sanders, Retired. By Gordon Hall Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

If Wishes Were Horses. By the Countess Barcyńska. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Changing Winds. By St. John Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Ford. By Mary Austin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Aurora the Magnificent. By Gertrude Hall. New York: The Century Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1844 for Vice-President; he refused to be put in nomination for the Presidency. He spent that time in declining office which others did in winning it. The offices he did accept, it might well be said, were thrust upon him. He was born great and above office and unwillingly descended to it." This extraordinary figure it is the purpose of the romancer to present, not as the central figure in a political novel, but as the good genius of a countryside and of a nation. His story proper has to do with the adventures and development of a youth of Wright's own "north country," as Mr. Bacheller calls it, one Barton Baynes, who is taken up and befriended by Wright, and who is destined to follow in the great man's footsteps as a power for good in the national life. But this sounds rather dry, and dry the story is not. Mr. Bacheller not only places his romance in the thirties and forties, but succeeds in making that period and its people "come alive" for us. He is wise in setting his action in his own rural northern New York, which was Silas Wright's region, for this writer is always happiest in his interpretation of country folk and country ways. The little farm on "Rattleroad in a neighbourhood called Liketysplit," where the orphaned Bart was reared is typical of millions of homes then and now. City men often forget, when they condescend to exploit the country for literary or literary-commercial purposes, that the national life is there, the essence of it and the bulk of it—and that it is city folks and city ways that are actually outlandish, and often ludicrous. Of Silas Wright and Bart Baynes and the solid, homely Americanism they stand for, Mr. Bacheller has told a moving tale. He himself honestly possesses that gift of experience and of sympathy which, in his Epilogue he demands of the American of the future: "Wanted by all the people—a servant born of those who serve and aspire, who has known want and trouble and all that passes in the Little House of the Poor: . . . Who has felt in his heart the weakness and the strength of his brothers and, above all, the divinity that dwells in them."

Mrs. Oemler's *Slippy McGee* is a story of similar temper—a book of optimism, a document for universal human service, in the form of a romantic story. But the story itself, like Mr. Bacheller's, is quite able to stand on its own feet. They are both stories of the "built" kind, with plots carefully framed and balanced, and the human types generally recognised as available for such a plot. Both stories contain the handsome young hero, the handsome young villain, the wicked rich man, the lovely heroine who is nearly forced by worldly parents to marry the wrong man, the benign adult whose influence counts for so much. Slippy himself presents a modern motive which has no parallel in Mr. Bacheller's tale: the crook motive. It has become over-familiar in recent fiction and drama: but this story presents it in a fresh and impressive way. Slippy McGee is that triumph in romance, the apotheosis of his type. To begin with he is the now familiar great criminal, prince of the underworld, greatest cracksman in America, and all that. But the present action begins at the moment when his professional greatness ends perforce—when he is cast up, a cripple and a derelict, upon the quiet shores of a little Georgia village. The good angel of Appleboro, the priest-aristocrat De Rancé, tells the story. It is he who rescues the forlorn and rebellious Slippy, restores him to life, and sets him in the way of a second career of great usefulness and eminence. But the ex-cracksman is not reformed outright. Pride in his old craft dies hard, and the habit of it still harder. Much of our interest in the long process of his rehabilitation lies in our recurrent fears that he may relapse and all the good padre's effort and love go for nothing. More than once the fatal backward step is pre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vented by a sort of miracle. Love and righteousness triumph in the end. Slippy ceases to be, and John Flint comes into his full being, the distinguished entomologist, the beloved friend of all Attleboro. The skill of Slippy, to be sure, is to display itself once more in dramatically cutting the knot which denies happiness to the maiden of John Flint's not altogether hapless love. One has to blink details a little, as always in romance. That Father De Rancé, whose own style is so totally (and, one must think, needlessly) humourless, should be able to report, *verbatim et seriatim,* Slippy's outrageously correct lingo of the gutters is, taken literally, absurd. However she may choose to employ these conventions of the story-romancer's art, it is notable that Mrs. Oemler, herself a Southerner, takes a vigorous fling at more than one shibboleth, notably that hollow convention of colonelism and "Southern chivalry" which story-tellers have been wont to handle so tenderly.

The motive of *Peter Sanders, Retired,* is not altogether dissimilar. Sanders, like Slippy McGee, has been in his way an enemy of society, leader of a dubious profession. He, also, is forced to "retire," and only by degrees comes to be reconciled to his loss of occupation, and to find something other and better to do with the rest of his days. But this is less a "built" story and more a study of character. The case of Slippy McGee and John Flint is represented as a sort of case of dual personality—the one is the antithesis of the other, and no opportunity is lost to point and emphasise the contrast. Peter Sanders, on the other hand, is by no means a bad sort to begin with. What we assist at is a gradual change in point of view and emphasis rather than a radical change of character. Sanders, the famous gambler, with his magnificent and discreet establishment for duly accredited and solvent guests, has not spent his years as the desperate criminal openly at odds with the powers. He has existed rather by friendly arrangement with them, till a young and ambitious district attorney comes along and chooses Sanders as a spectacular target for his newly forged weapon of reform. Through his attorney, Sanders is warned that he must choose between exile from New York and Sing Sing. To Sanders, at sixty, with his established and not altogether bad eminence, his luxurious dwelling, above all his great collection of valuable books, this comes as a shock, almost an outrage. He has always done honourably according to his code, he has never been seriously disturbed; and he closes his establishment and sets out for Europe in no pleasant or resigned mood—determined at the first opportunity, when this new political broom shall have gone the way of its kind, to return to business at the old stand. He is a bachelor, of few friends, a man of naturally sensitive nature veiled by surface cynicism—a lonely man as he sets out to drift about the world with a single faithful servant (a mere type, this man, the faithful British butler of tradition). On shipboard and here and there during his wanderings in Europe takes place a series of tentative *rapprochement* with divers fellow-beings whose only advantage over him rests upon their respectability as members of society. Meanwhile, he finds himself increasingly homesick for America, and presently returns under an assumed name. The mild adventures which follow involve his growing familiarity with and liking for the good dull people who make up the orderly world. And here is where Mr. Gerould's method differs most strikingly from Mrs. Oemler's. It would not have been a difficult thing to provide Peter Sanders with a few sensational adventures of body and soul through which he might have been, as it were, forced out of his cocoon and shown in his hitherto concealed glory as a leader and healer of men, or what not—like the gorgeous butterflies upon which McGee-Flint founds his later fame, and which are to be taken as symbolic of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him. But if the soul of Peter Sanders does, in the course of this narrative, emerge, he remains a modest, grey moth of a man. He becomes, with his tongue in his cheek, a maker of perambulators; he honestly cherishes the decent social recognition to which he has risen, becomes, in a way, a lover of his kind: and that is all. That is enough, many of us may well think who prefer Mr. Howells (of whom this book faintly reminds one) to, let us say, Sir Gilbert Parker.

If we were to take Martin Leffley at his face value as the central figure of *If Wishes Were Horses,* we should find it difficult to read the story with patience. He is not far from a caricature of the selfish, unprincipled British bounder who tries to lift himself by the bootstraps to eminence and the respect of his fellow-men. He is clever enough to invent a temperance drink, and to profit by it; to become an effective speaker, and a member of Parliament at the price of serving as tool of a faction. But he is not clever enough to see that, for the likes of him, honesty is at least the best policy, decency of life the only hope of permanent advancement in the social and moral scale. His eventual enlightenment and change of heart are rather too much like conversion: we can be glad only for his wife's sake. But indeed it is for her sake, and for that of the doughty old aunt who sees her nephew so clearly and despises him so frankly for what she sees, that we are glad of the book at all. These two women, utterly different in character and point of view, are admirably drawn. Aunt Polly, the sophisticated old bird of many passages, with her mordant philosophy, her keenness of eye, her utter kindness of heart where kindness is deserved, is a figure not to be readily forgotten. As for Rose Leffley the wife, she is the immortal woman who conquers by sweetness and goodness, whose mental limitations are as nothing in view of her tenacity of character—the woman whom life cannot defeat. With the aid of Martin Leffley, it does its best to defeat her, to overwhelm her, but she wins in the end—wins even Martin, such as he is. The two Leffley children also, youth of the second generation with their ruthless honesty and desire for sound and honourable living on their own terms, are notable portraits. We are asked to believe a little too much in believing that even the pusillanimous Martin deliberately exposes his daughter to the approaches of a noted rake for the sake of his personal advancement. After all our bother with him we cannot feel that this alleged male, this Martin Leffley of the programme, is anything better than a dummy or a bogy, a deliberate foil for feminine force and virtue to display itself against. But there is much feminine force and virtue here.

Changing Winds, by the author of *Mrs. Martin's Man* and *Alice and a Family,* is a book with a man in it, though without a hero in the romantic sense. Our Henry Quinn of Ulster is by no means of that kidney. He has the sensitiveness of his race without its hardihood, is a physical coward even. Luckily he is not, like so many of our budding "artists" of fiction, a moral and spiritual poltroon. His rugged and aggressive father's devotion to him is no doubt possible because he feels in the boy, beneath his apparent weakness, essential elements of strength. This is the story of the gradual development of those elements by contact with life. It is also a portrait of modern Ireland, in all its complexity and flux. Quinn senior is an Orangeman and a Unionist, but despises England and her works. "The motive of his Unionism, however, was neither loyalty to England nor terror of Rome; it was wholly and unashamedly a matter of commerce. . . . 'We've got our teeth in their skins, an' they're shellin' out their money gran'! That's what the Union's for—to make them keep on shellin' out their money.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An' instead of tellin' the people to bite deeper an' get more money out of them, the fools of Nationalists is tellin' them to take their teeth out! Never!' he would exclaim passionately, 'never, while there's a shillin' in an English pocket!'" Mr. Quinn, who loves the vernacular, is an Irish gentleman, bred at Trinity College, Dublin. In that institution he has small confidence, but it is Irish; therefore his son, whom he wishes to be an Irishman above everything, is to go there. Sending him to a good English school, however, is not the best of preparations: there Henry makes an Irish fourth to an English trio of schoolboys. The bond between them is so strong that their years at Cambridge and his at Dublin—uninspired years for him—cannot separate them. He does not lack interest in Ireland, but he cannot respond to the new movements which are already in full swing in the direction of asserting the national character and restoring the national tongue and customs and political independence. It all seems fantastic and artificial to him, he has no strong sense of allegiance to Ireland as opposed to England. In England, indeed, are his best friends, and there is to be his chosen home. Reluctantly his father lets him go to London, where, with his three friends, he is presently at work. He is to be a novelist, another of the friends is a playwright, a third an engineer, and the fourth a lawyer. They all succeed, and together form the nucleus of a little group of political and social speculators who call themselves the Improved Tories, and who serve as touchstone—yes, this must be said—for the author's opinions of recent England. There is much plain speaking in this connection, and I notice that some reviewers are shocked or outraged by it. To me, at worst it is in refreshingly bad taste. And, after all, the story is the main thing. Its culminating phase is the now inevitable one in fiction: the four friends and the Britain they stand for are put to the fiery test of war. Presently one after another has paid the extreme price, and Henry Quinn survives to face his responsibility alone. Successful work as a novelist lies before him on the one side, and a happy marriage—and his grim duty on the other. How in the end he is reconciled to it and goes forth without fear or regret to his death, is the substance of the closing scene in a story of uncommon range and power.

Of the central figure in *The Ford* also it must be said that he is not the robust male type born to impose itself upon the world without hesitation and without failure. Kenneth Brent is son of a California sheep-rancher whom misfortune has balked of the success his skill and industry deserve. The boy is much like his father, but permits himself to be urged into the field of "big business"—the development and financial exploitation of California lands and treasures. Kenneth becomes secretary and confidential legal ferret of the great man of the district, Rickart, in whose hands lies the determining power in a vast number of enterprises and "deals" connected with the opening up of the country. The portrait of Rickart is to me the most interesting thing in the book. He has the name of a man without heart or conscience, is indeed utterly without ruth for anybody or anything who may get in the way of his schemes. For example, though he has a high regard for Kenneth's father, and a real affection for Kenneth himself, he permits them to go to the wall more than once when they present themselves as slight obstacles in his path. Any project upon which he has set his mind becomes in a way sacred. He cannot conceive of any consideration which ought to interfere with his straight journey to his end—or rather his straightest possible journey, for to Rickart the end justifies the means, and no means is too devious if it be necessary. In short, finance as he practises it, appears a series of applied Prussianism—a phenomenon by no means without

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parallel among our greater "captains of industry" and generals of finance. The decisive moment in Kenneth's life, the moment of his meeting with the angel at the ford, and his successful struggle for his own soul, is that in which he first realises the colossal selfishness of Rickart's creed, and deliberately opposes himself to it. Incidentally he throws into the balance not only his relations with Rickart, but his one chance to be "in" on a vast stroke of business which would have assured his fortune and his position in the world of finance. His rebellion does not cost Rickart much, or bring Kenneth any reward better than a knowledge of his own path, and the will to choose it. This is a story of fine feeling and (to use a wooden term) exceptional workmanship. Its four women might be taken as a microcosm of the modern world of women: the selfish, shallow, pleasure-seeking type, who is Kenneth's mother; his sister Anne, the cool-headed, staving sort, able to cope with men, at least with business men, on their own ground; the beautiful and rattle-headed Virginia, who wishes to reform the world and live the rights of woman and preach the rights of mankind, and cannot rule her own household or her own soul; and womanly Ellis, strong in her birthright of goodness and health—the type of Martin Leffley's wife—whom Kenneth is lucky enough to marry.

On the whole, one feels that Mrs. Austin's personal admiration is for Anne, with her strength of mind and will, her power to cope with men and things upon their own terms, rather than for Ellis, who remains a figure relatively misty and impersonal. A far more striking interpretation of womanliness triumphant is *Aurora the Magnificent*. In a rough sense, she is of a type long a familiar in fiction—the American girl of crude upbringing and impossible manners who is abruptly submitted to the test of contact with an ultra-civilised society. Nothing could be more preposterous than the chance which imposes Mrs. Aurora Hawthorne, as she calls herself, upon age-mellowed, fastidious Florence. She might have been the daughter of a Cape Cod pilot and still have acquired some elements of taste and decorum, might at least have learned grammatical speech. Not so: she bursts upon the little Florentine world with her full Yankee flavour merely tinged by, and as it were set free by contact with, the ebullient West. She sees nothing in Florence's treasures of art, and makes no bones of her blindness. She cheerfully furnishes the great house which her new wealth permits her to take, according to the abominable standards of her "home town." Under the tutelage of the old playmate and ex-schoolmistress who is her companion, she tries laughingly to curb a few "breaks" of speech in public; but she has no real sense of inferiority to the courteous and sophisticated people to whom, by degrees, she becomes known. That she is not a serious cause of offence to them is the beginning of the miracle—a miracle of womanly character making itself perceived through the crudeness, the "freshness," the sheer buffoonery of the girl busy with her "good time." In the hands of most story-tellers, the development of the situation would be obvious. Either the girl would retire defeated, a sadder and somewhat wiser woman, from her hopeless encounter with the kind of society the late Henry James used to label "the better sort," or "the finer grain;" or she would be more or less violently reformed and converted into that thing of horror, a perfect lady. Neither of these dull and null events is permitted to happen—one feels that it could not happen with this Aurora whose magnificence is a magnificence of heart and soul such as the possession of taste and manners would not materially affect in one way or another. All this is brought out and pointed by the central episode of Aurora's romance. She has had her experience of men, a luckless marriage,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a fine friendship or two. Her wealth she owes to the gratitude of a man—and his daughters have dragged her name through the mire in the attempt to wrest it from her. A good solid American wants her. But he is too much her own type, she requires a complement, and finds it almost beyond belief in Gerald Fane, Florentine-American, painter and connoisseur, sombre of mind and lonely of heart till the magnificent Aurora swims, in spite of him, into the centre of his consciousness. That this can be for the good of both of them, you will not believe—till you have read their story.

TO A LIBRARIAN

BY GUSTAV DAVIDSON

YOUR dwelling is a temple of great minds
Whose dreams lie pregnant in these countless tomes
Crowding about you. The grandeur that was Rome's
Survives in the storied page; here Egypt finds

Her works of art reclaimed, for the vast winds
Which bore them down are conquered by the thought;
And Greece that with a song great empire wrought
Still to herself the whole world's kinship binds.

Dante and Shakespeare and the lights of France,
Goethe and Ibsen and the Slavic soul
That stirred his nation's pulse—beat side by side!

You are their guardian. In the casual glance
Daily you view the mighty honour roll
Of minds that felt and leaped to God's own pride!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

FRANK DILNOT'S "LLOYD GEORGE: THE MAN AND HIS STORY"*

THE Great War was still in its first half year when a document went the rounds of the American press, which purported to be a just-found posthumous writing of Count Leo Tolstoy. It was a prophecy foretelling the war and its devastations. The authorship of this document was promptly denied by the Tolstoy family, and indeed there was little about it that sounded like the point of view of the great Russian thinker. It was the usual sort of thing that crops up in the wake of any great happening. But it contained one thing that no other of the "prophecies" contained. It foretold how, during the latter period of the war, a "Man from the North," of obscure origin, should come to be the foremost figure of the great conflict, and a leader of the reconstruction that should come after peace had been won. There was some idle speculation as to this personality, then the pressure of catastrophal facts soon drove the "prophecy" out of the public mind. By some strange kink of the brain it flashed back into the memory of the present writer in reading Mr. Dilnot's book. For in this Welshman, the son of a poor school teacher, brought up by his uncle, a village cobbler, we have indeed a "Man of the North" who is now undeniably the foremost figure of the great conflict, and who, though an autocrat at present, is yet the greatest democrat English statesmanship has ever produced. Lloyd George, the present Prime Minister of England, shares with Emperor Wilhelm the honour of being the moving spirit of the world catastrophe. Generals and admirals may play their part for a time, but out of the swelter rise the two leading figures—the autocrat of democracy, and the autocrat of monarchy—confronting one another as representatives of two great forces struggling for world dominion.

The story of David Lloyd George is one of the most romantic and striking that all history has to show. And we are indebted to Mr. Dilnot for a simple, sincere and engaging description of this remarkable Man of Destiny. To the average American, impatient of backgrounds, and forgetting anything but what is headlined in the newspapers to-day, Lloyd George is a creation of the Great War. But David Lloyd George was a personality in England long before the war. At an age when many men whose lives have fallen in far easier places are still struggling to prove their worth, this obscure Welshman had already set all England by the ears, and like his namesake, the Judean shepherd boy, had hurled his defiance against the Goliath of English landlordism, against the most sacred vested right known to the modern world. And, as in the ancient tale, the tiny stone brought the giant down, and David Lloyd George broke the century-long power of the House of Lords. No attack was too bitter to be hurled at him, no appellation sufficiently venomous to express the angry scorn and contempt of flaunted aristocracy against this democrat who had dared to storm the sacred stronghold of hereditary ownership of land. And yet to-day this most-hated man in England

> . . . rules England, rules her with an absoluteness granted to no man, king or statesman, since the British became a nation. A reserved people like the British, conservative by instinct, with centuries of caste feeling behind them, have unreserved-

*Lloyd George: The Man and His Story. By Frank Dilnot. New York: Harper and Brothers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly and with acclamation placed their fate in the hands of one who began life as a village boy.

Any single step in the career of Lloyd George would have been enough to fill the life of even a gifted man. But this man has gone on from startling step to startling step, until this simple unvarnished tale of it, giving only facts that are well known, but bringing the extraordinary personality of the man clear before us, reads like a production of unbridled imagination.

It was in 1866 that Richard Lloyd, cobbler of the village of Llanystumdwy in North Wales, took upon himself the burden of support of his widowed sister and her little son and daughter. Richard Lloyd was not only kind, but wise as well, and as the little lad grew and throve under his protection he realised that the boy had an unusually keen, alert mind. He realised also that it would be a crime to condemn such a mind to a life of hard manual labour. With his small savings, representing a life of toil, he gave young David an education and a start in the practice of law. These facts as told by Mr. Dilnot from well-authenticated sources, dispose of tales rife at the time of the famous Budget fight, to the effect that Lloyd George was an "ignorant Welsh miner, an uneducated demagogue" and more such unworthy accusations that came from his titled antagonists. It is amusing, and characteristic, to learn that the first exploit by which David Lloyd George distinguished himself among his comrades of the village school was the organisation of a revolt against the custom of forcing the children of non-Conformists to go to church on Ash Wednesday and recite the Church Catechism and the Apostles' Creed. The revolt was put down and the youthful ringleader punished, but the practice of forcing Church dogmas into the mouths of children was stopped.

The spirit of revolt against blind authority and tradition, once awakened, remained the motive of all Lloyd George's acts. In his own village and in all the countryside, the boy noted, and rebelled in the soul of him at the absolute power enjoyed by the lords of the soil over the bodies of their tenants. The organs of public opinion, school, press, Church and courts of law were in the service of the landlords, and in his early years as a poor and struggling solicitor David Lloyd George fought one battle after another to free the bench at least from magistrates who could judge only as the lord of the manor desired that they should. A now forgotten case, the burial of an old quarryman in Church of England ground but with non-Conformist rites, which Lloyd George put through, made him famous in all Wales at twenty-five and brought him the Liberal nomination for Parliamentary candidate. His chief opponent was the squire of his native village, and in this first apparently hopeless fight against British landlordism the young democrat won. From then on, until the great achievement of his early career as a Cabinet Minister, the famous Budget of 1910, called by many the most important event happening in England since the signing of Magna Charta, the "boy politician" was ever the centre of excitement. His antagonists tried to explain his growing fame by ascribing it alone to his flamboyant oratory. But each new exploit, each new development of his career, was an unexpected shock that gave the lie to all their assertions.

The story of the great Budget fight is well told, except that Mr. Dilnot does not quite seem to grasp the fundamental character of this first attack on the stronghold of landlordocracy. To him the social insurance features of the Budget are of equal importance; but the social insurance schemes would never have roused the fossilised House of Lords to a bitter struggle which forever lost them their power to interfere in financial legislation in the United Kingdom. It was not even the little "half-penny on the pound" of land-value taxation that so embittered them. It was the instituting of a regular system, to be repeated every few years, of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

correct valuation of the land of England, thus showing the people of England to whom the land of England really belongs, that the Lords could not stomach. This they fought with a venomous vehemence which was anything but noble or even gentlemanly. Mr. Dilnot slurs over these details slightly, but they are fresh in the minds of many here who watched with bated breath this first meeting of two great forces, feudalism and democracy. All England was at white heat, but Lloyd George, gallantly upheld by Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, won out and the House of Lords was shorn forever of some of its most dangerous prerogatives.

It is one of the ironies of fate that the man who won this battle for democracy should now be the great autocrat of England, and that, in his whole-souled desire to win the war for his country, he should find himself compelled to turn on the man who had always befriended him, always believed in him. The supplanting of Mr. Asquith by Lloyd George in the position of Prime Minister is truly one of the minor tragedies of the World Tragedy, when considered in the light of a decade of friendship between the two men.

The career of Lloyd George since the war began, and his gradual rise to international fame as a great centre figure of the conflict, is better known here than the story of his earlier battle for democracy. But it is well worth reading in Mr. Dilnot's telling of it, and the glimpses of the personal side of the man ring true. The last chapter, on what the future holds for Lloyd George, and what task will be his after the war, gives food for much thought. This it was that called the forgotten prophecy to mind. And indeed in this Man of the North we may have, as Mr. Dilnot believes, the man who can lead in the great work of reconstruction as he now undoubtedly, for a large portion of the civilised world, leads in the task of destruction. Our thanks are due to Mr. Dilnot for the most plausible picture yet given us of the most extraordinary man of the epoch.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

II

Wilfrid Lay's "Man's Unconscious Conflict"*

The remarkable discoveries of the newer psychology, and especially those made through psychoanalysis, are as yet familiar to a comparatively small number of people. The vast majority have an idea of the work of Freud and Jung about as definite and as accurate as was that of those who believed Darwinism to be merely a somewhat absurd theory that our great-grandparents were monkeys. And yet there is no person possessed of even average intelligence who could not profit by a knowledge of those discoveries, while to all whose business it is to deal with mankind, whether as teachers or writers, employers or politicians, such knowledge would seem almost indispensable, because of the flood of light it throws on the words and acts, motives and thoughts of people in general—and of our individual selves in particular.

This eminently useful knowledge has, however, seldom been put in the brief, simple, comprehensive form which appeals to the general reader, and that is one among many reasons for welcoming Dr. Lay's fascinating and very practical book. Here we find psychoanalysis applied to such every-day problems as our reluctance to get up in the morning—a reluctance shared by great and small, for did not Marcus Aurelius remonstrate with his soul regarding his desire to remain comfortably in bed instead of getting up and going to work?—likes and dislikes, fears, education, many illnesses, lack of concentration, the popularity of motion-pictures, and that most perplexing of riddles, why certain men fall in love with certain women and *vice versa.*

*Man's Unconscious Conflict. By Wilfrid Lay, Ph.D. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The consequent revelations are not always flattering to our self-esteem, and more than one cherished theory is ruthlessly demolished. For instance, the "mothering" of a husband by his wife, so generally praised, is, according to Dr. Lay, "a kind of action which is likely to cause the greatest unhappiness," while a large amount of what we call sympathy proves far less admirable than we are prone to believe. But the book is decidedly more constructive than destructive. And it tells us much about the nearly exhaustless possibilities of the Unconscious, that Titan, who delights in cheating us, in making us "think that what we see is what we want to see," yet who can, if we are willing to try hard enough, be constrained to do our bidding.

We are killed, not by work but by "our own unemployed energies," declares the newer psychology; and those unemployed energies are affecting every moment of our lives, both waking and sleeping. What those unemployed energies are, what they do to us, and what we can, if we will, do to them, thereby immeasurably enriching ourselves and the world, we may learn through these exceedingly interesting pages. In one way or another, we are all teachers and critics; and to attempt to teach anyone or to criticise anyone without some acquaintance with the newer psychology is to be merely impertinent. For many centuries the precept "Know thyself" has been repeated with varying degrees of emphasis; but only in recent years has it been possible to acquire accurate information about ourselves and the "unconscious conflict" which everyone of us is waging every moment of every hour.

Louise Maunsell Field.

III

Katherine Judson's "Myths and Legends of British North America"*

*Myths and Legends of British North America. By Katherine B. Judson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

Fashion comes and goes. Periods of wisdom come and go, to be replaced, as likely as not, by periods of madness. There is satisfaction in the assurance that the esoteric ring of ancient lore persists in its perennial charm. Miss Judson is not a novice in the domain of our Indian mythology and folk-lore, nor does her latest contribution fall short of her former efforts in general excellence. A considerable number of fairly representative myths of the various tribes of Canadian Indians have found their way to the pages of Miss Judson's book. A large selection of well-executed cuts enhances the æsthetic appeal of the work. The author has, however, been less successful in her comments on some of these samples of Indian art. The Haida totem poles, for instance, facing the title-page do not represent "Indian genealogical trees," but carved representations of the crests or totems of one or more inmates of houses which the poles adorn. These carvings usually symbolise mythical animals or birds, although their artistic embodiments are often quite human in character. Similarly on page 60 only the first two paintings are rightly identified as of killer-whales and the next one as that of a raven. The remaining three paintings, on the other hand, have different meanings, the last one representing a mosquito. It is highly characteristic of the symbolism of this area that the representation of a mosquito cannot, without rather careful analysis, be differentiated from that of a bird or even of a huge sea mammal. Again in the cuts facing page 85, the eye-like patterns do not represent the eyes of the whale and the raven, but the joints, the style of representation being probably derived from the cross-section view of a joint. A few brief remarks from the author explaining the highly interesting peculiarities of Northwest coast art would have added much to the suggestiveness of the work without in the least detracting from its popular appeal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No justification can be found for the promiscuous arrangement of the myths of wholly heterogeneous provenience. Even though limitation of space may be held accountable for the obviously arbitrary selection of material, the unity of form and content characteristic of the myths of specific areas ought not to have been destroyed. The time has passed when the reading public eagerly absorbed any collection of Indian myths even though it may have represented little more than a collection of myths about the Indians. Any selection or arrangement of native material, which tends to dissociate it from its natural setting, leads to a wholly erroneous impression on the mind of the reader. The author's resolve to exclude from her list all but "the quaint, the pure, and the beautiful" in the Indian's folk-lore is a most dangerous maxim. But taking the myths, such as they are given in Miss Judson's book, a more judicious arrangement would have enhanced the value of the work immeasurably. Nor is it easy to see why here also some introductory remarks about the different geographical areas and their inhabitants would not have been perfectly in place. No suggestion whatsoever, for instance, is contained in the book of the vast contrast between the life and customs of the Eskimo of the arctic littoral and those of the Northwest coast Indians. Their material accomplishments, social organisation, religious beliefs, are wholly different; and no less different are their mythologies. The minds of the coastal Indians work along highly imaginative lines, their stories abound in miraculous events, supernatural interventions, guardian spirits, powerful and ingenious culture heroes, such as the Raven or the Mink, who introduce the arts and crafts, teach man how to entrap and ensnare the beasts of the land and the ocean, and again play vicious tricks on their human brethren. When compared to these the myths of the Eskimo are strikingly matter-of-fact. He does not worry himself about the origin of the world, nor that of animals, nor even that of man himself. His tales and traditions abound in concrete descriptive detail of traits and customs, which can still be observed in and about the snow dwellings of these northern folk. In the centre of his epic accounts the Eskimo almost invariably places man himself. Animals, giants, gnomes, supernatural creatures, play but a subordinate part. And what is true of the Eskimo and the Indians of Alaska and British Columbia applies equally to the other groups of Indians included in Miss Judson's survey. Brief ethnological sketches of each one of these preceding the collections of myths would have given depth and perspective to what otherwise presents but a loose and somewhat unintelligible mass of more or less attractive primitive lore.

It is the sincere hope of the reviewer that these critical remarks will not be interpreted as a manifestation of the specialist's pedantry. No attempt has been made to discourage the popularisation of the imaginative efforts of our Indians. These, no less than his law and ethics, his social code and religious rite, deserve to be known and appreciated in much wider circles than is at present the case. But popularisation should consist in simplification, not in misrepresentation, whether of form or substance, if justice is to be done to the memory of the receding past.

A. A. Goldenweiser.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chronicle and Comment

The Vigilantes

One of the most promising and interesting organisations that the war has already brought into existence and put on the firing line of work, is the Vigilantes, a society of prominent authors and illustrators, the slogan of which is "For Patriotic Purposes." The formation of such a society shows clearly a fact long suspected: that the American market is more lucrative for literary material than the English, a situation that is well illustrated by the contrast in method of the two countries. In England, immediately after hostilities were declared, a society of writers was formed to help the members of similar professions, as it was believed they would be harder hit than any others, which has been proved true. That British organisation has done yeoman work and it may be that if the price of paper soars and budding talent becomes more and more obvious, the Vigilantes will have to follow the example of their transatlantic cousins, but such time has not yet arrived and may be delayed *sine die,* if we read correctly the roster of names connected therewith.

The Executive Committee consists of Porter Emerson Browne, Monroe Douglas Robinson, Charles Hanson Towne, Thomas C. Desmond, Hermann Hagedorn, Julian Street, J. Harry Welling, Executive Secretary. With true American chivalry, the proceedings, which will last through the war and possibly thereafter, commenced with a luncheon at Delmonico's to the women members, approximately sixty of whom have been enrolled. Notable features of this function were the opening address by Augustus Thomas, the speech of Mrs. Mary Austin and the poems written and delivered by several of the poetic fraternity. Besides the Committee, the guests comprised Gertrude Atherton, Mrs. William Faversham, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Poole, Mrs. Edwin Arlington Robinson, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Gertrude Lynch, Abbie Farwell Brown, Elizabeth Dejeans, *et al.*

The objects briefly outlined by the new society are: To arouse the country to a realisation of the importance of the problems confronting the American people; to awaken and cultivate in the youth of the country a sense of public service and an intelligent interest in citizenship and national problems; to work vigourously for preparedness, mental, moral and physical; to work with especial vigour for Universal Military Training and Service under exclusive Federal control, as a basic principle of American democracy.

Although the business part of the society is not in the finished condition that it expects to be in the near future, the articles contributed by the Vigilantes are already being syndicated to nearly every newspaper of importance in the country, and it may be added, with an eye on that business section, that the primary object of the Vigilantes is to arouse, not to lecture; to stimulate, not to stun.

• • •

War and the Novel

Miss Temple Bailey, author of *Contrary Mary* and *Mistress Anne,* is a Northern woman with Northern ideas and associations, who was born, however, in Virginia. In the recent discussion of our American fiction and the effect that the war will probably have, both upon its style and upon its production, she gives many interesting thoughts. "I am convinced," she says, "that we writers in America will not go to England, or to France, or to Germany for our models.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Their masters may be able to teach us form. They can give us little else, except the tradition and inspiration of their own genius. We cannot think like them. We must think for ourselves. Indeed, we are thinking for ourselves, and the great American novel will be written by The American—the made-in-America American, who is on fire with dreams for his own country. A great book is never written in cold blood. It is written in hot blood, and it is written with a pen of fire.

"This is not the day for the funny story. It is not the day for the frivolous story. The time is ripe for a story of deep spiritual significance. It is the time for a story of deep national significance. We are thinking serious thoughts. Death stalks through other lands. Women are wearing black, and little children are wearing it, too. Men are going by millions into the Great Beyond. What do they care as they face the enemy for the morbid self-analysis of some neurotic hero or neurasthenic heroine?

"These things must inevitably affect our fiction. We cannot fiddle while Rome burns. We weep with our brothers across the sea, and we ask ourselves, 'What of our own country?' 'What of War?' 'What of Peace?' And the things which we ask ourselves we will attempt to answer in the books we write."

• • •

Mary MacLane

Mary MacLane would afford a very interesting study to our amateur psychoanalysts. Her first book, published nearly a dozen years ago, made something of a literary sensation, and now comes a new work, *I, Mary MacLane,* along very much the same lines, and evidently the result of a minute consideration of her own—and to her, most important—psychology. She does not hesitate to lay bare the most secret thoughts, and sometimes apparently the most inconsequential, that can come to a lonely woman isolated, both geographically and mentally, from the rest of the world; and she even goes so far as to describe those dreams that well up from the depths of the subconscious, when the inhibitions of conventional morality and social restraint are inactive. A case of "introversion" is what the psychoanalyst would call it, and just plain morbid egoism is what the rest of us ordinary individuals would say. Of course much of it affords interesting reading, if we maintain our own sanity while deploring the author's bias. It undoubtedly expresses in vivid form many of our inmost thoughts and longings which we seldom permit to occupy our conscious minds; and so to the student of human nature, it throws some light on that perpetual variant, the feminine mind. Here is a little of her work:

But I, looking at Me, see a woman standing high on flame-washed battlements of her life in whom burn and beat the spirits and lights and star-discords of uncounted tired lustrous ages. I see Me forlorn and radiant, drab and brilliant. I see Me wrapped in a fiery potentiality of pain and beauty and love and sorrow. I hear wild voices in Me like horrid-sweet wailing of ghost-violins, muted but crying loudly in frightful reasonless vital joy and in unspeakable terror and sadness. I see Me ragged-clothed, bleeding, with disordered, tangled hair and bloodshot eyes, with coarse soiled hands, broken-nailed, like a criminal's: a woman of woes. And I see Me wistful in quiet pure garments like one seeking light. I see Me old as old sin and young as new Spring days. I see Me un-sanely sensitive and hardened over—closed in worldly cases: guarded antagonism round my thoughts, protecting indifference round my Heart, dead silence round my Soul. I see Me with brains to know, with prescient mind to grasp, with mobile sense to feel. I see Me all futile, all hopeless, all miserable. I see Me all poetry. I see Me all wonder, mystery and beauty. I see Me!—

—much more than that, *this* Me sitting here! my deep grey wanton dark eyes: my lips—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like pink flowers—with the inscrutable expression: my white fingers—slim, strong, glossy-nailed, silken at the tips. My glass gives Me back to Me, sitting by it, languid of Body, tense of spirit and Mind, bathed in witcheries of Self—
I love my Mary MacLane! Ah—I love her!

• • •

For a "Dry" Yale

Yale graduate reunions will be "dry" this year if ex-President Taft, a "Committee of Seventy-one," consisting of some of Yale's prominent alumni, and particularly the senior class of Yale this year, have their way. An appeal just sent out by Mr. Taft to 21,500 Yale graduates asking their support in a movement to reduce or entirely eliminate the drinking of liquor at class reunions to be held in June is based upon patriotic motives, with the view of influencing public opinion in favour of prohibition during the war. The present academic senior class at Yale voted to oppose the use of class funds to purchase alcoholic drinks at class reunions and other class gatherings, and an effort will be made to introduce similar movements in all the colleges of this country.

• • •

From Minister Milyukov

Probably the first authentic declaration upon the Jewish problem in Russia to reach this country from Paul N. Milyukov, Foreign Minister, in the present provisional Russian government and to a great extent the controlling hand of the recent revolution, is contained in a series of essays upon the subject, published last month under the title *The Shield*. The keynote of the work is struck by Milyukov, when he declares that anti-Semitism has been fostered by the Russian autocracy as a weapon against all liberal movements within the state, and to turn the attention of the masses from the more pressing problems of the day. He writes:

It (anti-Semitism) was simply a new political weapon, in a sense. As long as the nation was voiceless, as long as all matters were decided by the bureaucracy in the quiet of offices, committees and ministries, it was possible for the government to ignore the people as a factor in legislation.

But when the nation was called to participate in state affairs there arose the need of influencing it in a certain sense. It became necessary to work up the masses, to act on their intellect and will. Official anti-Semitism is the most primitive means of satisfying this need, a simplified attempt to bridle the masses, to suggest to them the feelings, motives, views and methods which are in the interest of those who play the game.

In other words, demagogy came into being. For the purposes of demagogy a special political weapon, corresponding to the political conditions under the new régime, was created—namely, artificial political parties. Thus anti-Semitism of the new type, however strange this conclusion may appear, is the product of the constitutional epoch. It is a response to the need for a new means of influencing the masses. And in this sense anti-Semitism plays in Russia the same rôle as it played in Western Europe.

• • •

The Jew in the Revolution

Prophesying to a great extent the part that the Jews were to play in the Russian revolution, Milyukov goes on to show how the Russian autocracy has employed anti-Semitism to cast the revolutionary movement into disfavour. Though it is not true, the writer asserts, that the liberal movement is entirely the work of the Jews—since to do so would cast shame upon the Russian people—he does insist that the Jews may be counted upon to aid in every struggle for freedom. Milyukov's explanation of this is as follows:

Anti-Semitism serves in Russia one more purpose. It is not sufficient to influence the masses. It is also necessary to act on the powers that be. If it is imperative to get hold of the masses, it is also necessary to frighten the authorities. Thus a new ver-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion of the anti-Semitic legend comes into being; the legend of the Jew as the creator of the Russian revolution. It is the Jew—so our anti-Semites assure us—who created the Russian emancipatory movements; it is he who formed the revolutionary organisation; it is he who marched under the red banners. . . .

The Russian who would give credence to this tale would show his disrespect for the Russian nation. To assert that it is only owing to the help of the Jew that the Russian people freed themselves is tantamount to saying that without the Jew the Russian nation cannot reach the road of its own emancipation. No, however great my respect for the exceptional gifts of the Jewish people may be, I will not refuse the Russian nation ability of taking the initiative in the cause of its own freedom.

• • •

A New Outlook

America has become a "socialised" nation almost over night. All our means of production of the necessities of life and of war are being rapidly taken under government control. The production of food, steel, ships, ammunition, war-supplies, coal, railway material, together, of course, with the human elements involved of skilled labour for ship-building and farming, and men of fit physique and training for the trenches, are being conscripted and co-ordinated for the single purpose of winning the war with the least waste of material and time possible. It is interesting to consider that all this is well on the road to accomplishment within a brief month after the declaration of war, and that it represents the goal of the state socialists, among which Mr. H. G. Wells has for many years been numbered, and that what their propaganda could not accomplish, grim necessity has achieved in the briefest of periods. Our railroads afford an enlightening illustration. Before the war, competition between the companies was of the keenest nature, both in the commercial and money markets, and it was only through legal measures that the cut-throat methods of secret rebates to freight shippers were finally abolished. A common practice up to the declaration of war was for the railroads to make use of each other's freight cars, and to return them only when traced down by the agents of the owners, or when they had become junk. With the commission of railroads now at Washington in charge of mobilising the country's transportation facilities, all this is changed. Freight is no longer shipped back and forth, waiting a speculative market, and freight cars can be sent out only in the direction of their owners' roads. No preferences are given and orders for preferential deliveries of foodstuffs or coal are applied without discrimination and with the only object in view of accomplishing the desired result. These men in charge of this mobilisation no longer think in terms of personal competitive gain and stockholders' dividends—they think in terms of national necessity and national efficiency. Shall we return to the old wasteful competitive system after the war? It is earnestly to be hoped not. The last argument of the supporters of private competition—namely, that it fosters initiative and development because of the financial premium upon progress under such a system—will, we may believe, be another of the survivals of the old mechanical theories of economics to be scrapped by the Great War. To get the benefit of human inventive genius and initiative, we no longer have to offer great money inducements. We are at last developing that spirit first strikingly evolved in the old Athenian democracy—that spirit of duty to the state and of responsibility for the state's welfare which led Athens to the full flower of her power and of her art. This motive, at work in our new democracy, may be hoped to accomplish more on a higher plane of idealism than the indiscriminate chances of financial reward under a *laissez-faire* competitive system.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Running a War

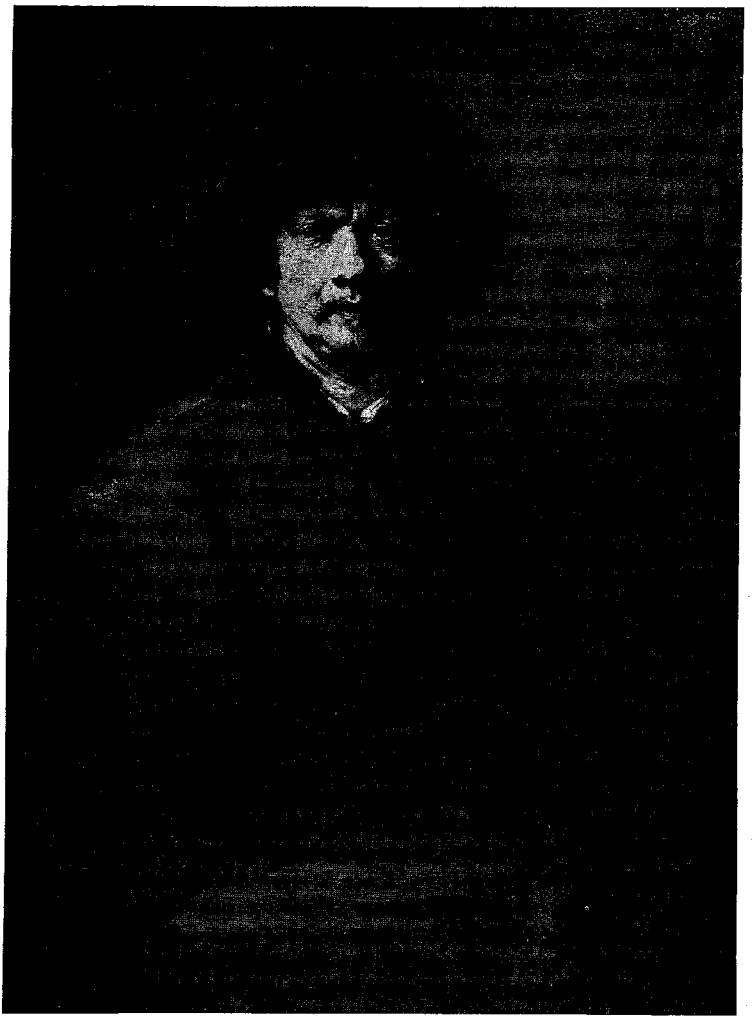
In contrast to the efficiency of our executive branch of the government is the lamentable spectacle of our legislators wrangling over the details of the Conscription Bill that everybody wants at once. At the time of writing, some thirty odd days after the declaration of war, the conference to adjust the differences between the House and Senate bills on conscription has, after serious delay, brought in a compromise measure that leaves many points open for discussion and later settlement; and in the meantime the patriotism and generosity of the country are running wild because of the failure of the proper channels of organisation. Anybody of discrimination who has listened to the debates in either the Senate or the House on the conscription question must have been struck by the utter futility of the flowery, spread-eagle oratory that was calculated to enhance the self-esteem of the speakers, and add next to nothing to fair and scientific judgment of the question. One well-known senator recently occupied the floor for an hour in advising a committee investigation into the railroad-rate increase situation, concerning which he impressed upon his fellow-legislators in every other sentence he knew nothing except hearsay. Had the worthy senator spent fifteen minutes in the necessary investigation himself of the facts, he would have been in a position to present his case simply and directly, and recommend measures that carry the conviction that comes from the man who *knows*. It is both pathetic and ludicrous that in our democracy the legislators, mostly drawn from the legal class and securing their positions through political or personal influence, or through their ability to impress the public with their loud-sounding oratory that signifies nothing, should be symbols of our neglect, rather than of our civic sense of obligation to the state. Congress cannot conduct this war, and the best thing it can do is to delegate its powers to our card-cataloguing President, who has both a sense of organisation and of detail as well as the vision to select his goal and drive irresistibly for it. It is not that democracy is therefore feeble or a failure, as Charles Ferguson has recently so ably pointed out, but that it should have the sense to pick out its great men —its Lloyd Georges and Woodrow Wilsons—and give them the authority as well as the responsibility to the people.

• • •

A Unique Opportunity

We are in a unique position: the whole world, outside the isolated Central European powers, is turning to America as the friend in need to render the help that will solve its problems. England and France have sent us their best brains to consult on the means and methods of our assistance, and the smaller nations that have hitherto remained neutral are hurrying to fall in beside the United States, and to offer such facilities as they have for use under our direction. Probably never in the world's history has one people occupied such a commanding position—or been more liable to have its collective head turned by the attention paid to it and by its opportunity for power. As the whole of our resources is used for peace or for national egotism, for disinterested helpfulness or for commercial advantage, for democracy or for militarism, for self-sacrifice or for world-aggression, for impartial justice to every people—including our enemies—or for national aggrandisement, for world safety or for national jealousies, for world co-operation or world competition, so shall the future mind and life of our people and our people's children turn. And it is in these days of preparation that our aims, our ideals must be crystallised, and be kept ever before us through even the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Medici Bruckmann Photo Imperial Gallery, Vienna

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST, BY REMBRANDT VAN RYN. FROM "THE IDEALS OF PAINTING," BY J. COMYNS CARR

darkest days that are sure to come. After all it will be brains that will finally establish the new basis for civilisation, and so far our brains are the freest from emotions of any of the combatants. And it is a real duty to keep them so, and to put them, in all sincerity and humility, at the service of our allies when they no longer need the assistance of our arms and materials.

Art and War

There is a paragraph in J. Comyns Carr's *The Ideals of Painting* which may be commended to anyone who has wondered as to the outcome of the meeting of modern art with the Great War—to which art has brought so much egotism and love of novelty, and war such a burden of rhetoric and hate:

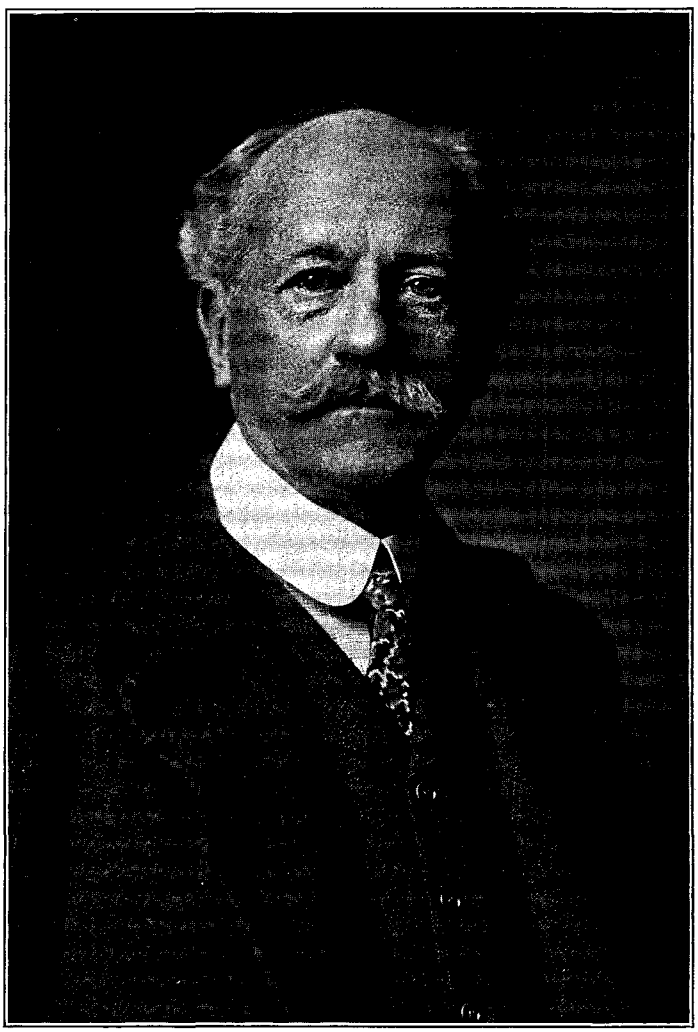
It is only mediocrity that seeks to set its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own sorrows to music: genius leaves upon the very threshold of the world its spirit, inhabits all memory of experiences purely personal to itself. Its vision probes too deeply into the lives of others to be greatly concerned with its own: for it is sympathy that supplies the motive power of all great creative achievement, sympathy so overwhelming and absorbing as completely to banish from the realm of art every vestige of the kind of egotism that we may sometimes trace in the work of men of inferior endowment.

A Picturesque American

The late Percival Lowell was one of the most picturesque figures in modern American life. Every incident and every aspect of his life sparkled with surprises and contradictions. It was not lived in a pigeonhole. Much of his first twenty years out of Harvard was spent in Japan; and the four books into which this experience crystallised were written in a delicately beautiful prose that was poetry in all but form. Suddenly, in



THE LATE PERCIVAL LOWELL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARICE RUTLEDGE, AUTHOR OF THE NOVEL "CHILDREN OF FATE" AND OF THE WAR SKETCH IN THIS ISSUE OF THE BOOKMAN, "BETWEEN TRAINS"

the early nineties, he built a splendid observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, and, as if it were a sort of chrysalis, soon emerged from it a full-fledged and meteoric astronomer. He had already served as secretary to a Korean commission to the United States, but he now became, in the popular imagination, Ambassador from Mars to the Earth. As a scientist, he could erect daring edifices of speculation which earned the scorn of his more cautious fellows, or could, with equal enthusiasm, work ten or eleven hours a day for weeks at a time at the most elementary computations. As an author he could be brilliant, witty and popular, or distinctly abstruse. As a man, he was irascible and sympathetic, partisan and generous. The poet and star-gazer was bronzed and sturdy in appearance, a shrewd investor and director of several large corporations; and the author of *The Soul of the Far East,* which Lafcadio Hearn called "a marvellous book,—a book of books! a colossal, splendid, godlike book," was passionately fond of detective stories! Genius in this country has seldom been so pyrotechnic.

• • •

"Marice Rutledge"

Marice Rutledge, who contributes to this month's BOOKMAN the striking little war sketch "Between Trains," affords an interesting example of the effect of war-relief work upon a sensitive, creative temperament. Miss Rutledge has been a writer of fiction, and under her own name is well known in literary circles in this country; but the war has so changed her point of view and creative ideas that she has chosen to begin her literary career over again with a new type of writing, and of course under a new name—"Marice Rutledge." Her first book after this change was *Children of Fate,* published a month ago, in which she tells of war life and conditions; and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her vivid sketch in this issue gives a glimpse of some of the horrors she has seen and known at first hand. At the beginning of hostilities she and the Vicomtesse de Rancougne took up supplies —food and clothing—to the Belgian soldiers and civilians near and around Ypres and Furnes. During the bombardments of Ypres and Poperingues she was under fire many times, and she was at Royes when the battle of Royes began. She also took care of the artists in Paris, fed and clothed them, during the first year of the struggle. Now she is back in America, telling us in her books and articles of the war life she has seen and taken part in. Perhaps from her picture given here some of our readers will recognise the real personality behind the name of "Marice Rutledge."

• • •

The Art of Zuloaga

In his introduction to the catalogue of the Zuloaga exhibition, Dr. Christian Brinton remarks that the painter once confessed to him, "I realise that I belong to another age, that I have remained a sixteenth century person, like the surroundings in which I grew up. I have a horror of every manifestation of modernism." Within a little world of art, perhaps Señor Zuloaga is not a modern, for the feverish intellectuality that radiates from Paris has turned modernism in art into a hothouse growth. But in the larger and cooler world outside, he must be ranked, whether he wishes it or not, as one of the most modern of men. For he has done for art the service which is most characteristic of our age, freed it from everything that has claimed dominion over it,—nature, stories, moods, emotions, theories, traditions, virtuosity, and even beauty itself,—and left it autonomous and self-propelling. He regards all these things not as ends in themselves, but as means to an end. He is not a worshipper, but a builder; and he will build nothing that cannot stand alone, nor build higher than he can build soundly. And, finally, no brush-stroke seems unnecessary, none is subordinate to any other, or to any group of others. One cannot read off objects as a whole, as from, say, a canvas of Fortuny's, and ignore their details. Every bit of paint demands equal attention. His pictures are democracies, not feudal states.

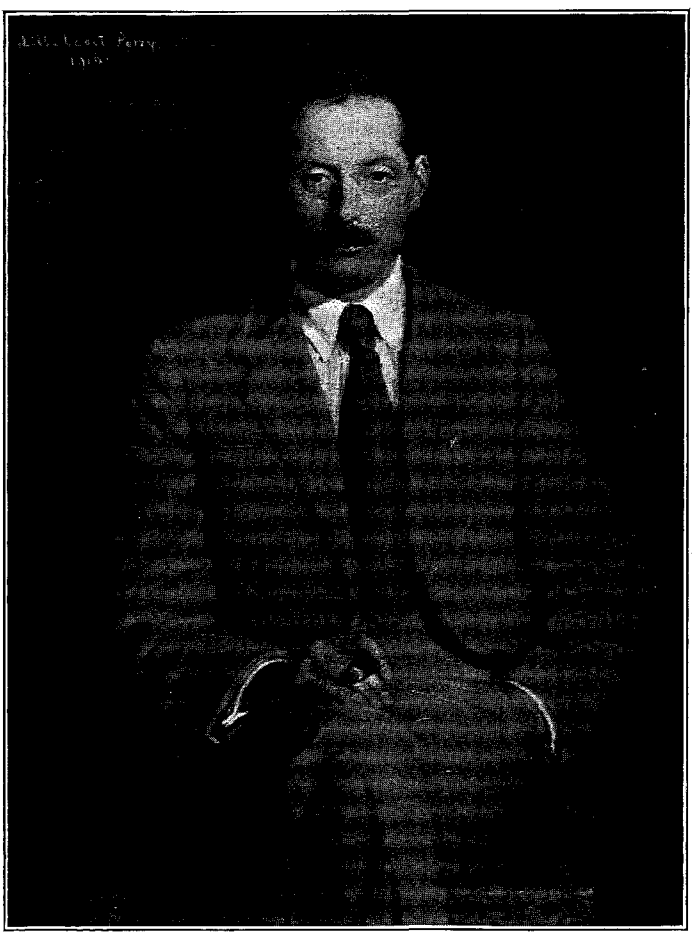
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE YEAR IN POETRY

BY WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

II

MR. EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON standing at the head of the group of formal metricists also stands at the head of our poetry to-day. In his art there is a probing alchemy of thought searching out the secrets and mystery of human character. He lights the strange contours of the spirit, flashing upon them, sometimes a direct and sometimes a reflected revelation of humour, of psychology, and fate. In substance his poetry comes nearer the ironic comedy of Shakespeare than any poetry I know. He "observes the comedy of incident in life," in which the humourous, the pathetic and the tragic become interpene-



EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "THE MAN AGAINST THE SKY." FROM A PAINTING BY LILLA CABOT PERRY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trated. And he does so with a verbal tone that is sometimes polished with a hard surface, and sometimes with a magic having an elemental menace. His mood and quality have been consistent from the beginning, and *The Man Against the Sky*[1] shows them developed more profoundly and to more prophetic issues. The notable distinction in this volume compared with Mr. Robinson's previous book is in the advance

ROBERT FROST, AUTHOR OF "MOUNTAIN INTERVAL"

he has made from presenting the character of the individual to interpreting the destinies of mankind. The noble poem on *The Man Against the Sky*, and that keen, unravelling chronicle of Shakespeare the man in "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man From Stratford," attests the large visionary preoccupation of the poet's mind. He confesses it is a riddle, but behind the riddle is something to be known, and it is the wisdom of all our experience to guide the soul by that star of mystery. So,

Whatever the dark road he may have taken,
This man who stood on high
And faced alone the sky,
Whoever drove or lured or guided him,—
A vision answering a faith unshaken,
An easy trust assumed of easy trails,
A sick negation born of weak denials,
A crazed abhorrence on a brief ambition,—
Whatever stayed him or derided him,
His way was even as ours;
And we, with all our wounds and all our powers,
Must each await alone at his own height
Another darkness or another light;
And there, of our poor self dominion reft,
If inference and reason shun
Hell, Heaven, and Oblivion,
May thwarted will (perforce precarious,
But for our conservation better thus)
Have no misgiving left
Of doing yet what here we leave undone?

And the same note diminished sometimes to personality, as in Flammonde" or the complexed indecision of "Bokardo," and dissolved into the acid of "The Poor Relation," gives the reader the conviction that this poet, to quote a phrase from his poem on Edward MacDowell, pursues his art "to console humanity with what he knows."

Mr. Frost came into his own so quickly with his home public that scarcely any poet of our generation, not even Mr. Masters, defined his material and treatment so clearly and impressively upon readers. *Mountain Interval*[2] combines the lyrical treatment of "A Boy's Will" and the narrative treatment of "North of Boston," though lacking the unity of both the earlier volumes in conception and interest. He still, with a passionate devotion, keeps to the New England background, and from it with an inexplicable conjuration of poignant speech calls forth from its hard soil and bleak sensibilities types that are intensely human, and to whose experiences he gives a magic touch. He plays every stop on the scale of colloquial speech, within this collection a preponderance of that humour above the earlier books. The best narrative Mr. Frost has written is in *Mountain Interval*. "Snow" is intense, dramatic, with a twist of irony in the end, superbly approached and sprung, with the confident flare of genius. Again "In the Home Stretch," though less successful than "Snow," we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have another of Mr. Frost's narratives in his familiar colloquial vein, this time dealing with the effect of a newly occupied house in the country upon a sensitive woman. The feeling of her remark to the man who was moving in the furniture when he asked where he should put the walnut bureau, haunts the reader with the fears she felt at the unseen and unknown presences in the very texture of the old house. She said:

Put it on the top of something that's on top
Of something else.

In the shorter poems Mr. Frost has sometimes so compressed expression that the meaning does not always stand clear. In a poem like "Birches" a simple country tradition of boyhood is given a natural expression beautiful in its lucidity of recollection and imagery, while it carries at the core a meaning of much common importance; and in other poems, such as the sequence "The Hill Wife," where the poet has painted an incomparable portrait with the essence of New England tragedy in it, there is the inevitable, clear touch of genius. There is no mistake in the application of that term to a man who writes into eight lines what Mr. Frost has put into "A Patch of Old Snow":

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN, AUTHOR OF "THE CYCLE'S RIM"

LOUIS V. LEDOUX, AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF ELEUSIS"

There's a patch of old snow in a corner
That I should have guessed
Was a blow-away paper the rain
Had brought to rest.

It is speckled with grime as if
Small print overspread it,
The news of a day I've forgotten—
If I ever read it.

We have not lost our interest in Greece of the gods and heroes, and are periodically led back to the fascinating legends of that beautiful old world. Mr. Ledoux's *The Story of Eleusis*[3] and Mr. Hagedorn's *The Great Maze*[4] are two very complete attempts to revivify the antique materials with the substances of modern passion. The themes of both these pieces, one shaped on the model of a lyrical drama, the other told in blank verse narrative, in spite of their classical subjects are meant to embody motives of universal inter-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

est. Mr. Ledoux's drama rehearses with true Greek fervour and modelling the legend of Persephone, and Mr. Hagedorn borrows from Homer the story of the return from Troy of Agamemnon and the events leading up to his murder. In both these poems there is a fine beauty of expression "The Story of Eleusis" with its rich, elaborate rhythms is as perfect a thing of its kind by an American poet. While there is a more human interest in the ill-starred return of Agamemnon, as Mr. Hagedorn adapts the story to his need of shifting the actual murder of the king from Clytemnaestra to her lover Ægisthus, there is alike in both pieces a symbolical feeling for truth and humanity which outweighs the remote glamour of the material. Both pieces have the temperament of poetry to the fullest degree, which stands in the end against any choice of theme.

The poetic temperament even in poets is not a common thing. No American poet has revealed it more consistently than Lizette Woodworth Reese, or more intensely at times than Bliss Carman, or more fragrantly than the unknown, passion-tossed poet of *The Book of Winifred Maynard*.[13] The new editions of Miss Reese's *A Quiet Road*[6] and *A Wayside Lute*,[5] need no added praise here to what already has been given them in affectionate abundance by critics and readers alike. In Mr. Carman's *April Airs*,[14] one meets, too, with a familiar spirit, rejoicing in nature with that careless rapture which utters strains

DONALD EVANS, AUTHOR OF "TWO DEATHS IN THE BRONX"

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR, AUTHOR OF "LIFE AND LIVING"

of kindly wisdom and gentle philosophy. The glamour in this collection may have the quietude and mellowness of sundown, but mystery still fringes the open heart, and virtue and courtesy are the natural qualities of the mind toward the world. The lyrical mood of Mr. Carman's art still retains its enchanting measures.

The poet who wrote the poems in *The Book of Winifred Maynard* is dead, so a prefatory note tells us. Her real name is withheld. "These poems of hers, covering a period of thirteen years in her life (from seventeen to thirty), were written for herself, and shown to very few people." The evidence is that the poems in this book were written from the bitter depths of experience. It is one of the most interesting books of the year. This woman prayed for the "one great gift of love," won her prayer, and the gift seared her soul to the quick. And how she tells in "The Reason":

> I do not hate the woman
> Between my Love and me,
> Whose right in him is guarded
> With due formality;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet her I would not pity
And I would bid him come,
Had I not seen her little child—
But now desire is dumb.

Her little son, that should be mine,
Looked up in startled wise,
And "Who are you?" he said to me,
His father in his eyes.

The verse of Winifred Maynard is lucid, modeled on simple patterns of metre, and convinces by the passion it expresses rather than the decorations of art. Experience graduates through three stages: "Asleep" in the innocent delights of life, "Dreaming" in the confidence and expectation of love, and "Awake" in the bitter reality of the "ruined fragrance" of love and life. It comes to the final triumph of reason over instinct, but that serenely accomplished, the soul does not hesitate to give unrestricted utterance, as in poems like "Tullia," "Answer," "But in the Night—," "Appassionata," and "Saint Catherine," to the fidelities of love above the tyranny of convention and the storms of passion.

Temperament again flowers with exquisite fragrance and colour in the lyrics of Ruth Guthrie Harding in her volume *A Lark Went Singing.*[12] But here the quality is wistful, almost evanescent in the embodiment of simple moods and themes. The work is, as Richard Burton says in his admirable introduction, "a kind of psychic tremble," has an "impulse of withdrawal," and "delicacy and indirection are like diaphanous veils that enhance the loveliness within." Time and again, from Mrs. Harding's singing lips, breaks the unconscious voice of beauty. Brief snatches of songs with hints of secrets and memories. "The Call to a Scot" is a good example:

There came an ancient man and slow
Who piped his way along our street—
How could the neighbours' children know
That to her ears 'twas passing sweet?

With smiles they spoke the ragged kilt,
And jeered the pipes, in mirthful file;
But, strangely moved, she heard the lilt
That rallied Carrick and Argyle.

A stroller, playing in the street,
Half-hearted, weary, out of place—
But his old measure stirred her feet,
My baby with the Gaelic face:

She squared her shoulders as she stood
To watch the piper 'round the turn—
Nor dreamed what beat within her blood
Was Robert Bruce and Bannockburn!

In place of the tender and lyrical fervour which Miss Norton gave us in her first volume, *The Little Gray Songs of St. Joseph,* her later volumes accomplish little more than clean and clever workmanship, though *Roads*[31] rises in one or two poems to more inspirational heights. I hope it will return more firmly and expansively in her future work. Mr. Scollard, in spite of his unremitting practice, retains the freshness of his lyrical impulse, and *Ballads Patriotic and Romantic*[24] turns a variety of themes through neat rhythms and appealing rhymes. The stately manner of Mr. Sterling's art finds in the San Francisco Exposition[26-27] and the large natural scale of the Yosemite[25] ample scope for his sweeping imagination, and these three slim, beautifully illustrated volumes serve not only to record an art of noble proportions, but also a background with immense features. In Mr. Ketchum's *Profiles,*[18] Miss Stern's *At the Edge of the World,*[17] Mr. Bryson's *Smoky Roses,*[20] Mr. How's *A Hidden Well,*[28] Mr. Firkins's *Poems,*[22] and X107's *Life at the Lees,*[23] there is much excellent verse with occasional flashes of power. Mr. Ketchum has in "Roadside Rest," written a song that has travelled all over the English-speaking world; Mr. Firkins's "On a Subway Express" stands so far as the ultimate expression of this phase of modern urban life; it has been deservedly popular. Mr. How has a genuine poetic note, feels deeply, can lock a lyric neatly and construct a fine sonnet. He has a glimmer of imagination which trails a narrow light into the corners of human nature. There is a pathetic history about the poems of X107 which makes their interest more social than artistic; whoever the woman

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is who suffered disgrace at the hands of society, she may feel that disgrace extirpated by the revelation of her soul in these poems. "We may confess," Mr. Deland remarks in his foreword, "that our way of punishing the body may, and often does, destroy the soul. In this little book, the soul of X107, in spite of us and our blunders and cruelties, is yet alive, and sings." Conscience plays a large part in these poems, and just a shade of ethical warning, but, on the whole, they ring poetically true.

To read into Mrs. Coates's collected *Poems*[7] is to become re-acquainted with many poems already a part of our surviving possessions, and to meet with a sheaf of new ones through which are expressed the poet's manifold emotions on the war. Not all the storm and stress surging around the advanced moods and forms of the radicals can sweep this idealistic and melodious poetry from devoted attention. It stands too solidly upon human principles for that, and has a way of honouring spiritual virtues too reverently to fail of the deepest appreciation. Always aiming at the universal, Mrs. Coates gives expression to our common hopes and aspirations, our common joys and sorrows, to ideals and sentiments of lofty appeal.

The soul has need of prophet and redeemer;
Her outstretched wings against her prisoning bars,
She waits for truth; and truth is with the dreamer,—
Persistent as the myriad light of stars!

It is the refreshing sanity of the old fashioned voicing the eternal message of life.

And Mr. Neihardt in *The Quest*[11] speaks in the same accents, only with the voice of youth. He wins his sufferance through a more wilful spiritual abandon. This volume is a collection, with such omissions as the poet thought wise to make, of the books published previous to the *Song of Hugh Glass*. The poems present the "succession of attitudes toward life incident to growth out of the erotic period into manhood." The volume, then, is to be read as an organic whole; and, thus approached, the physical exuberance of "A Bundle of Myrrh" is merely a record of experience that becomes illuminate in the spiritual wonder of "The Stranger at the Gate." Apart from the substance, the form of the poems becomes more finished; formal metres create a piercing and subtle melody. The imagination, which in the earlier work swept through the material ecstasy of life, is now trained and concentrated to course through the veins of spiritual sight. The earlier sowing of erotic experience, about which my doubts were plentiful, producing this fruit of spiritual magic, amply justifies Mr. Neihardt's purposes, which must heartily be acknowledged. Truly, the poet has extraordinary powers.

Another poet who, in her latest work, has invested a melodious gift with deeper promptings is Amelia Josephine Burr. *Life and Living*[9] shows a steady gain in strength, but a strength which takes no liberties with the assertions of art. Where another poet would make a radical pretension with such a theme, as in "The Flirt," or such a story as Miss Burr tells in "Mary of Egypt," or such an immoral episode as related in "Free," she shows a superior poetic power by moulding them within the restrictions of proprietary metres. So she seeks for reality, but never once abandons those qualities which makes verse itself a delightfully singing and emotional expression. Where she formerly gave freedom to an impulsiveness which lured her perilously near to the borderland between sentiment and sentimentality, she now gives it such a heavy burden of experience its course is deflected. "The Poppies" and "Brother Angelico" show the more mysterious direction. What that direction is she gives us a hint in this stanza from "A Song of Living":

I give a share of my soul to the world where my course is run.
I know that another shall finish the task I must leave undone.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I know that no flower, no flint was in vain
on the path I trod.
As one looks on a face through a window,
through life I have looked on God.
Because I have loved life, I shall have no
sorrow to die.

The kinship of Mrs. Marks to Miss Burr is that of an elder sister whose charms have matured. *Harvest Moon*[8] is, as I have said elsewhere, the first rounded utterance of a woman's heart on the war. All the subtle craftsmanship of Mrs. Marks's art is in this book. And it is firmly and arrestingly supported by ideas and emotions which will turn man's attention to the spiritual petition of woman's life in history. These concluding lines from "Heritage" have a solemn implication:

O fool and blind, and battled for,
Whose strength is this you spill in war,
But hers?—Who laughed the stars to scorn,
When you were born.—
When you were born.

The lines "To a Dog," "Harvest Moon" and "Woman-Vigil" evoke memorable pictures, each with their darker shades to fix the attention. But Mrs. Marks leaves an aspirational tone in her final poems. There has been intense pain, a predominant anxiety over this "shadow moving at midnight," but by some miracle of faith the poet endures to exalt in the predominant triumph of Light.

Light of Light, give us to see, for their sake.
Light of Light, grant them eternal peace;
And let light perpetual shine upon them;
Light, everlasting.

The renascence of New England life and character in poetry given its impulse by Robert Frost has been ably and interestingly carried on by Charles Wharton Stork in *Sea and Bay*,[15] and Frederick E. Pierce in *Jordan Farms, an Epic in Homespun*.[16] Mr. Stork's narrative presents the influence of the sea on a man's life, painting in the romantic background of Narragansett Bay. Mr. Pierce's narrative, a "stern and rural" tale, tells the story of a profligate's influence upon the lives of a farmfolk and their homestead. Both poems are written with verbal sureness, though the flexible lightness of Mr. Stork's blank verse contrasts sharply with the drab tone and insensible directness of Mr. Pierce's tale. Mr. Wallis's *The Testament of William Windune*[10] hints somewhat of Mr. Pierce's poetic mood, but the theme gives it a far different effect. William Windune "disposeth of his worldly goods" after the manner of the Greater Testament of François Villon, and performs a rather gloomy duty. There is in the course of these bequests considerable speculation on life and nature, character, destiny and death, and in them the poet shows very positive gifts. The shorter poems in the volumes dealing with various themes show a handling of common metres which scarcely modify the stern texture of substance. This particular quality is so individual with Mr. Wallis it denotes an original promise which should make the poet's future important.

A more sprightly note is in the romantic glamour of Mr. Benét's *The Great White Wall*[32] and Mr. Cabell's *From the Hidden Way*.[29] In the first we have, in Mr. Benét's inimitable rhythmic flare, a narrative of ancient Tartary and Cathay, chronicling the deeds of Terrible Timur in his attack upon the Great Wall of China. Mr. Cabell makes seventy-five adaptations from mediæval rhymers, Moreau, Passerat, Alessandro de Medici, Nicolas de Caen, Paul Verville and others. In rendering, or rather adapting, these mediæval poets into English, Mr. Cabell has made the art his own. The sprightliness, colour and spirit of a romantic age are revived in these poems.

The parodies in Mr. Untermeyer's *—and Other Poets* afford us a treat. The gift of wit is here displayed. The power to catch the quality and style of the poets parodied has been bestowed upon Mr. Untermeyer with becoming grace, a grace that does not lack its little ironies. The imitative range of the paro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dist is exceptional; here, dressed up in Mr. Untermeyer's fun, are Masters, Frost, Vachel Lindsay, Amy Lowell, Masefield, Yeats, Noyes, Dobson, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Sir Owen Seaman and "F. P. A." A clever and original idea in light verse are the "Attempted Affinities," in which is shown the sort of poems that might be produced in collaboration by Heinrich Heine and Clinton Scollard, Andrew Lang and Oscar Wilde, Shelley and Laurence Hope, William E. Henley and François Villon, and many other famous poets. Concluding his volume with "Pierian Handsprings," Mr. Untermeyer proves his consummate lightness of touch in writing familiar verse. He tips foible and fancy with bright rhymes and nimble wit.

The appropriate conclusion to this group of conservative poets is on a note of domesticity and patriotism. T. A. Daly's *Songs of Wedlock*[19] is a tribute to the "home's heart" and all its possessions in a man's life. That tender outpouring of the father-heart "To a Thrush" is included. And as husband, too, there are many lovely tributes here praising the sanctity of home and vows. The domestic sentiment of Mr. Daly's poems has a kinship in the protective spirit of Mr. Stafford's patriotism. *The Land We Love*[30] has significant timeliness. The poems make one realise by their inspired earnestness and sober love of duty the sacred traditions of our national existence. And never once does Mr. Stafford lose his artistic balance in giving voice to his patriotic fervours. His art is as admirable as his sentiment is genuine. In this time of conflict, when America has joined in the battle for the ideals of democracy, this "Invocation" should be cherished and sung by every American:

O Thou whose equal purpose runs
In drops of rain or streams of suns,
And with a soft compulsion rolls
The green earth on her snowy poles,
O Thou who keepest in thy ken
The times of flowers, the dooms of men,
Stretch out a mighty wing above—
Be tender to the land we love!

If all the huddlers from the storm
Have found her hearthstone wide and warm;
If she has made men free and glad,
Sharing, with all, the good she had;
If she has blown the very dust
From her bright balance to be just,
Oh, spread a mighty wing above—
Be tender to the land we love!

When in the dark eternal tower
The star-clock strikes her trial hour,
And for her help no more avail
Her sea-blue shield, her mountain mail,
But sweeping wide, from Gulf to Lakes,
The battle on her forehead breaks,
Throw Thou a thunderous wing above—
Be lightning for the land we love!

Mr. Masefield is still the most popular of the English poets with American readers. His *Good Friday and Other Poems*[33] offers us two aspects of his talents, one in which he seems to have lost some of his earlier power; it is in the dramatic narrative of Pilate sentencing Christ to death; the other aspect, a new one, is the series of sonnets of fine spiritual import in which I believe Masefield to have reached his supreme expression as a poet. Mr. de la Mare, who gained much in appreciation by his recent visit to America, must vie with William H. Davies, who is by far less well known to us for pure, instinctive, magical utterance. *The Listeners and Other Poems*[34] is a collection of subtly evoked moods, the embodiment of things elemental, in which the impermanence of dreams is given the witchery of realisation. Mr. Davies's *Collected Poems*[35] has the same magical expression as Mr. de la Mare's art, but with a firmer background in experience. He has the same childish delight in life that the Elizabethans had, and he has somehow caught their infectious quality of expression. All his emotions are fresh, and he presents them unconsciously. That's his charm, and also his wisdom. In all this he has the irresponsibility of pure genius, rather like Herrick and Blake than like the more philosophic Wordsworth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's nothing in Man's mind
Can catch Time up behind;
In front of that fast Thief
There's no one—end this grief.
Tut, what is Man? How frail!
A grain, a little nail,
The wind, a change of cloth—
A fly can give him death.
Some fishes in the sea
Are born to outlive thee,
And owls, and toads, and trees—
And is Man more than these?

The naïveté of his assumption of what man is is as exquisite and wise as his proof of man's frailty. The best critical opinion admits that the poems of William H. Davies are as likely to live as those of any English poet of his day. And if the life and character of the English working class of to-day survive in literature, it is in the poems of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson that they will interest future generations. This poet portrays the life of labour much less as a social idealist than as an artist. It is human nature that interests him first of all, and the background of labour but serves to emphasise the quality of character and temperament forced into action and expression. The dramatic reveries of *Livelihood*[37] differ only from Mr. Gibson's previous volumes in the suspense and intensification of incident. The incident is nearly always a pathetic or tragic one, in which an almost stark realism of theme is clothed in alluring verse. The third section of *Battle and Other Poems*[36] deals with the same materials, and in the same vivid manner, as "Daily Bread." In the second section he is miscellaneous. But in the first is a series of short etchings poignantly presenting the life, thoughts and emotions of soldiers in the trenches. These are memorable, and will hang as a pendant to Mr. Gibson's fame. The collection of Mr. Colum's poems in *Wild Earth and Other Poems*[38] defines for the first time to American readers the quality of the poet's art. It is an art that deals, as Mr. Gibson's does, with humble folk, but they are the peasants of Ireland having a natural poetry in their natures, and instead of effecting realistic truths there are incantations of dreams and visions. The chief merit of Mr. Colum above other Irish poets is that he puts into these a tone of sombreness which can only arise from conscience. He interfuses the spirit of his race with the symbolism of earth, which gives to his lyrics and ballads a touch of mystery. With Mr. Ledwidge, who has lived close to the earth as a farm labourer, the atmosphere of earth incorporated in nature, rather than the obscure, mysterious body of the earth itself, charms. His verse in *Songs of the Fields*[40] mirrors the beauty of what he sees in nature rather than attempts to record any meaning of her eternal mystery. His attitude toward flowers, fields, birds, skies, the seasons, day and night is wholly emotional, but it is of an ecstasy which draws from nature the very secrets of her joys and gives to his art the perfection of image and light melody. In Mr. Salmon's *Songs of Wind and Wave*,[39] the most important of his interests is with nature, though the note is not so spontaneous as Mr. Ledwidge's, and his mood conventional. It is rather determined craftsmanship than impulsive response which gives merit to his work.

To the re-issue of Hilaire Belloc's earlier poems Mr. Kilmer has written an enthusiastic introduction. Belloc, he tells us, "is not the man to spend much time in analysing his own emotions; he is not, thank God, a poetical psychologist. Love songs, drinking songs, battle songs—it is with these primitive and democratic things that he is chiefly concerned." Gallic clarity—Mr. Belloc, as is well known, is part English and French—is the great charm of these *Verses*,[41] the clarity of a musical brook. But it is a calculating art in which the emotion is too detached from the theme to strike beyond the mental defences of the reader. Only for the sake of contrasting methods, compare the substance of Tagore's poems. Here at once the appeal is to the emotions and by the emotions to the spirit. The poet is thor-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oughly within his mood, which lifts his entire nature to the plane of his utterance. About Tagore's fidelity to Indian philosophy, which a prominent American critic attacked lately, we should care little if he brings to us a mystical sense of divine promptings. This he does in *Fruit-Gatherings,*[42] which, as a rendering of account of the soul's stewardship of life, is a sequel to the probationary devotion sung in "Gitanjali."

What was a tributary from the main stream of American poetry a few years ago has grown into a broad, deep stream itself. From this latter stream tributaries are flowing; the American poetic landscape is watered with many currents. The free verse of Mr. Masters falling into a lyrical mood when he wills it and without the trammels of metre and rhyme; the Imagism of Miss Lowell in the cadence of a unit-rhythm disdaining rhyme and accent at one time and at another dressed in all the vigorous and romantic apparels of metre and rhyme; the polyrhythmic cadence of James Oppenheim formulating the loose organism of Walt Whitman's lines; the wilful defiance of Carl Sandburg's boisterous and explosive expressions, which neither deceive nor conceal from us his constitutional tenderness nor sensitive impulsiveness to beauty; John Gould Fletcher's novel detachment through colour and image from any subjective obligation to life, and his very personal responsibilities to the influence of an old house; Conrad Aiken's juggling with every tempo in the poetic scale till a confusion of principles to confound the virtues of the vaudeville stage[59] and expose the luridness of Freudian science;[60] and the trinitarian Spectrics, Anne Knish[61] and Emanuel Morgan,[61] who, with regular metre and correct rhymes, performs poetic miracles—these are some of the daring innovators in American poetry to-day, who are in their way giving to the art a quality of genius. You may like little or much of this work, that is as your taste or your judgment pleases; a lot of it is bad, very bad, but a good deal is good, and in essence poetry.

Of Mr. Masters's two volumes, *Songs and Satires*[43] and *The Great Valley,*[44] the former has a larger quantity of better poetry, the latter a finer body of ideas often more strikingly than emotionally clothed. But in both volumes he proves himself characteristically the most American poet of to-day. In *Men, Women and Ghosts*[45] Amy Lowell has written a volume of stories in verse in a variety of forms in which the gamut of experience is disengaged from centuries of action, the backgrounds international, and in a method as unrelated as the transcriptions of the pictorial and sensuous effects of natural objects. Rhyme and metre, in many combinations, *vers libre* in many patterns, polyphonic prose, are all practised with vigorous and artistic results. There is intellectual passion and emotional subtlety in these poems, to appreciate which one must study the verbal ornaments which gives them expression.

The Imagistic method is represented with considerable force by H. D. in *Sea Garden: Imagist Poems,*[46] a volume of glacial magic from which tone and colour and the warmth of intensity radiate with beauty; by Richard Aldington, in *Images—Old and New,*[47] with more fragility of temperament, in which Greek clarity curiously blends with the ugly truths of modern realism; by Mr. Fletcher, in *Goblins and Pagodas,*[48] who transforms abstract ideals into articulate colours and embodies memories into pensive shapes with considerable skill. Mr. Fletcher's ability is undoubted, but his poems lack a certain contagious element which prevent his sharing popular honours with the leaders of Imagism. Mr. Lawrence's *Amores*[55] has Imagist tendencies, but an over-impulse of passion diverts it into the channels of psychology. He is a complete artist in that he gives to the sensual the beauty of a poison flower. His poems have the mystery of fascination and the fascination of mystery. Mary Aldis's *Flashlights*[51] is a collection of modern sketches in verse and tales in metre of the most striking kind. Page for page, it has more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the pity of life in it, with all its truth and without the bitter irony, than any book since Mr. Masters's *Spoon River Anthology*. She feels for humanity as other poets feel for beauty. Mr. Evans, in his two volumes, *Two Deaths in the Bronx*[52] and *Nine Poems from a Valetudinarian*[53] works out of futurism to spiritual atonement. The first volume has a biting flavour in the substance, the second is a confession of "lost illusions," but an assumption of spiritual realities. Mr. Oppenheim, in *War and Laughter*[49] has the same spiritual and emotional progenitors as Mr. Sandburg in *Chicago Poems*,[57] and with a similar radicalism of form they are far apart in both intellectual and visionary results. Both poets are tremendous forces, but one is the thrust of the rapier, while the other is the blow of the bludgeon. Mr. Sandburg is a personality in which the aims of art, once he became conscious of them, would make him a great poet; at present he is only potentially a poet, and yet this potentiality envisages life at times with such appealing subtlety and charm and conviction that one is almost ready to forgive him for his offences. Mr. Oppenheim in *War and Laughter* intensifies rather than broadens the ideals which made his *Songs for the New Age* so notable an event in American poetry.

The posthumous collection of Adelaide Crapsey's *Verse*[56] shows us a poet who had an economy of speech with a prodigality of spirit; there is the touch of genius in these poems. In Mr. Sanborn's *Horizons*[58] and Helen Mackay's *London, One November*[50] there is good work in the free forms, though Mr. Sanborn has not wholly abandoned regular metres. Mr. Arensberg's *Idols*[54] is a volume of polished craftsmanship, and he gives distinction to words whether built into the framework of a sonnet or compressed into an epigrammatic quatrain. His emotion is nearly always intellectual.

Three volumes worthy of extended treatment are Ruth Comfort Mitchell's *The Night Court and Other Verse*,[62] *The Cycle's Rim*,[63] a sonnet sequence by Olive Tilford Dargan and *The Star Fields and Other Verse*,[64] by Willoughby Weaving, the latter an English poet with a fine gift of imagination and a subtle command of simple metres.

*1—The Man Against the Sky. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

2—Mountain Interval. By Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

3—The Story of Eleusis: A Lyrical Drama. By Louis V. Ledoux. New York: The Macmillan Company.

4—The Great Maze and The Heart of Youth. A Poem and a Play. By Hermann Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Company.

5—A Wayside Lute. By Lizette Woodworth Reese. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher.

6—A Quiet Road. By Lizette Woodworth Reese. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher.

7—Poems. By Florence Earle Coates. Collected Edition. Two Volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

8—Harvest Moon. By Josephine Preston Peabody. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

9—Life and Living: A Book of Verse. By Amelia Josephine Burr. New York: George H. Doran Company.

10—The Testament of William Windune and Other Poems. By J. H. Wallis. New Haven: Yale University Press.

11—The Quest. By John G. Neihardt. New York: The Macmillan Company.

12—A Lark Went Singing and Other Poems. By Ruth Guthrie Harding. With an Introduction by Richard Burton. Minneapolis: Edmund D. Brooks.

13—The Book of Winifred Maynard. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

14—April Airs: A Book of New England Lyrics. By Bliss Carman. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

15—Sea and Bay: A Poem of New England. By Charles Wharton Stork. New York: John Lane Company.

16—Jordan Farms: An Epic in Homespun. By Frederick E. Pierce. New Haven: Yale University Press.

17—At the Edge of the World. By Caroline Stern. Boston: The Gorham Press.

18—Profiles. By Arthur Ketchum. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

19—Songs of Wedlock. By T. A. Daly. Philadelphia: David McKay.

20—Smoky Roses. By Lyman Bryson.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

21—"—— and Other Poets." By Louis Untermeyer. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

22—Poems. By Chester Firkins. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

23—Life at the Lees. By X107. Boston: Hall's Book Shop.

24—Ballads Patriotic and Romantic. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Laurence J. Gomme.

25—Yosemite: An Ode. By George Sterling. With a Cover in Colour after the Painting by H. J. Breuer and Illustrations after Photographs by W. E. Dassonville. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

26—Ode on the Opening of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, February, 1915. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

27—The Evanescent City. By George Sterling. With Nine Illustrations after Photographs by Francis Bruguière and a Cover in Colour after the Painting by Will Sparks. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

28—A Hidden Well: Lyrics and Sonnets. By Louis How. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

29—From the Hidden Way: Being Seventy-five Adaptations in Verse. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.

30—The Land We Love: Poems Chiefly Patriotic. By Wendell Phillips Stafford. St. Johnsbury, Vermont: Arthur F. Stone.

31—Roads. By Grace Fallow Norton. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

32—The Great White Wall: A Poem. By William Rose Benét. Illustrated by Douglas Duer. New Haven: Yale University Press.

33—Good Friday and Other Poems. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

34—The Listeners and Other Poems. By Walter De La Mare. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

35—The Collected Poems of William H. Davies. With a portrait by Will Rothenstein. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

36—Battle and Other Poems. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

37—Livelihood: Dramatic Reveries. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

38—Wild Earth and Other Poems. By Padraic Colum. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

39—Songs of Wind and Wave: A Collection of Verse. By Arthur L. Salmon. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons.

40—Songs of the Fields. By Francis Ledwidge. With an Introduction by Lord Dunsany. New York: Duffield and Company.

41—Verses by Hilaire Belloc. With an Introduction by Joyce Kilmer. New York: Laurence J. Gomme.

42—Fruit-Gatherings. By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

43—Songs and Satires. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company.

44 The Great Valley. By Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Company.

45—Men, Women and Ghosts. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

46—Sea Garden. By H. D. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

47—Images Old and New. By Richard Aldington. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

48—Goblins and Pagodas. By John Gould Fletcher. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

49—War and Laughter. By James Oppenheim. New York: The Century Company.

50—London, One November. By Helen Mackay. New York: Duffield and Company.

51—Flashlights. By Mary Aldis. New York: Duffield and Company.

52—Two Deaths in the Bronx. By Donald Evans. Philadelphia: Nicholas L. Brown.

53—Nine Poems from a Valetudinarian. By Donald Evans. Philadelphia: Nicholas L. Brown.

54—Idols. By Walter Conrad Arensberg. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

55—Amores. By D. H. Lawrence, New York: B. W. Huebsch.

56—Verse. By Adelaide Crapsey. Rochester, New York: The Manas Press.

57—Chicago Poems. By Carl Sandburg. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

58—Horizons. By Robert Alden Sanborn. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

59—Turns and Movies and Other Tales in Verse. By Conrad Aiken. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

60—The Jig of Forslin: A Symphony By Conrad Aiken. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

61—Spectra: A Book of Poetic Experiments. By Anne Knish and Emanuel Morgan. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

62—The Night Court and Other Verse. By Ruth Comfort Mitchell. New York: The Century Company.

63—The Cycle's Rim. By Olive Tilford Dargan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

64—The Star Fields and Other Verse. By Willoughby Weaving. With an Introduction by Robert Bridges. Oxford, Eng.: B. H. Blackwell.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Art

The Study and Enjoyment of Pictures. By Gertrude Richardson Brigham, A.M., Ph.D. New York: Sully & Kleinteich. Illustrated. $1.25.
A compendium of pictures of both American and European cities, giving equal value to the study of modern and older schools.

Domestic Science

Domestic Architecture. By L. Eugene Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.50.
Of practical value to those planning or remodelling houses; the history of domestic architecture, and the development of the typical styles found in the United States, with plans.

The Candy Cook Store. By Alice Bradley. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.00.
Three hundred recipes for every kind of candy that can be made in a home kitchen without special machinery.

Better Meals for Less Money. By Mary Green. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.25.
Sensible suggestions: food facts and seven hundred reliable recipes.

Mrs. Norton's Cook Book: A Guide for Selecting, Cooking and Serving for the Home Table. By Jeannette Young Norton.
The result of twenty years of cooking experience and fifteen years of writing on household topics.

Interior Decoration for the Small Home. By Amy L. Rolfe, M.A. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.25.
The rules of art applied to the problems of decorating and furnishing homes of moderate means.

The Joyous Art of Gardening. By Frances Duncan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.
A compendium of information suitable to the beginner.

1000 Things Mothers Should Know. With Reference to Tiny Babies and Growing Children, Their Clothes, Their Care, Their Training, Their Food, Their Entertainment. By Mae Savell Croy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Bodily needs, character-building influences, health rules, medical care, hygiene and sick-room suggestions.

The Diary of an Expectant Mother. Anonymous. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. $1.25.
Thirty-eight chapters of intimate experience.

Drama

Yzdra. By Louis V. Ledoux. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.
A revised edition of the tragedy in three acts.

The Plays of Emile Verhaeren. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.
"The Dawn," "The Cloister," "Philip II," "Helen of Sparta."

Five Plays. By George Fitzmaurice. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.25.
Fantasies by the Irish folk-dramatist.

Plays of Augustus Thomas. French's Standard Library Edition. New York: Samuel French. 50 cents each.
Eight typical plays bound in separate volumes, each with preface by the author: "The Witching Hour," "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," "In Mizzoura," "Oliver Goldsmith," "The Harvest Moon," "The Other Girl," "The Earl of Pawtucket" and "The Capitol."

The New Convert. By Sergei Stepniak. Translated by Thomas B. Eyges, with an introduction by Prince Peter Kropotkin. Boston: The Stratford Company.
A play of the Russian revolution in four acts by a hero of the Russian revolution who depicts a real Nihilist.

Wilderness Rose. American Dramatists' Series. By Eve Owen Cochran. Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.00.
A pageant-play of early Colonial life in New England, with love and jealousy, Indians and witchcraft.

Sinbad the Sailor: His Adventures with Beauty and the Peacock Lady in the Castle of the Forty Thieves. By Percy Mackaye. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.
A lyric phantasy in three acts.

Economics

Women and Work. By Helen Marie Bennett, manager of the Chicago Collegiate Bureau of Occupations. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $2.00.
The economic value of college training: a plea for the consideration of the psychology of the girl to her occupation.

The Railroad Problem. By Edward Hungerford. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some chapters are: "The Sick Man of American Business," "The Labour Plight of the Railroad," "The Opportunity of the Railroad."

The Immigrant and the Community. By Grace Abbot. New York: The Century Company. $1.50.
Some of the chapters are: "The Journey of the Immigrant," "The First Job," "The Immigrant in a Social Programme."

The Offender and His Relation to Law and Society. By Burdette G. Lewis, Commissioner of Correction, New York. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.00.
A book on prison reform for the layman.

An Inductive Study of Standards of Right. Present Day Problem Series. By Matthew Hale Wilson. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
A practical consideration of the ethical standards demanded by the different occupations.

Fiction

Mr. Cushing and Mlle. Du Chastel. By Frances Rumsey. New York: John Lane Company. $1.40.
A Franco-American romance made up of the conflict of egoisms between two people, and the bearing of other characters on their lives.

The Magpie's Nest. By Isabel Paterson. New York: John Lane Company. $1.40.
A story of the great Canadian Northwest, in which the heroine tries to live by the heart instead of by the head.

The Triflers. By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.40.
A story of how a young American heiress solves the problem of too many suitors.

Up the Hill and Over. By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35.
A novel of American village life in which a famous young physician faces the question: "Shall man be true to an old love, changed by years and the corroding touch of vice?"

An Alabaster Box. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman and Florence Morse Kingsley. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.
A New England village story of a young woman's atonement for a father's crime.

Pippin. By Laura E. Richards. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Frontispiece. $1.40.
A romance of a child of the slums who develops an interesting philosophy which leads him into experiences amply compensating for the trials of his earlier years.

Gold Must Be Tried by Fire. By Richard Aumerle Maher. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece. $1.50.
The story of a girl who revolts at the "eternal grind" of the mill, and achieves through tragedy the fulfilment of her dreams.

The Straight Road. Anonymous. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.50.
A divorcée's confessions of her fight with the world of men.

Grapes of Thorns. By Mary T. Waggaman. New York: Benziger Brothers. Frontispiece.
A story of a terrible wrong, the mystery of which is solved in the last chapter.

Sea Plunder. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: John Lane Company. $1.30.
The story of a freebooting expedition, with both English and German cruisers in search of the sea robber.

Slippy McGee. By Marie Conway Oemler. New York: The Century Company. $1.35.
The story of a burglar, a priest, some butterflies, two villains, and a girl.

Jerry. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece. $1.50.
The story of the adventurous life of an Irish terrier.

The Problem of Cell 13. By Jacques Futrelle. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.35.
A psychological detective story about a man who thought his way out of the death cell in a famous prison.

I, Mary MacLane. A Diary of Human Days. By Mary MacLane. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. With portrait. $1.40.
A frank human document purporting to reveal the author's most intimate life.

Mistress Anne. By Temple Bailey. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.
A love story of a Maryland girl, an aristocrat by birth, who teaches school—believing that work is worthy service—until two men complicate the situation.

The End of the Flight. By Burton Kline. New York: John Lane Company. $1.50.
The story of the struggle for success of a Harvard Law School graduate in a small town.

Antony Gray—Gardener. By Leslie Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
The story—laid in South Africa and on an English estate—of what a recluse did

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when granted by his doctor a scant twelve-months of life.

The Shadow of the North. By Joseph A. Altsheler. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.35.
A French and Indian War story, in which figure famous historical characters and social representatives of old New York.

To the Last Penny. By Edwin Lefevre. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. $1.35.
A story of the new ideals of business and of a man who made them work.

The Wanderer on a Thousand Hills. By Edith Wherry. New York: John Lane Company. $1.40.
A story laid in China and dealing with the experiences of an English boy and his Chinese foster-mother.

Twenty-eight Years of Interesting Experience. By Hans C. Shellrud. Boston: The Gorham Press. $1.35.
Some three dozen sketches of western life, giving the author's experience with hypocrites in his striving for a livelihood.

The Light in the Clearing. By Irving Bacheller. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.50.
This novel revolves around the fortunes of a lad who becomes the principal witness to a crime and to a great event.

The Eyes of the Woods. The Young Trailers Series. By Joseph A. Altsheler. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.35.
A wilderness story of five young men who protect the country from the Indians and renegades.

The Good Girl. By Vincent O'Sullivan. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $1.50.
An American edition of a novel by an author who has recently returned to his own country after twenty years' residence in Europe.

The Darrow Enigma. By Melvin L. Severy. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.35.
A new edition of a detective story of mystery and baffling clues.

Good Morning, Rosamond! By Constance Skinner. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.35.
A romance of a little English village, by the playwright and poet.

Cinderella Jane. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. Doubleday, Page & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.
A romantic comedy of a girl who took two publishing houses by storm and then turned her attention to the public.

The Man Thou Gavest Me. By Harriet T. Comstock. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.
A romance of a girl of the hills and a "foreigner" from New York, and a woman who summons him back to civilisation.

Second Youth. By Allan Updegraff. New York. Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. $1.35.
A delayed harvest—a bountiful crop of romance and a small sheaf of wild oats—in the life of a New York bachelor.

Anchorage. By Florence Olmstead. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.
A small-town story of a talented invalid and of the conflict in love between the woman devoted to him and a fascinating girl from the outside.

The Definite Object. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. $1.50.
The romance of a Quixotic young American millionaire, laid chiefly in that part of New York known as Hell's Kitchen.

The Humming Bird. By Owen Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.
A baseball story of a "prep" school.

One Year of Pierrot. Anonymous. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.50.
A story of motherhood.

A Dominie Dismissed. By A. S. Neill. New York: Robert McBride & Company. $1.25.
The experiences of a Scottish schoolmaster.

The Rubbish Heap. By "Rita" (Mrs. Desmond Humphreys). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.40.
A story of two old maiden sisters whose early Victorian prejudices are upset by their French nephew and his ideas of art.

All-of-a-Sudden Carmen. By Gustav Kobbé. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. $1.35.
The story of an opera-house waif who achieves the laurel wreath.

The Gun Brand. By James B. Hendryx. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. $1.50.
A feud of the North, in which a girl is fought for by two men, the incentives being money and love.

The Brown Study. By Grace S. Richmond. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.25.
A love story of a young preacher's sacrifice and its reward.

The Madness of May. By Meredith Nicholson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.
A phantasy about a man who was going

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to commit suicide and didn't because of springtime intoxication.

The Life of Lazrillo de Tormes and His Fortunes and Adversities. Done out of the Castilian from R. Foulché-Delbosc's Restitution of the Edito Princeps. By Louis How. With an introduction and notes by Charles Philip Wagner. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.
A translation of the Spanish novel.

Outposts of the Fleet. By Edward Noble. Boston and New York. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Nine stories of the merchant service in war and peace—sketches previously published in English papers.

When the Sun Stood Still. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.35.
A story of the time of Joshua, with love element.

Cecelia of the Pink Roses. By Katharine Haviland Taylor. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.25.
A love story of a little girl of the tenements who is sent away to learn to be a lady.

General Literature

The Middle Years. By Katherine Tynan. Boston and New York. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.
Intimate pictures of English social, literary and political life and of well-known persons, such as Mr. Balfour, Madame Blavatsky, William Dean Howells.

My Reminiscences. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece from portrait in colors by Sasi Kumar Hesh. $1.50.
Stages in the author's mental and spiritual development more than that of external circumstances.

African Adventures. By Jean Kenyon Mackenzie. West Medford, Mass.: Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions. Illustrated. 30 and 50 cents.
Six sketches, the product of sympathetic personal experience.

Matthew Arnold: How to Know Him. By Stuart P. Sherman. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50.
Arnold as poet and critic of books, of men, of education, of religion.

Misinforming a Nation. By Willard Huntington Wright. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.25.
A criticism of the Encyclopædia Britannica in relation to its effect on the development of American culture: the defects in its attitude toward the Novel, Drama, Poetry, British Painting, and many other subjects.

Education and Living. By Randolph Bourne. New York: The Century Company. $1.25.
A series of constructive studies in which the "self-conscious" tendencies of the modern schools are discussed in every phase.

Twenty Minutes of Reality. By Margaret Prescott Montague. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.
An experience with some illuminating letters concerning it.

History

History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century. By Heinrich von Treitschke. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Introduction by William H. Dawson. 2 vols. New York: McBride, Nast & Company. $3.25.
Written during the author's early days at Leipsic and Freiburg.

A Short History of Ireland. By Constantia Maxwell. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.
The Home Rule Problem is among those set forth by the author, who is lecturer in history at University College, Dublin.

Parliamentary Reminiscences and Reflections, 1868-1885. By the Right Hon. Lord George Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $4.00.
The inner history of the past half-century as related by the author, whose Parliamentary career began in the days of Disraeli and continued without a break until 1906.

Brazil Today and Tomorrow. By L. E. Elliot. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.25.
Written by one who has spent many years in South America, and whose knowledge is based on personal studies of conditions and tendencies there.

Kentucky's Famous Feuds and Tragedies. By Charles G. Mutzenberg. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company. $1.25.
An authentic history of the feudal wars of this State.

An Old Frontier of France: The Niagara Region and Adjacent Lakes under French Control. By Frank H. Severance. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 2 vols. Illustrated. $7.50.
A contribution to the history of French exploration and settlement in America, in which the author supplements rather than duplicates existing works of wider scope.

Juvenile

Miss Li'l' Tweetty. By Louise Clarke Pyrnelle. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $1.20.
The story of a little girl who lived on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an Alabama plantation before the Civil War.

Sunday Story Hour. For Mothers and Teachers. By Laura Ella Cragin. New York: George H. Doran. Illustrated. $1.25.
Forty stories intended to interest, entertain and instruct the child—by a leader of children's classes.

White Otter. By Elmer Russell Gregor. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Frontispiece. $1.35.
A boy's story, telling the adventures of an Indian boy who is trying to win the eagle feathers of a war chief.

Rosechen and the Wicked Magpie. By Evaleen Stein. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Frontispiece in colours and decorations. $1.00.
A story of a little girl of Tyrol and a magpie—based on historic tradition.

Blue Robin, the Girl Pioneer. By Rena I. Halsey. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.35.
A story of the enjoyable times of a girl of sixteen who is a member of the Girl Pioneers of America.

Shooting for Boys. By A. Frederick Collins. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Frontispiece and illustrations. $1.50.
What guns fit the boy, how they originated and how they are made, how to attain good marksmanship, how to have a target range and shooting club, are among the subjects discussed.

Happy: The Life of a Bee. By Walter Flavius McCaleb. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. 75 cents.
The story of a bee, for youngsters.

When I Was a Boy in Roumania. Children of Other Lands Books. By James S. Van Teslaar. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. 75 cents.
Tells our boys and girls how they would live, dress, study and play if they had been born in some foreign country.

The Fairy Housekeepers. By Norman Bright Carson. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated and decorated. $1.00.
Nature stories in narrative form for children from six to ten.

Story Plays for Little Children. With Music, Finger Plays and Rhythms. By Mary Leora Hall and Sarah Elizabeth Palmer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. With frontispiece in pen-and-ink. $1.25.
Songs, plays and tone-calls for the home and kindergarten.

The Polar-Hunters. Museum Books. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Thirty-four illustrations from photographs furnished mainly by the American Museum of Natural History. $1.35.
A picture of Eskimo life.

The Way of the Gate. King's Highway Series. By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey, in collaboration with E. Hershey Sneath, Ph.D., LL.D., Yale University; George Hodges, D.D., LL.D., Cambridge, and Henry Hallan Tweedy, M.A., Yale University. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. 65 cents.
The story method of presenting moral and religious training for the home and private school: forty-four stories.

Miscellaneous

How to Run an Automobile. By Victor W. Pagé, M.E. New York: The Norman W. Henley Publishing Company. Seventy-two illustrations. $1.00.
Concise instructions and distinctive features of control.

How to Develop Your Personality. By Clare-Tree-Major. Foreword by Sir Herbert Tree. Preface by Francis Trevelyan Miller, Litt.D., LL.D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Portrait. $1.00.
Twelve chapters with suggested exercises.

Helps for Student-Writers. By Willard E. Hawkins. Denver, Colo.: The Student-Writer Press. $1.00.
Twenty chapters of practical discussion of technique for beginners.

Poetry

The Love Poems of Emile Verhaeren. London: Chiswick Press: Charles Whittingham & Company. $1.25.
In three parts: "The Shining Hours," "The Hours of Afternoon" and "The Hours of Evening."

Idylls of the Dane. By Irene Elder Morton. Boston: The Gorman Press. $1.00.
Poems which have for their theme the wandering of a Danish princess in search of peace.

A Lonely Flute. By Odell Shepard. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.
A collection of seventy-one poems.

Songs from the Plains. By Edna Worthley Underwood. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00.
Lyrics, sketches made in New Orleans and Kansas City, portraits, sonnets and translations.

These Times. By Louis Untermeyer. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.25.
Lyrical poetry of modern life: some eighty poems, many of which are reprinted from magazines.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poems and Parodies. By Thomas Kettle. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Portrait. $1.00.
The collected poems of a professor, soldier and Irish leader who died at the front in France.

Asphalt and Other Poems. By Orrick Johns. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25.
Fifty-one poems of varying character, many of which have appeared in magazines.

The Yosemite and Other Verse. By Caroline Hazard. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.
Some hundred poems, in three parts: California Verse, Miscellaneous, Studies in Blank Verse.

The Dance of Youth and Other Poems. By Julia Cooley. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.25.

War Flames. By John Curtis Underwood. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35.
Selections of war poetry, grouped by nations.
A collection of eighty-four poems, some of which are reprinted from magazines.

The Song of the Sirens. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
An adaptation of the story of Ulysses, in two parts.

A Feast of Lanterns. The Wisdom of the East Series. Edited by L. Cranmer-Byng, S. A. Kapadia. With an introduction by L. Cranmer-Byng. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 80 cents.
Chinese poetry, reflecting Oriental ideals and philosophy.

War's Echo. By Ronald Gurner. London: T. Fisher Unwin. One shilling.
Twenty-eight poems recording impressions gained during experiences in and between the lines.

Some Imagist Poets, 1917. An Annual Anthology. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.
Poems by six authors—many reprints from magazines.

Philosophy and Psychology

A Simple Study in Theosophy. By Michael J. Whitty. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25.
A non-technical study of the principal teachings of Theosophy.

Zone Therapy, or Relieving Pain at Home. William H. Fitzgerald, M.D.; Edwin F. Bowers, M.D. Columbus, O.: I. W. Long.
Some of the eighteen chapters of the book have appeared in magazines.

The Philosophy of Conduct. Human Personality Series. By S. A. Martin. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
A brief introduction to the study of ethics, intended for use in college classes.

An Introduction to Social Psychology. By Charles A. Ellwood. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $2.75.
A study of the social life on its psychological side.

Religion

The Faith and the Fellowship. By Oscar L. Joseph, B.D. With an introduction by Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D.D. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25.
Discussions of the message of Christianity and the mission of the Church.

Agamenticus: The Purple Hill. By Ethel Morse and Leon Morse. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00.
Four parables for the story hour at the Camp Fire.

The Last Weapon. By Theodore Wilson. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. 25 cents.
A vision of the mission of the Church in the present world crisis.

The Relief of Pain by Mental Suggestion. By Loring W. Batten. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.25.
A study of the moral and religious forces in healing.

The Social Teachings of the Prophets and Jesus. By Charles Foster Kent. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Christianity as it relates to the layman's problems, such as poverty, the living wage, the programme of Socialism, the divorce question, and others.

Faith in Christ. By John J. Moment. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.
The personal conviction of a modern theologian, neither academic nor controversial.

Hand Book of the New Thought. By Horatio W. Dresser. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.
Teachings, estimates and definitions, and practical suggestions.

Truths that Save. By Frank H. Decker. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.00.
Chapel talks of a minister.

Sociology

The Master Problem. By James Marchant, director of the National Council of Public Morals (England). New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $2.00.
A survey of what is being done in all nations to combat the social evil and to stop the white slave traffic.

Science

The Ornamental Trees of Hawaii. By Joseph F. Rock, botanist of the College of Hawaii. Published under patronage,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Honolulu, Hawaii. With seventy-nine photo-engravings and one colour plate. A non-technical volume treating the ornamental shrubs and trees of Hawaii.

War

Russia's Message: The People Against the Czar. By William English Walling. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Illustrated. $1.50.

By an author who has a first-hand knowledge of the national character and conditions.

Comrades in Arms. By Captain Philippe Millet. With an introduction by J. St. Loe Strachey. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00.

Sketches of the English soldier by a Frenchman—his brother-in-arms.

The Call of the Republic. By Jennings C. Wise. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.00.

A national army and universal military service as the only safe solution of unpreparedness.

Janus and Vesta. By Benchara Branford. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A study of the world crisis in relation to the ethical and philosophical history of mankind, and a suggestion of the future hope of the world.

Letters from a French Hospital. Anonymous. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00.

Accounts of an English girl's experiences as a volunteer war nurse in a French hospital.

Rifles and Shotguns. By Warren H. Miller. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

A Spanish war veteran's practical, semi-technical information on sporting, the military rifle, military shooting positions, and the curriculum of the National Rifle Association.

Italy and the War. By Jacques Bainville. Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00.

The first authoritative analysis of Italy's position in the Great War: the interpretation of the spirit of the new Italy.

Women of Belgium. Turning Tragedy to Triumph. By Charlotte Kellog. With an introduction by Herbert C. Hoover. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

Fundamentals of Naval Service. By Commander Yates Stirling, U. S. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.00.

In five parts: an exhaustive commentary and reference book on the subject.

The only American woman member of the Commission for Relief in Belgium tells the story of the work.

Grapes of Wrath. By Boyd Cable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.35.

Twenty-four hours in the life of a private soldier.

At Plattsburg. By Allen French. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35.

The life of the "Plattsburg Rookie" in training through drills, range-shooting, hikes, and sham battles.

A German Deserter's War Experience. Translated by J. Koettegen. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.00.

An anti-militarist tells a tale of fifteen months' fighting.

The Battle of Verdun. By Henry Dugard. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A description of the battle from the standpoint of a military critic, as well as with the spirit of the painter and the poet.

In the Claws of the German Eagle. By Albert Rhys Williams. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

The author's share with fellow-prisoners in the torments of trial as a spy by the German Military Court in Brussels.

Mobilising America. By Arthur Bullard. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

A small volume of practical suggestions based on the experience of other democracies.

Campaign Diary of a French Officer. By Second Lieutenant René Nicolas. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

A translation verbatim from the journal of an educated and accomplished man thrown suddenly into a position where the elemental qualities of manhood alone are recognised.

The Altar of Freedom. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents.

An appeal to the mothers of America.

The Complaint of Peace. Translated from the Querela Pacis (A.D. 1521) of Erasmus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. 50 cents.

1802 reprint of the translation made by T. Paynell, but published anonymously.

The Nature of Peace. By Thorstein Veblen. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Seven chapters: an enquiry into the nature of peace and the terms of its perpetuation.

Imperial Germany. By Prince Bernhard von Bülow, formerly Chancellor of the German Empire. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Portrait. $2.00.

Why Germany became a great naval power, its colonial expansion, its interior problems, are some of the problems discussed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of April and the first of May:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City	The Light in the Clearing	Lewis Seymour
New York City	The Lifted Veil	The Adventures of Jimmie Dale
Albany, N. Y	The Road to Understanding	The Lifted Veil
Atlanta, Ga	Possession	The Road to Understanding
Boston, Mass	The Lifted Veil	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Boston, Mass	The Road to Understanding	Louisburg Square
Boston, Mass	Louisburg Square	The Lifted Veil
Baltimore, Md	The Chosen People	The Light in the Clearing
Buffalo, N. Y	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Chicago, Ill	The Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Chicago, Ill	The Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Cincinnati, Ohio	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding
Cleveland, Ohio	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing
Dallas, Texas	The Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Denver, Colo	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding
Des Moines, Ia	The Road to Understanding	In the Wilderness
Detroit, Mich	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Thoroughbred
Detroit, Mich	The Lifted Veil	Undertow
Houston, Tex	The Road to Understanding	The Tiger's Coat
Indianapolis, Ind	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Madness of May
Jacksonville, Fla	In the Wilderness	The Road to Understanding
Los Angeles, Cal	The Road to Understanding	Piccadilly Jim
Louisville, Ky	The Lifted Veil	The Road to Understanding
Milwaukee, Wis	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Piccadilly Jim
New Haven, Conn	Cinderella Jane	The Girls at His Billet
New Orleans, La	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Lifted Veil
Norfolk, Va	The Road to Understanding	In the Wilderness
Philadelphia, Pa	The Light in the Clearing	The Road to Understanding
Philadelphia, Pa	The Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Pittsburgh, Pa	The Sailor	The Road to Understanding
Portland, Me	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Portland, Ore	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Providence, R. I	The Adventures of Jimmie Dale	Changing Winds
Rochester, N. Y	The Adventures of Jimmie Dale	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Richmond, Va	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding
San Antonio, Tex	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing
St. Paul, Minn	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The First Hundred Thousand
San Francisco, Cal	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
San Francisco, Cal	Mendel	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Seattle, Wash	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
St. Louis, Mo	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing
St. Louis, Mo	In the Wilderness	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Tacoma, Wash	The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Toledo, Ohio	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Toronto, Can	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding
Utica, N. Y	Greenmantle	The Light in the Clearing
Washington, D. C	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Worcester, Mass	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Greenmantle	Changing Winds	Autumn	The Tiger's Coat
Wilt Thou, Torchy	Road to Understanding	Pip	The Mannequin
Cinderella Jane	Jerry of the Islands	To the Last Penny	In the Wilderness
The Middle Pasture	The Lifted Veil	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Mistress Anne	In the Wilderness	Changing Winds	Pip
Light in the Clearing	Mistress Anne	The Brown Study	Pip
Piccadilly Jim	Lilla	In the Wilderness	Road to Understanding
Those Fitzenbergers	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Son of Tarzan	The Road to Understanding
Light in the Clearing	Mary 'Gusta	Road to Understanding	Oh, Mary, Be Careful!
Wildfire	Light in the Clearing	In the Wilderness	Jerry of the Islands
Wildfire	Limpy	When a Man's a Man	Piccadilly Jim
Oh, Mary, Be Careful!	Wildfire	The Lifted Veil	Piccadilly Jim
Those Fitzenbergers	Road to Understanding	The Son of His Father	The Son of Tarzan
Lydia of the Pines	Mary 'Gusta	In the Wilderness	Green Mansions
The Son of Tarzan	Wildfire	The Lifted Veil	In the Wilderness
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing	Little Billy Bowlegs	The Lifted Veil
The Road to Understanding	The Light in the Clearing	The Son of Tarzan	The Adventures of Jimmie Dale
Road to Understanding	In the Wilderness	Changing Winds	Light in the Clearing
Light in the Clearing	Undertow	The Lifted Veil	The Stingy Receiver
Light in the Clearing	Best Short Stories of 1916	The Balance	Wildfire
The Light in the Clearing	Wildfire	The Thoroughbred	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
The Sailor	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing	The Lifted Veil
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness	Cinderella Jane	Children of the Desert
Road to Understanding	Undertow	The Hornet's Nest	Light in the Clearing
Pip	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Adventures of Jimmie Dale	The Light in the Clearing
In the Wilderness	Road to Understanding	The Hillman	The Wonderful Year
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Lydia of the Pines	Undertow	Mistress Anne
Changing Winds	In the Wilderness	Lydia of the Pines	Oh, Mary, Be Careful!
Those Fitzenbergers	Lydia of the Pines	In the Wilderness	Light in the Clearing
Piccadilly Jim	The Lifted Veil	The Son of His Father	Children of the Desert
In the Wilderness	The Adventures of Jimmie Dale	The Triflers	Lydia of the Pines
The Son of Tarzan	Wildfire	Pollyanna	The Thoroughbred
Road to Understanding	Jan and Her Job	The Triflers	Mistress Anne
Road to Understanding	Lydia of the Pines	In the Wilderness	Wildfire
Possession	First Hundred Thousand	The Tiger's Coat	Wildfire
In the Wilderness	Road to Understanding	The Lifted Veil	The Thoroughbred
Road to Understanding	Wildfire	When a Man's a Man	The Sailor
In the Wilderness	The Thoroughbred	Best Short Stories of 1916	Oh, Mary, Be Careful!
Greenmantle	The Taming of Calinga	In the Wilderness	Undertow
Cappy Ricks	The Sailor	Road to Understanding	The Lifted Veil
Road to Understanding	The Brown Study	Undertow	Jerry of the Islands
The Wonderful Year	Oh, Mary, Be Careful!	The Son of Tarzan	Wildfire
The Thoroughbred	In the Wilderness	The Man Next Door	Wildfire
Lydia of the Pines	Our Next Door Neighbors	The Son of Tarzan	The Road to Understanding
Kingdom of the Blind	Bindle	Wildfire	When a Man's a Man
Lydia of the Pines	Road to Understanding	The Lifted Veil	I Accuse
Road to Understanding	The Adventures of Jimmie Dale	The Lifted Veil	Penrod and Sam
Lydia of the Pines	Greenmantle	Mistress Anne	The Son of Tarzan

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The Plattsburg Manual. O. O. Ellis and E. B. Garey.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.
The Business of Farming. Wm. C. Smith.
The Pan-German Plot Unmasked. A. Chéradame.
New Ideals in Business. Ida M. Tarbell.
Woman. Vance Thompson.
An Uncensored Diary. E. D. Bullitt.
The Gardenette. Benjamin F. Albaugh.
Italy, France and Britain at War. H. G. Wells.
The New Poetry: An Anthology. H. Monroe and A. Henderson.
The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
My Second Year of the War. F. Palmer.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 448 and 449) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
" " "	2d	"	"	"	"	8
" " "	3d	"	"	"	"	7
" " "	4th	"	"	"	"	6
" " "	5th	"	"	"	"	5
" " "	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells. (Macmillan.) $1.50	320
The Road to Understanding. Porter. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40	288
In the Wilderness. Robert Hichens. (Stokes.) $1.50	168
The Light in the Clearing. Bacheller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	144
The Lifted Veil. King. (Harper.) $1.40	118
Wildfire. Grey. (Harper.) $1.35	85

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

Adventures of Jimmie Dale. F. L. Packard.
Autumn. Muriel H. Coxon.
The Balance. Francis R. Bellamy.
The Best Short Stories of 1916. E. J. O'Brien.
Bindle. Herbert Jenkins.
The Brown Study. Grace S. Richmond.
Cappy Ricks. Peter B. Kyne.
The Castaways. W. W. Jacobs.
Changing Winds. St. John G. Ervine.
Children of the Desert. Louis Dodge.
The Chosen People. Sidney L. Nyburg.
Cinderella Jane. Marjorie Benton Cooke.
Come Out of the Kitchen! Alice D. Miller.
The Dark Forest. Hugh Walpole.
The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
The Gardenette. Benjamin F. Albaugh.
The Girls at His Billet. Berta Ruck.
Green Mansions. W. H. Hudson.
Greenmantle. John Buchan.
The Hillman. E. Phillips Oppenheim.
The Hornet's Nest. Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.
I Accuse. Anonymous.
In the Wilderness. Robert Hichens.
Italy, France and Britain at War. H. G. Wells.
Jan and Her Job. L. Allen Harker.
Jerry of the Islands. Jack London.
Kingdom of the Blind. E. P. Oppenheim.
Lewis Seymour. George Moore.
The Lifted Veil. Basil King.
The Light in the Clearing. I. Bacheller.
Lilla. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.
Limpy. William Johnston.
Little Billy Bowlegs. Emelie B. Stapp.
Louisburg Square. Robert Cutler.
Lydia of the Pines. Honoré Willsie.
The Madness of May. Meredith Nicholson.
The Man Next Door. E. Hough.
The Mannequin. Julie M. Lippman.
The Mark of Cain. Carolyn Wells.
Mary 'Gusta. Joseph Lincoln.
Mendel. Gilbert Cannan.
The Middle Pasture. M. Bilbro.
Mistress Anne. Temple Bailey.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
My Second Year of the War. F. Palmer.
New Ideals in Business. Ida M. Tarbell.
The New Poetry: An Anthology. Monroe and Henderson.
O, Mary, Be Careful! George Weston.
Our Next-Door Neighbors. B. K. Miniates.
Penrod and Sam. Booth Tarkington.
Piccadilly Jim. P. G. Wodehouse.
The Pan-German Plot Unmasked. A. Chéradame.
Pip. Ian Hay.
Pollyanna. E. H. Porter.
The Plattsburg Manual. Ellis and Garey.
Possession. Olive Wadsley.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. Robert W. Service.
The Road to Understanding. E. H. Porter.
The Sailor. J. C. Snaith.
Seventeen. Booth Tarkington.
The Son of His Father. Ridgewell Cullum.
The Son of Tarzan. E. H. Burroughs.
The Stingy Receiver. E. H. Abbot.
The Taming of Calinga. C. S. Carlsen.
To the Last Penny. Edwin Lefevre.
The Thoroughbred. Henry K. Webster.
Those Fitzenbergers. Helen R. Martin.
The Tiger's Coat. Elizabeth Dejeans.
The Triflers. Frederick O. Bartlett.
Undertow. Kathleen Norris.
When a Man's a Man. Harold Bell Wright.
Wildfire. Zane Grey.
Wilt Thou, Torchy. Sewell Ford.
Woman. Vance Thompson.
The Wonderful Year. William J. Locke.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED